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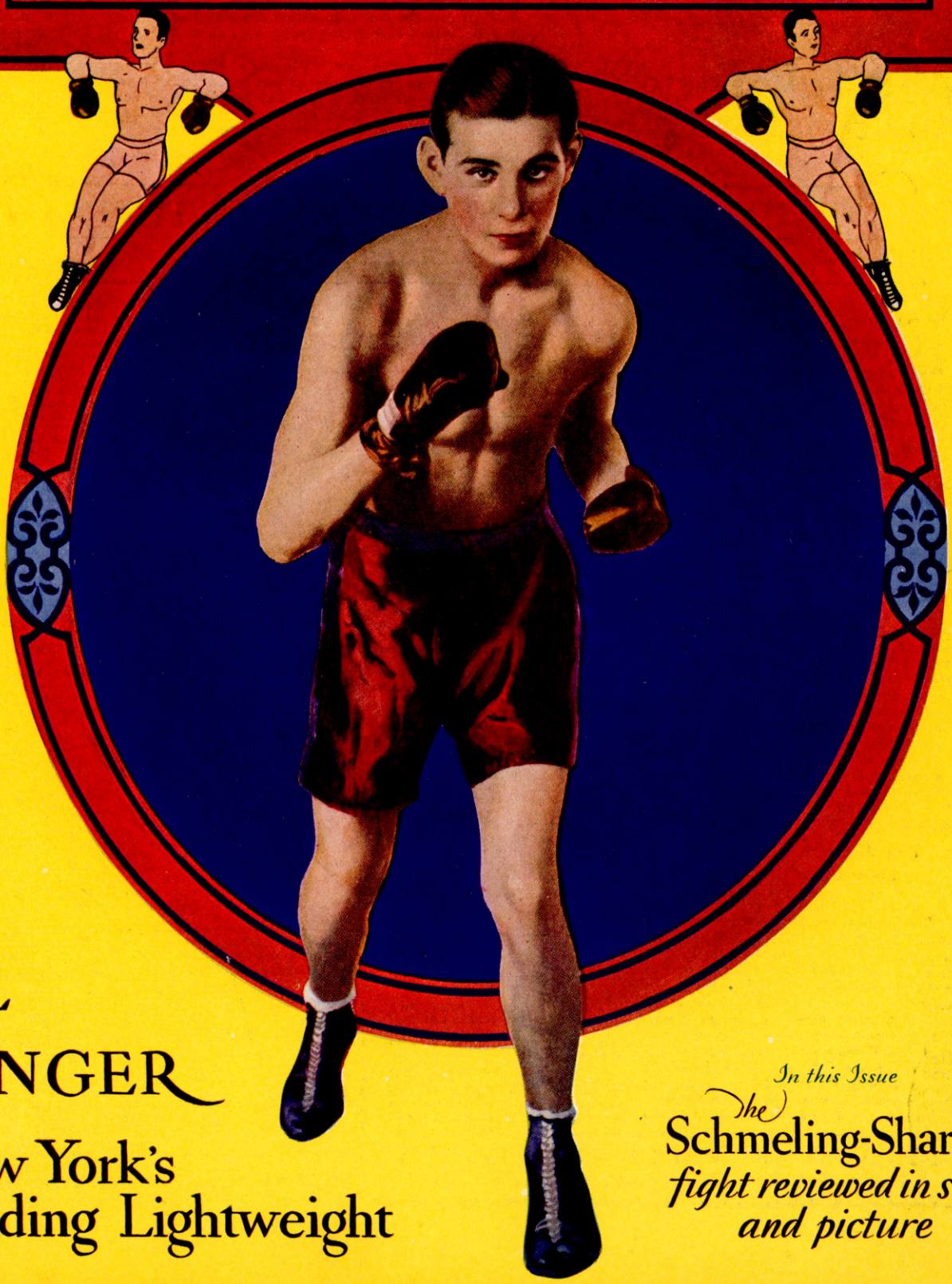
AUGUST

The RING

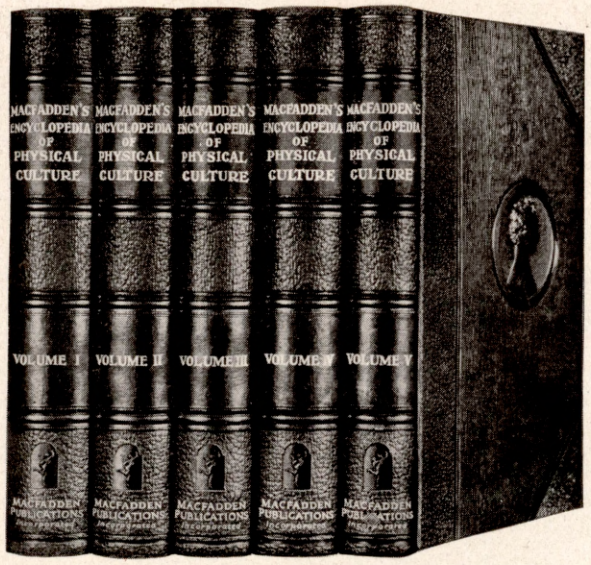


AL SINGER

New York's Leading Lightweight

In this Issue

The Schmeling-Sharkey *fight reviewed in story and picture*



Will you be one of the 800,000 who will die this year of preventable disease?

OF the hundreds of thousands who die from respiratory diseases, bronchitis, pneumonia, kidney diseases, tuberculosis, influenza, and intestinal disorders, a large portion would not have died if they had been able to recognize early symptoms and had known how to treat themselves.

Nature always warns of impending sickness. The occasional headache, that tired, exhausted feeling, loss of appetite, a casual cold and other slight disarrangements are Nature's warnings to you that your body isn't functioning properly or that you are not living and eating correctly.

You can rule your health just as surely as you can rule your actions. If you are not enjoying perfect health today it is because you haven't enjoyed the method provided by Nature to keep you well. If you don't know what her requirements are, you are sure to blunder into some kind of sickness—perhaps fatal disease.

ENCYCLOPEDIA of PHYSICAL CULTURE
New 8th Edition ~ Completely Revised

EVERY year more than ten thousand people die of bronchitis, sixty-four thousand die of pneumonia, seventy-five thousand die of kidney trouble, fifty thousand die of respiratory disease, one hundred and six thousand die of tuberculosis, approximately eighty-five thousand die of influenza, and more than ten thousand die of intestinal trouble.

Barring accidents and suicides, only a small percentage of these thousands should die.

It is a fact that only about one person out of three enjoys good health. And those who are physically a little "Off" right now, will more than likely be the ones to succumb to preventable diseases this year. And they are the ones who should not die.

Nature is constantly warning you of impending sickness. Seemingly trivial symptoms tell of serious trouble taking root in your body. And yet, ninety-nine people out of every hundred will absolutely ignore these danger signals. As long as they are not flat on their backs, they will fool themselves into believing that they are all right.

Nature is merciless. If you do not understand her laws and her methods of preventing and curing sickness, you suffer. She knows no excuse—she accepts no apologies.

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Those who do not know Nature's methods of preventing and curing sickness are ill an average of 21½ days each year. In fact, it is estimated that the average person in a lifetime spends $4,100 on doctor and hospital bills, loss of time from business, medicine and other expenses due to illness. Thousands of people are living half-powered lives because they are ignorant of the laws of Nature. Many of these people will fill an early grave, when they might easily have lived to enjoy a ripe old age.

What would it be worth to you to be able to instantly identify in its earliest stages any sickness or disease that might overtake you or any member of your family? To enjoy perfect health, almost complete freedom from sickness, doctor and hospital bills, and no days of suffering and worry or salary lost through sickness?

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know your own body
eat for health
diet for the cure of disease
know the art of food preparation
build a powerful physique
correct physical imperfections
become a physical director
avoid unhappy marriages
avoid disease
fast as a curative measure
cure by hydropathy (heal by the use of water)
apply all methods of drugless healing
give first aid in emergencies
apply home treatment for disease
recognize diseases by manifestations
build nervous energy
treat the common form of disease
understand the process of reproduction
benefit by laws of sex and marriage
treat diseases of women
diagnose diseases
have healthy and vigorous children
treat female disorders
treat male disorders
obtain virility and manhood
care for the complexion
manicure; care for the hair and feet
cultivate the mind—

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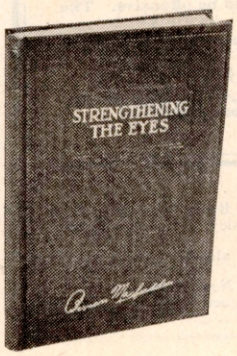
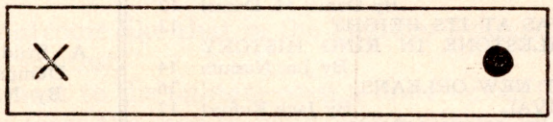


Although this remarkable system has only recently been introduced to the public, it has been in use for more than twenty years, and it has been conclusively proven of inestimable value.

If you already wear glasses, find out how you can discard your glasses—and see better without them. If you do not wear glasses, but feel that your sight is failing, then find out how a few minutes each day assures you perfect sight without the use of glasses. If you are a parent send at once for this method, and learn how to save your children from the scourge of near-sightedness, how you can save them from the slavery of eye-glasses, and how you can train their eyes so they will always have perfect, normal vision.



Make This Test of Your Eyesight

Do you know that there is a spot in your eye where you are totally blind? Prove it now. Hold this diagram about 10 inches directly before you. Close the left eye, and fix the right eye on the cross. Then bring the diagram gradually closer and at about 7 inches the black spot will suddenly disappear. This is but one of the important points of information about your eyes which you should know, particularly if you have any eye trouble.

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The benefits which you can derive from this new method of eye training may seem too surprising to be true. Yet you cannot doubt its efficacy when you read the letters from the people who have found it of immeasurable value, when you know that it has helped over 2,000 children to regain normal vision in a short time. Your eyesight is your most important possession. It can never be replaced if it is lost. And since no amount of money could make you sacrifice your eyes, you owe it to yourself at least to investigate what this new scientific method can do for you.

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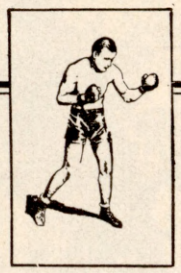
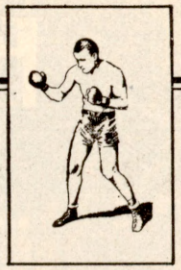


The RING



World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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Vol. IX AUGUST, 1930 No.

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Where Idols of Old got their Baptism of Fire—A story of Little Old New York—By A. D. Phillips, America's oldest boxing writer

A Study in Heredity—How Jack Dempsey acquired his strength—By Nat Fleischer

Joe Humphreys recalls the Old New Amsterdam Opera House

Bob Fitzsimmons—the True Story of His Rise to Fame—By Will Lawless (Solar Plexus), famous veteran Australian scribe

Another interesting chapter in the thrilling series, "Memoirs of A Promoter" as told by Jack Curley to Frank Graham

Scions of Wealth who could have been champion fighters—By John A. "Spider" Kelly, Boxing instructor of Princeton University, as told to Edgar Forest Wolfe

Daniel M. Daniel, kingpin of sports writers, has another thrilling fiction contribution

These, in addition to all the news of the month from all parts of the fistic world.

The Ring **is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.**

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The Public Is Tired

THE Editor of THE RING is the last man to run down the sport of boxing. But in its more commercialized aspects as accentuated in the Sharkey-Schmeling fiasco, particularly in the wake of the Sharkey-Scott unpleasantness, boxing has developed a diseased condition which must rally all its true friends for an immediate cure.

Close to 80,000 persons crowded the big Yankee Stadium in New York for what was billed as a world championship fight between Schmeling and Sharkey. As high as $26.50 was paid for ring-side seats. The total paid for this fight approximated $800,000. The public was entitled to a clean, hard fight with a satisfactory issue.

But instead, those 80,000 persons got what might be called a parody. It was a cruel travesty on a heavyweight championship engagement—Schmeling outclassed, then the winner on a foul.

Schmeling was fouled. He was entitled to the verdict and the championship. That cannot be disputed.

But the public also was fouled, and that has happened just once too often.

THE RING suggests a sure cure. Hereafter let all seat-holders at a big fight hold on to their stubs. Let there be rain checks for the bleacherites at $2.50 as well as the ringsiders at $26.50.

In the event of an outcome like that in the Sharkey-Schmeling affair, let the Boxing Commission rule "No contest."

Let there be no payment to the fighters—not a dime—even for training expenses.

Let the Commission force the men to fight over again within one month's time, and let the fighters stand an assessment for the expense of conducting the fight a second time.

This is a drastic cure, but something will have to be done to save boxing.

The public is tired. The fighters fatten on the proceeds of hippodromes, and the man who pays has reached the limit of his endurance and patience.

Another thing. Let there be one set of rules to govern boxing.

The poor little second or third rater, getting $100 for eight or ten rounds, is told that if he fouls he will be paid only for the rounds he has been in the ring.

The plutocratic heavyweight—Schmeling, for example—is informed that out of respect to his majesty there is a second and unwritten set of rules to govern his transgression.

He is told that he need not pay the slightest attention to the rule governing reduced payment for fighters who are adjudged guilty of fouls.

This situation opens a broad avenue for cupidity. It sets up a most powerful temptation for knavery. It establishes a most intriguing urge to do things that will save a fighter from punishment. It opens the field for chicanery, undesirable fights and more undesirable return matches.

The fight game is on trial now. Again I say, let us not forget that the public is tired.

The high wave of fistic prosperity only too often in the last forty years has been the precursor of a low trough of the doldrums.

Let us remember the Horton Law days in New York, conditions that ruled until Rickard's mastery put the sport back on a firm basis and put boxing on the richest plane in its history.

This advantage was well deserved, hard earned. Why do we permit a lot of burlesquers to grab what they can on the run and leave the boxing public holding the bag?

I appeal to the Boxing Commissions of this country to stop this epidemic of chicanery, this series of terrible fights, this succession of things that may be frauds and certainly are blows to the patient public.

The public is tired. It is up to the men who govern the game.

Max Fleischer

Dempsey Visions Era of Force

By Jack Dempsey

WELL, it looks as if there were no call for Jack Dempsey to return to the ring. Before the Sharkey-Schmeling fight I had some notion of coming back in the event the world's title went to the German.

But while Schmeling took the title across the Atlantic, there was nothing startling in the way he took it. In fact, the fight and the German were terrific disappointments.

As a result I find that the Sharkey-Schmeling fight, instead of pulling the heavyweight class out of uncertainty and depression, has created an even worse situation. Instead of rousing public interest and excitement, it has created a feeling of resentment, and perhaps hostility.

I can't say that I blame the public for being sore. It was entitled to a real fight to a decision inside fifteen rounds and all it got was a poor exhibition of fighting by a man who gained the title on one low punch.

Please don't get me as saying anything derogatory in so far as Schmeling's right to the championship is concerned.

Before the fight it was announced that the winner would be recognized as the new title holder.

That winner was Schmeling. The fight was a woeful affair—true enough. The German got a beating as far as it went. Again, true enough. It was a bitter blow for lovers of the game to see the title pass to a man on the canvas.

But the winner was promised the championship, and the winner was Schmeling. Why impugn American sportsmanship by creating a doubt or a controversy? Let's be fair and above board. Let's remember that the eyes of the world are on us in this situation, the first of its kind in the history of boxing, and we must leave no room for aspersion.

The Carnera Menace

Schmeling may not be a great fighter. Then again, he may be a better man than we suppose. Time will tell. It always does. The title holder who does not deserve to stand up invariably gets his.

* * *

I CANNOT get over my disappointment at the wretched outcome of the fight. It was a case of rank carelessness on the part of Sharkey. He had the fight well in hand, had piled up points, had punished his man, had nothing to fear, apparently, and yet cut loose with a punch that was palpably low.

I had figured on a red-hot fight for at least ten rounds, with Sharkey the winner. I had counted on Jack to fight just the sort of battle he did fight—clever, cautious, scientific, and very punishing. But it just could not be.

Now we find American boxing at the lowest level in its modern history, with the heavyweight title won by a European for the first time—and on a foul!

It was tough when Tommy Burns, a Canadian, held the championship for a while after Jeffries quit. But that did not last long. The Jeffries-Johnson contest soon cleared things up and we got a really great title holder in the Negro.

But now the championship goes off the American continent. We are brought face to face with the fact that while Sharkey was the winner until the foul, Schmeling got the verdict; and we are at a big disadvantage in so far as the heavyweight outlook is concerned.

What is to come out of this muddle? How long will the German reign? Who will be featured in the coming fights?

Regardless of the outcome of a second Sharkey-Schmeling fight, it is my opinion that if Sharkey does not regain the championship for America, one of the foreign giants now exhibiting in this country, will take the crown from Schmeling.

* * *

CARNERA must be considered a menace just as we considered the novice, Max Schmeling, a year ago. He is still a raw 'un with the mitts, but he is learning, is fast for a fellow his height and can sock. And that is what counts most.

Now, don't make the mistake of underrating the possibilities of this Italian.

Let me tell you this—and I want to make it as strong as I can:

The Schmeling victory has thrown the heavyweight title into a situation which, from now on, will not stress scientific boxing.

We have arrived at a time in which physical prowess will count for most. We have come to the super exploitation of such things as size and power and strength and stamina.

This means, look out for Carnera! It means, watch out for Campolo! It means that with a little more experience, Carnera will be a serious foe for a man with the obvious boxing shortcomings of Schmeling.

It means that the heavyweight championship of the world has lost some of its lustre.

Still, it might be argued that it is better to have a champion of some sort, even if he is not a really classy fighter, than no title holder at all.

The lack of a champion means utter chaos. The rise of a champion of sorts means a new interest in the sport.

Yes, that Sharkey-Schmeling fight sort of recited my farewell to the ring, with no chance to change my mind. There is no call for Jack Dempsey to step into the muddle created by that foul punch, and Jack Dempsey has no liking for stepping into a situation such as exists in the heavyweight ranks to-day.

For to-morrow, better luck!

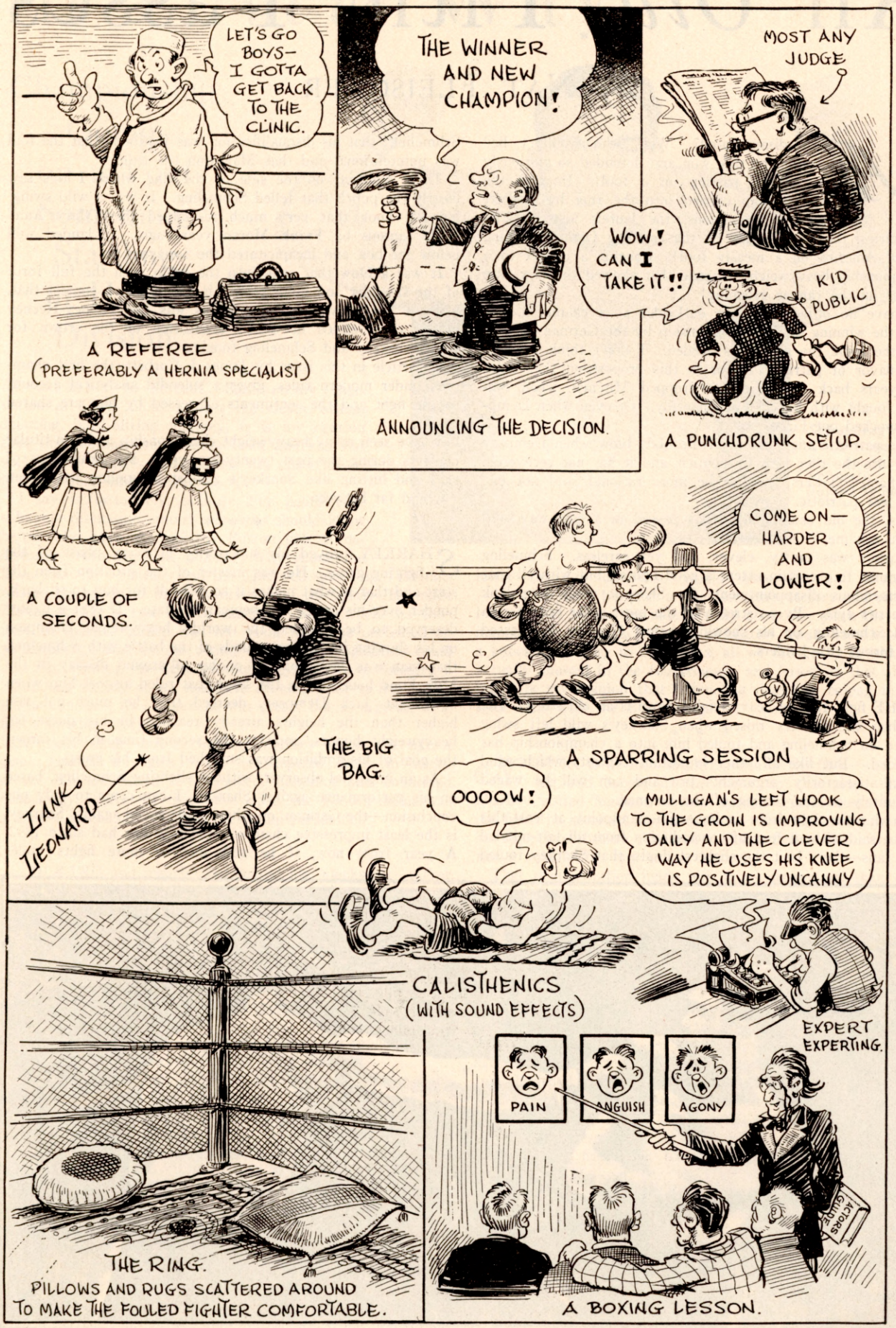
* * *

IN the meantime, let us not take Max Schmeling too lightly. He is a far better fighter than he showed against Sharkey. Schmeling and his handlers insist that the reason for his shortcoming was the fact that he had mapped out a programme which would have discouraged Sharkey after the seventh round and would have enabled the German to come through with a rush and a victory.

There is much in this kind of planning, yet we must not forget that the invader was taking it the greater portion of the four rounds and that he will have to show much more than he did to be accepted as a real champion. Perhaps in his next bout he will display the brand of fighting which his adherents feel he is capable of.

If Fouling Continues to Flourish—

By "LANK" LEONARD



An *Old* Title Passes

By NAT FLEISCHER

AM I disappointed? Well, who wouldn't be? Imagine the title won and defended so gloriously by Sullivan passing on a foul! Imagine the championship carried into the ring by Corbett against Fitzsimmons, the laurels lost by Fitz to Jeffries, the crown worn by the crashing Dempsey, going out of America on a measly foul! Imagine a climax to a championship heavyweight struggle that showed the new title winner on the canvas groaning!

I have no objection to an outlander as a champion. In fact, the winning of the championship by the German may be just the tonic the game has needed. I don't think there is that flavor of patriotic fervor in this proposition that there was years back when Corbett dropped Mitchell, when Sullivan fought with Mitchell at Chantilly. Or even when Dempsey knocked out Firpo.

The patriotic angle got a terrific body blow when Dempsey went into the ring with Carpentier, and it has not recovered. Our fight followers seem to be more rational, and not one whit less patriotic.

Yes, the old championship has passed in a new way, and if you ask me, it was awful.

Sharkey was crafty, clever, and yet careless. Schmeling was game, to a certain extent a good fighter, but with all that a tremendous disappointment, for Sharkey made him look like a raw tyro. By no stretch of the most eager imagination could Schmeling, on his showing against Sharkey, be classed with former title holders.

* * *

THE fight for the heavyweight crown is an old story. The hue and the cry raised when Sharkey's wild left swing landed on Schmeling and fouled him into a championship has subsided. But like all other important contests which wind up unsatisfactorily, arguments pro and con will be waged indefinitely on the fouling of the German.

Viewing the fight from an impartial standpoint, at least this can be said without fear of contradiction from all fair-minded fight fans—there isn't the slightest doubt that Sharkey fouled Schmeling; that his disqualification was justified; that the foul was unintentional and that Max won the title.

Those who sat on the side of the ring where I was saw clearly the punch that felled Schmeling. It was a wild swinging left hook that very much resembled the "Mary Ann" made famous by Frank Moran years ago. It landed well below the belt and incapicitated the foreigner.

It was a blow that sank into the groin with the full force of the shoulder and body behind it and ended a contest that, while it lasted, was as one-sided as was the Tunney-Heeney battle which ended in Gene's abdication of the crown for which Sharkey and Schmeling fought.

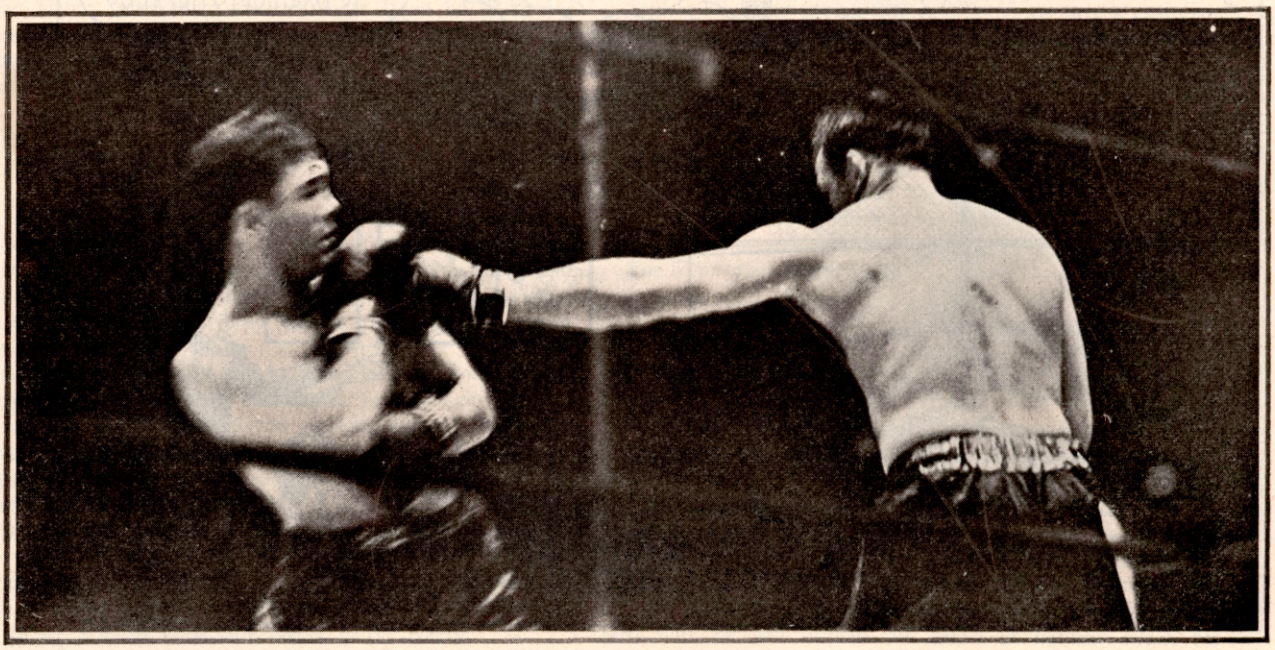
An article in this issue by James J. Corbett, the first champion under modern rules, gives a splendid analytical account of the fight and the sentiments expressed by him are shared by me.

I have seen many heavyweight championship and non-titular contests during the past twenty-five years, but exhibitions of skill and hitting like Sharkey's against Schmeling have been few and far between.

* * *

SHARKEY proved his superiority in every phase of the fighting game. He was master of the situation from the start and that is what makes it so difficult for him to sit back, ponder over his erring and bemoan his fate. If ever a fighter deserved to be crowned the world's heavyweight champion on his showing in the four rounds of the battle with Schmeling, that man was Jack Sharkey on his all-around display in the Milk Fund bout. Fate, the same that ruled against him when he fought Jack Dempsey, decreed that he must not rise higher than the heights already reached in his quest for heavyweight honors, and for the second time in his career, the goal of his ambition was snatched from his grasp.

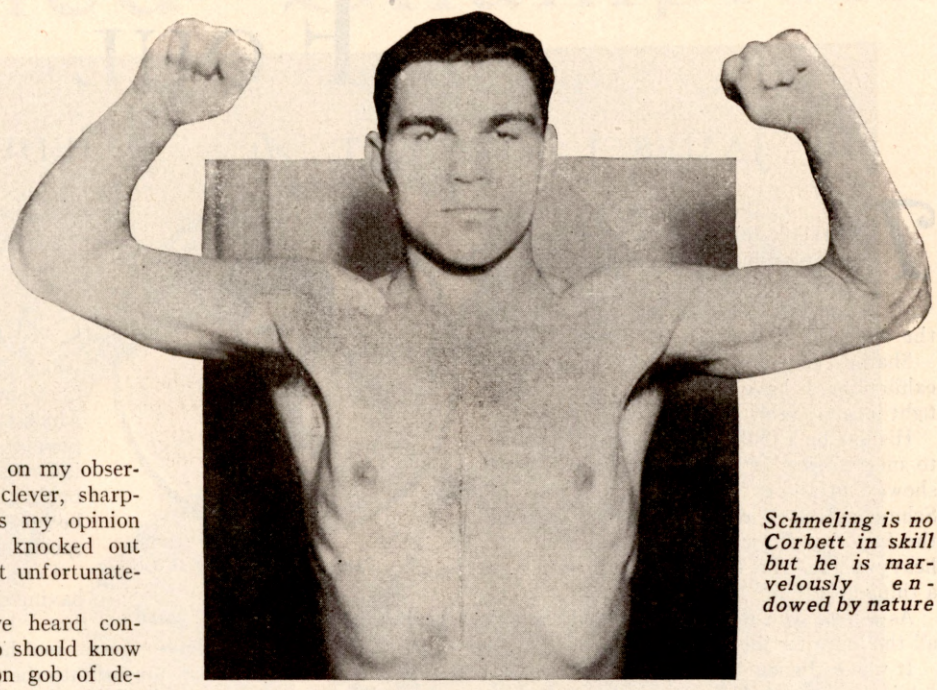
As an impartial observer, without slighting Schmeling, based on his performance against Sharkey, I can come to only one conclusion—the German, on what he displayed against Sharkey, is the least impressive champion the ring has had since 1892. A year from now, if he gets one or more fights under



Sharkey's powerful left blocked by Schmeling in first round. Jack used the straight left with damaging effect throughout the fight

in a *New* Way

Championship Going on a Foul Something Startling in Heavy Division



Schmeling is no Corbett in skill but he is marvelously endowed by nature

his belt, he may be different. Based on my observation of Herr Maxie against the clever, sharp-shooting, hard-hitting Sharkey, it is my opinion that the German would have been knocked out within eight rounds, had Sharkey not unfortunately let fly that wild swinging hook.

I say unfortunately, because I've heard considerable discussion among men who should know better who have accused the Boston gob of deliberately throwing that punch. Why should he have done so? Sharkey had the fight well sewed up. He outclassed his opponent in every division of the sport. He made Max look like a raw novice except at times when the German, in spasms, landed that left hook which he perfected up at Endicott. Not by the widest stretch of imagination could any fan, viewing the fight without prejudice, have foreseen a Schmeling victory on his mediocre showing prior to the ending of the contest. As a taker, he was great; but as a giver, well, that's another story.

At close range and in boxing, Sharkey stood out like a giant against a pigmy. He out-smarted Max in every move. He out-boxed him, hooked, uppercut and countered beautifully. Save for that fatal lapse, the Boston sailor was a master mechanic. He was perfection personified.

* * *

MIND and muscle coordinated like clockwork—rather unusual for Sharkey. He was a second Tunney in coolness and in his execution. The bout, up to that low delivery was, in many respects, a duplicate of the one-sided Tunney-Heeney battle. Sharkey had speed of foot and hand, a darting left jab that soon had Schmeling's eyes blurred and a piston-like right cross which penetrated Maxie's guard and made the German see stars. In short Jack had everything—yet victory was not to be his lot.

Sharkey had the fight within his grasp. He found his opponent, though courageous, a mark from the start.

That being the case, and both the pictures and the fight by rounds prove it a fact, why should Sharkey have deliberately fouled his opponent? The truth is that he did not hit low intentionally.

In the fourth round, as the pictures plainly show, Sharkey feinted Schmeling into a left lead for the head. Sharkey slipped inside the blow with the expertness of a Tunney and countered with a left to the body. That was proper procedure and exceedingly clever fighting. It was Sharkey's misfortune, however, that the German's clumsy attitude in shooting over the left hook that missed, caused Maxie to swing his body completely around and forward. That circular movement saved Schmeling, for it turned what would have been a perfect solar plexus blow into a disastrous foul. Furthermore, in taking that swing, Schmeling raised himself high on his toes and that caused Sharkey's counter to land far lower than it otherwise would have—in foul territory.

Luck played a big part in the German's victory and regardless of what he and his handlers say about the plans they had mapped out which they declare ultimately would have brought a knockout victory to Herr Max, all we can go by is what he actually showed in the four rounds, and based on that showing it is my opinion that Schmeling does not belong in the same class with the Boston boy.

* * *

NOW let us go into another phase of the fight—the hissing and booing of the American champion. When Sharkey visited Madison Square Garden several weeks before the fight, he received a wild ovation. So pleased was he with his reception, that he appeared a changed man thereafter. It was a novelty for him to be cheered.

That demonstration made him more determined than ever to win the world's title and keep the championship in this country. He came to the weighing-in ceremonies in splendid humor. He was in fine spirits when he entered his dressing room to prepare for the fight an hour before the scheduled time for his appearance in the ring. He was full of pep, brimful of confidence; tickled silly at the opportunity to be placed in the limelight as the fighter upon whom rested the hopes of the American fistic fans.

But with one stroke—an act of stupidity on the part of his managers—the support which Sharkey has so much sought and cherished, was lost to him. Those who were entrusted with the handling of Sharkey's affairs, the men to whom he looked for advice in this most crucial test of his career, were the very men responsible for his downfall. When they draped the American flag about Sharkey, they automatically sealed his doom.

The cheers that would have been Sharkey's, were turned into hisses and keen resentment when he appeared with the sacred colors as a bath robe over his shoulders. Dumbfounded, the Boston gob, a true-spirited American citizen who had long served those colors in the Navy, stood in his corner bewildered. He was ignorant of the cause of this sudden displeasure.

A few weeks previous he had received a ringing reception in the Garden arena, yet now, only a few minutes away from the greatest and most important (*Continued on page* 49)

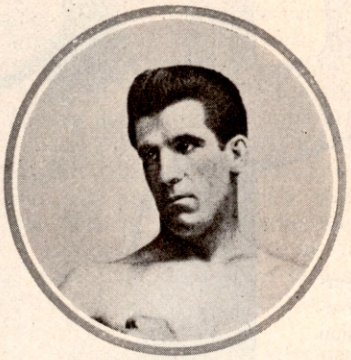
CORBETT SEES TRAGEDY in FOUL

By JAMES J. CORBETT *As told to* EDWARD MERRILL

TO me the fight in which Jack Sharkey lost world heavyweight championship recognition by fouling Max Schmeling was one of the most poignant tragedies in the history of the sport.

Sharkey gave one of the most consummate exhibitions I have seen in a heavyweight fight in some years.

His loss on a foul was all the more terrible to me, in view of the mastery which Jack showed in those four rounds, in view of Schmeling's lack of class, and in view of the fact that it was the first time that the heavyweight title had passed on so flimsy a thing as a foul.



James J. Corbett

As a man who won and defended the championship, it was all the more terrible to me to see this development.

It was bad enough for Dempsey to get the title while Willard sat in his corner in Toledo and threw in a towel in token of defeat. That never had happened before.

But for so glorious and romantic a thing as the world heavyweight title to go the way it did when Schmeling was fouled was to me a downright tragedy. I hope it never happens again.

The loss of that fight by the American proved a sad blow, not because a foreigner took the heavyweight crown away from these shores for the first time, but because I dislike to see such splendid work as the performance of Sharkey wasted.

* * *

AS I had expected, after watching Sharkey and Schmeling in training, the Boston man proved superior and but for that unfortunate punch, a wild left swing that in my opinion would not have landed low had Max not straightened suddenly from a bent position, would have won by a knockout.

I have seen every heavyweight battle since I won the title from Sullivan, but I can safely say that it has not been my pleasure at any time to see a finer, cleaner exhibition of sharpshooting and hitting and general defense than Sharkey gave prior to the landing of the punch that deprived him of a title.

An analysis of the four rounds, blow by blow, tell the story of a cool, calculating fighter, pecking away, jabbing, hooking, uppercutting, hitting methodically, judging distance perfectly —in fact, the acme of perfection, so far as Sharkey was concerned.

I hope that Sharkey and Schmeling will meet again because the Bostonian so far outclassed his German opponent that it is pitiful to think that a world's heavyweight title must go abroad through the medium of an unfortunate foul.

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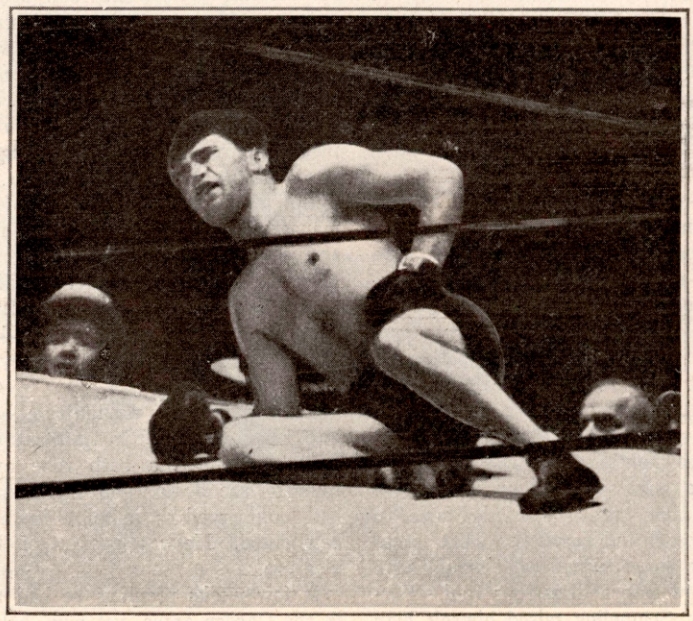
MAX SCHMELING is champion of the world by virtue of the foul which Sharkey threw at him, but he proved far from being a champion in the four rounds which the fight went. Sharkey, never quite popular with fight fans, entered the ring a favorite so far as the betting was concerned, but with the odds considerably against him because of the uncalled for attitude of the spectators.

Certainly no one can accuse Sharkey of having deliberately fouled Schmeling. There was no need for that. In fact, from my observation, there would have been no foul had Schmeling suddenly not straightened and jumped into the punch. By contrast to Schmeling, the new champion, Sharkey so far outclassed him in all-around ability, that there was no choice as to the winner of each round. His was a masterful exhibition. He out-punched, out-boxed, out-smarted, out-manoeuvered Schmeling in every round.

In fact, in that third round, when it appeared that Sharkey would score a knockout, my enthusiasm was at its height, for seldom have I seen such splendid performance by a heavyweight as in Sharkey's case. It was obvious to me that Jack was set on cutting his man down by stages and that he was reaching the objective, none can deny.

By contrast with his brilliant performance, that of Max Schmeling was mediocre. He showed nothing to warrant placing him on a pedestal. Courage, and an occasional flash of the left, was all Herr Maxie had to recommend him. That he will improve, I have no doubt and perhaps in a year we may see a real champion in this German boy, but as he stands to-day, he is unimpressive.



Winner and champion! And he's on the floor!

* * *

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(*Continued on page* 48)

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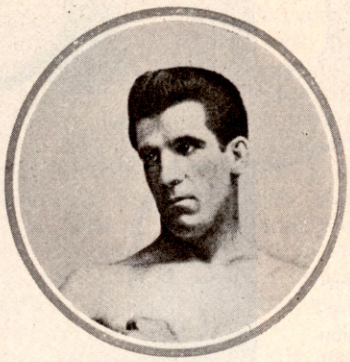

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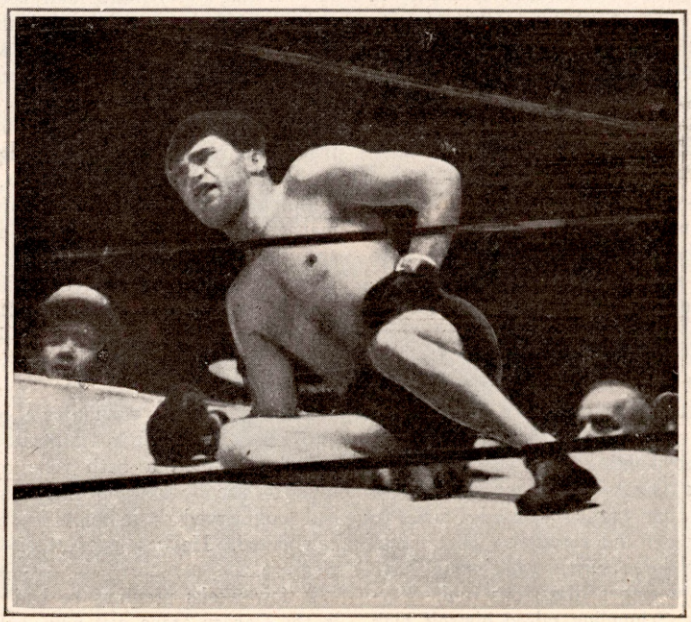
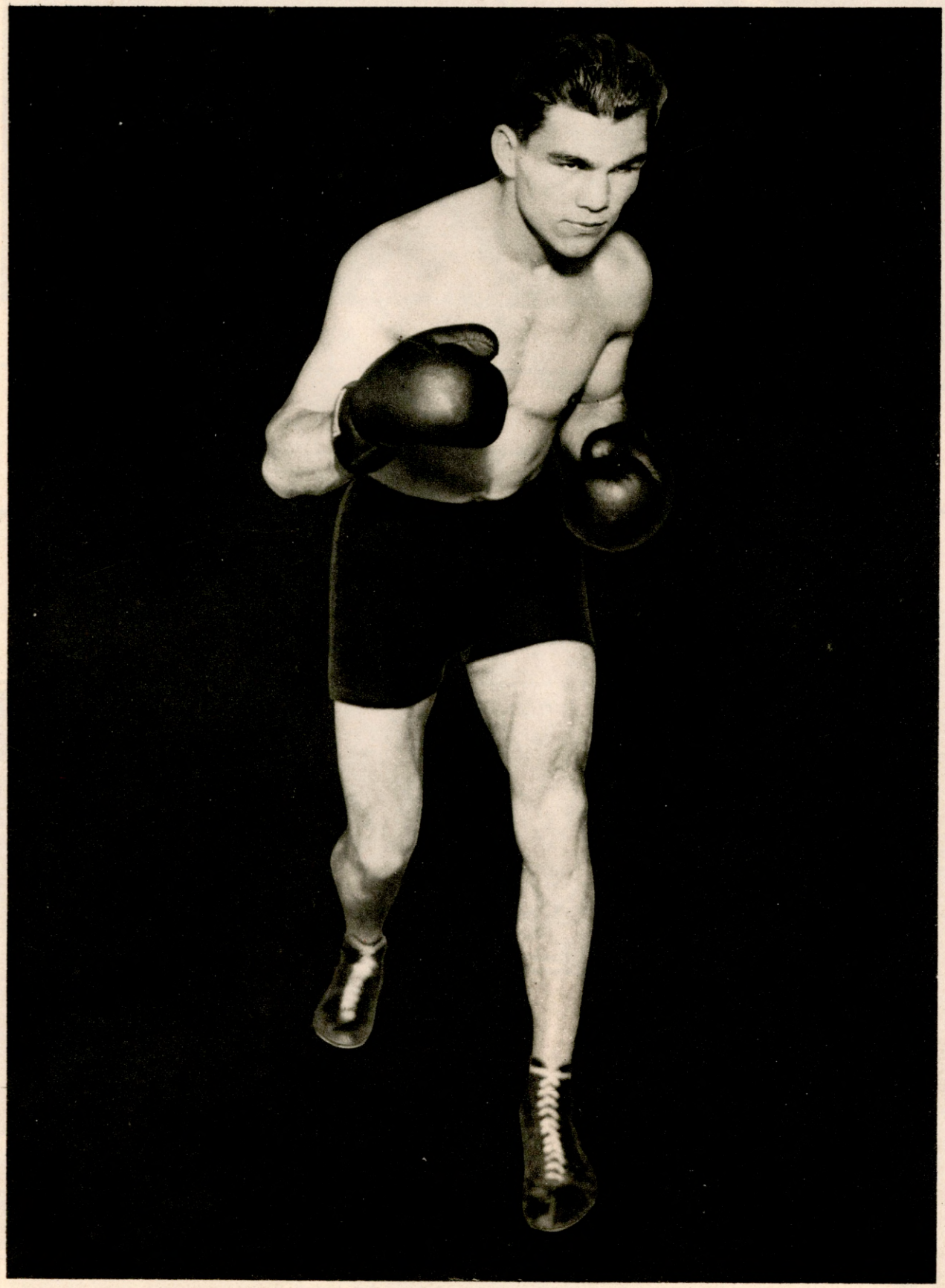
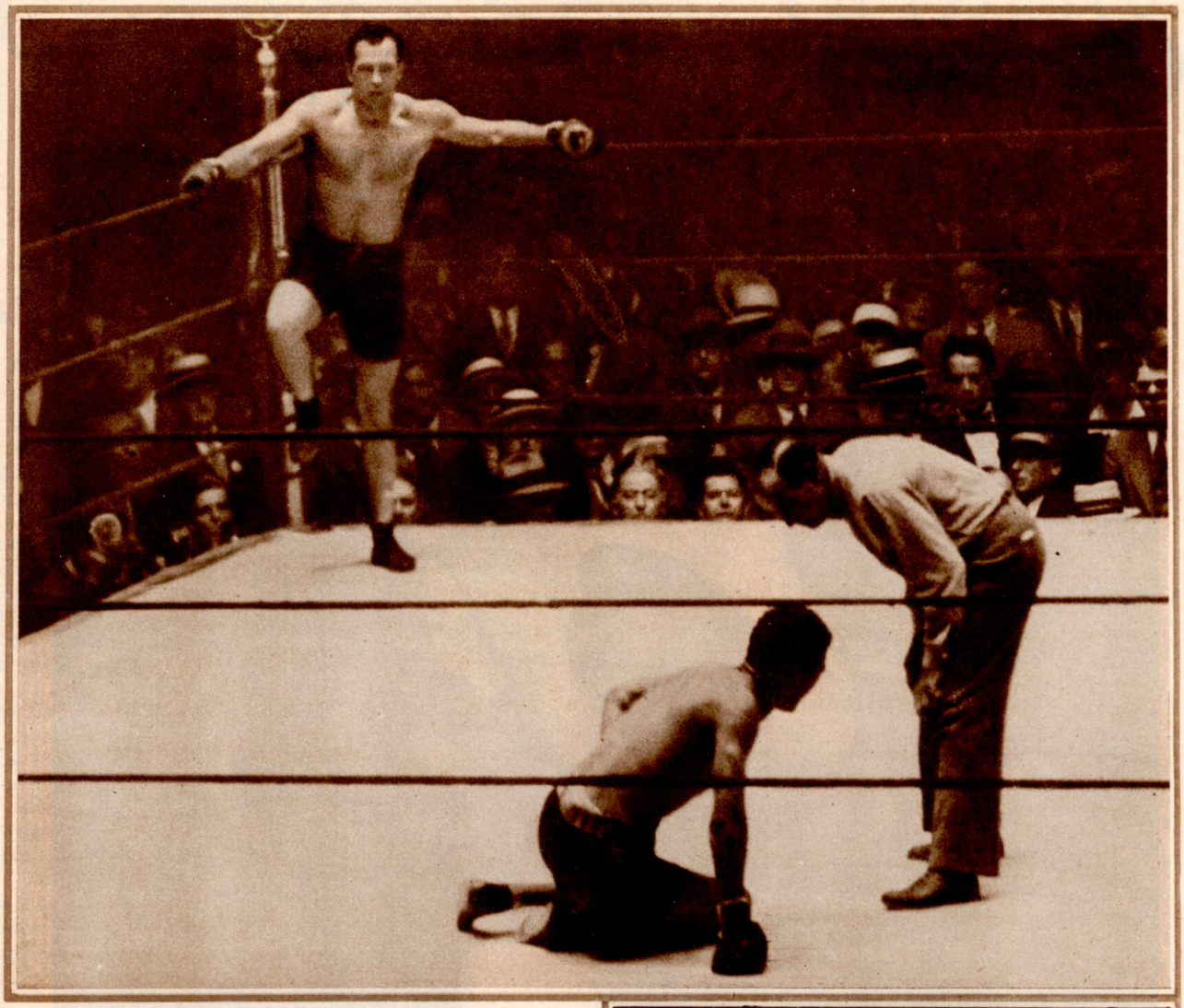


Winner and champion! And he's on the floor!

Crowned Champion

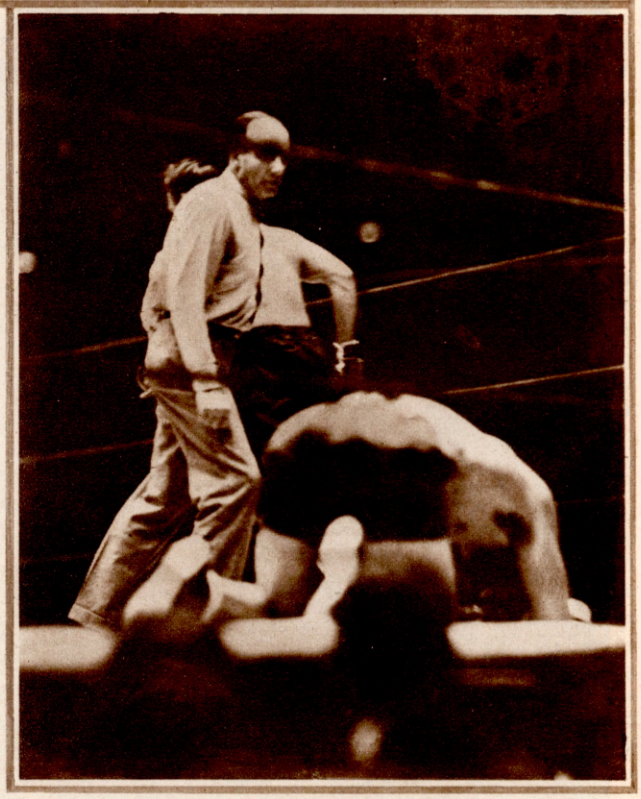


Max Schmeling of Germany



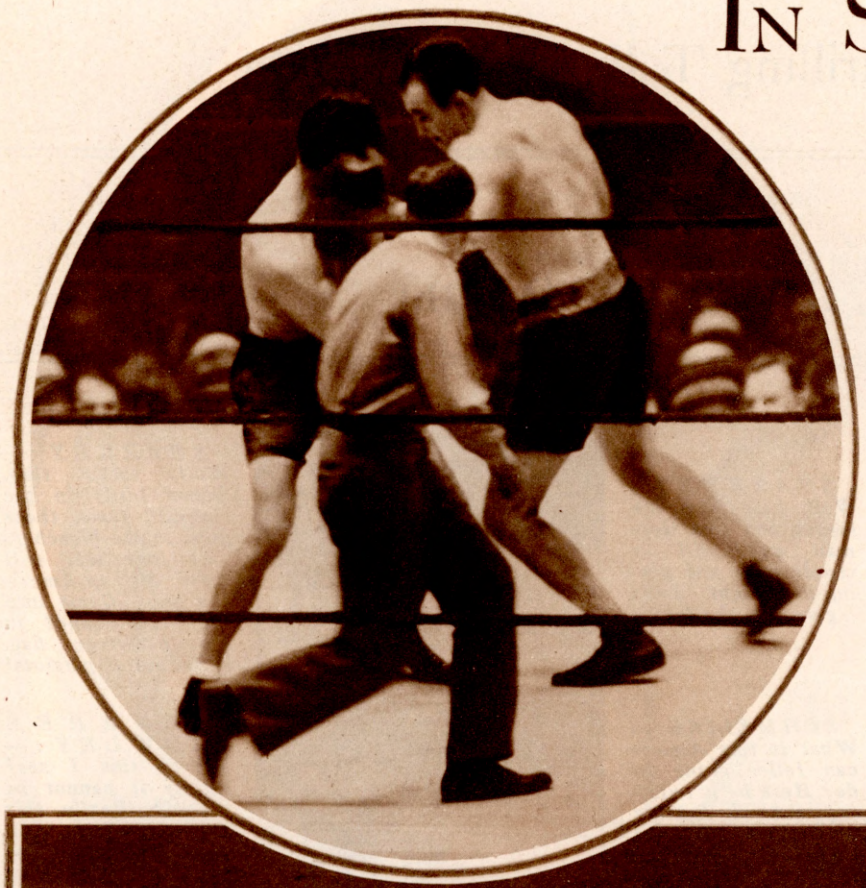
Sharkey watching the proceedings while Referee Crowley attempts to get Schmeling to rise

DISAPPOINTING *CLIMAX* of SHARKEY'S *EFFORTS*



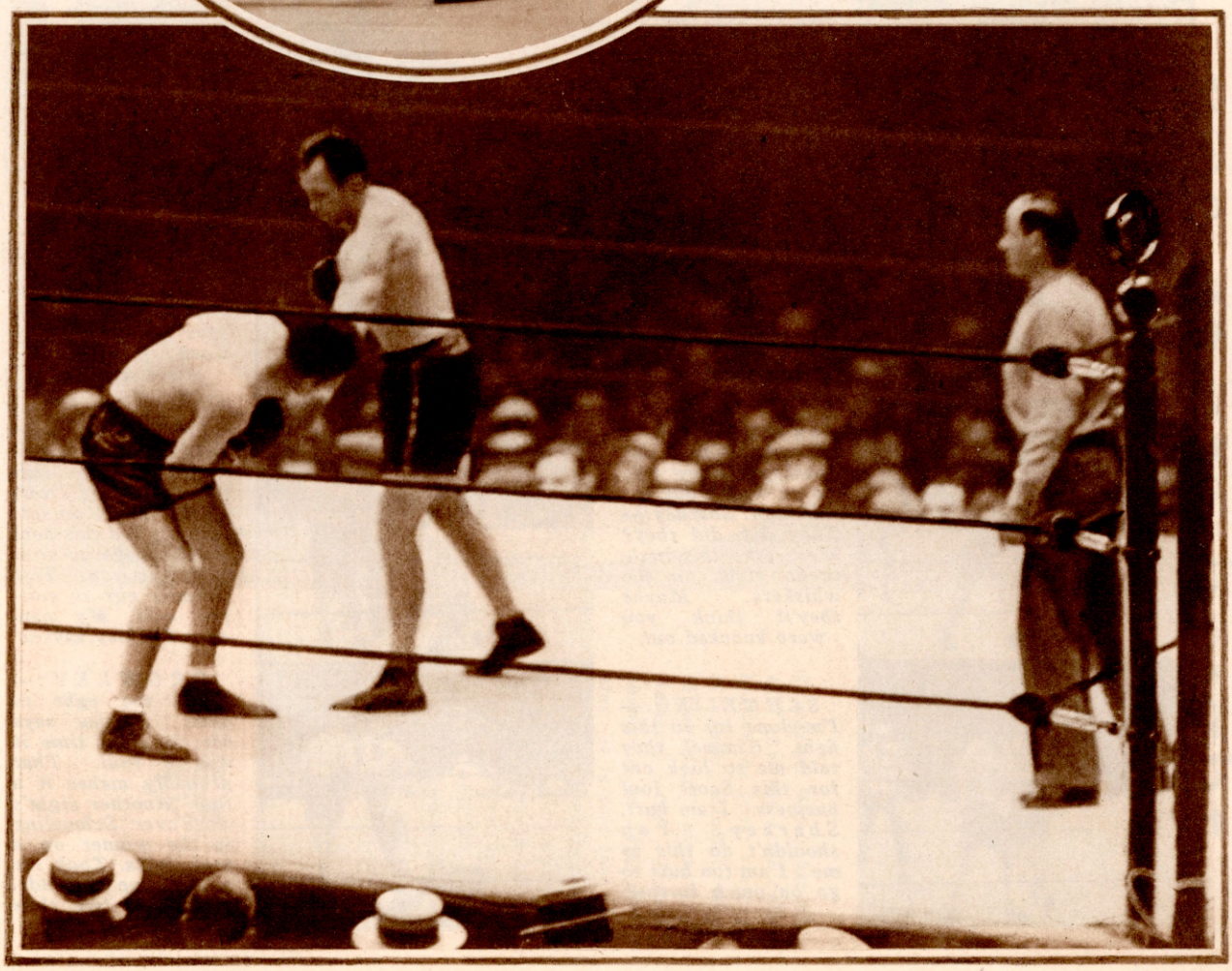
A startling close-up of the crucial moment when Max Schmeling fell to the canvas after Sharkey had fouled him

SCHMELING SHOWN *LACKING* IN SKILL



Here we see Sharkey's famous left crashing against Schmeling's right ear. That left played havoc with Maxie while the bout lasted

Below—The awkward, flat-footed weaving of Schmeling fails to make an impression on Sharkey

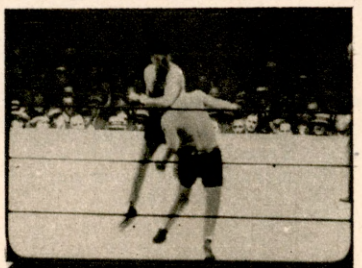


FOUL IS FAIR

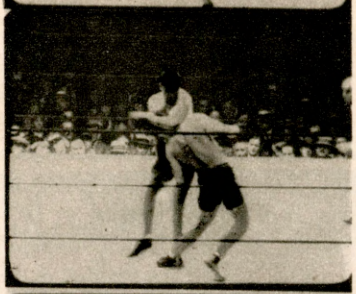
A Thrilling Talkie of Big Fight

By

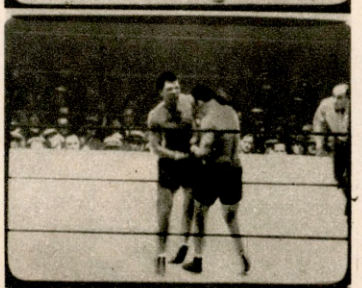
DANIEL M. DANIEL



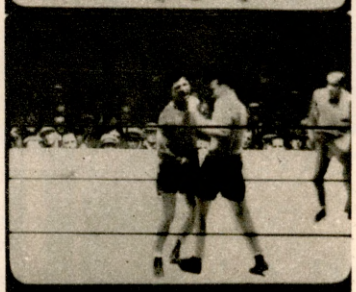
SHARKEY:— Well, here it is the fourth and this German guy still is standing up and giving me a fight. Let's give him the left.



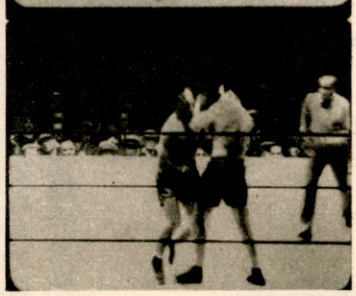
SCHMELING:— What is this American feller going to do? Here he is twisting out of fighting position and maybe it is better I look out for something funny. Yah?



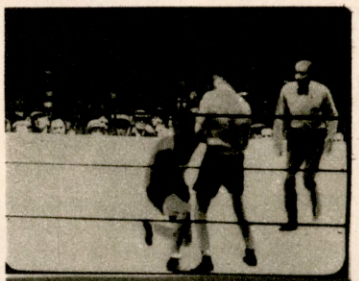
SHARKEY:—Boy, oh boy, what have I done? I told myself to look out against this sort of thing and here I've gone and done it again. I hope they didn't see this one. I'll throw my fist up.



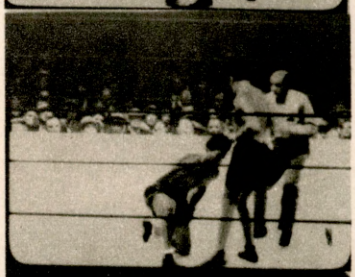
SCHMELING:— Oh, you fouled me, Sharkey. They told me to watch out for this stuff. Sharkey:— They did, did they? Well, take this little socko right on the whiskers. Maybe they'll think you were knocked out.



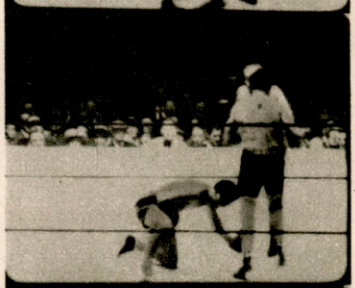
SCHMELING:— I'm done for in this fight. Himmel, they told me to look out for this Scott foul business. I am hurt, Sharkey. You shouldn't do this to me. I am too hurt to go on much further.



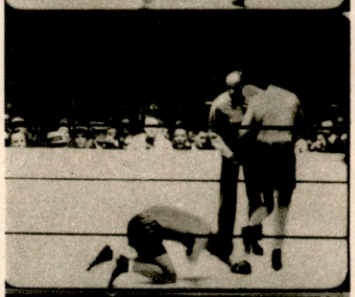
SHARKEY:— Well, that's that. Those birds in the ringside seats, those guys in the bleachers will hiss me, will they? Me, an American gob. Came into the ring draped in the American flag. A fine lot of patriots!



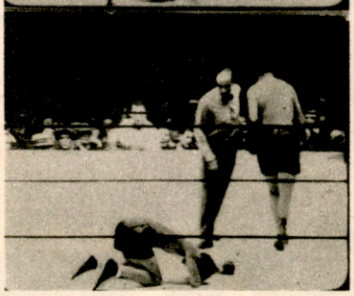
REFEREE CROWLEY:— What's this I see? Surely it cannot be a foul? Really, this is preposterous. Did you hit him low, Jack? Run to your corner while I make up my mind.



CROWLEY:— I think I'll ask Judge Barnes about this . . . Well, Barnes says it was a foul. Now, I'll ask him again . . . Barnes says it still is a foul. Joe Jacobs says it was a foul. Gosh, maybe there was a foul!

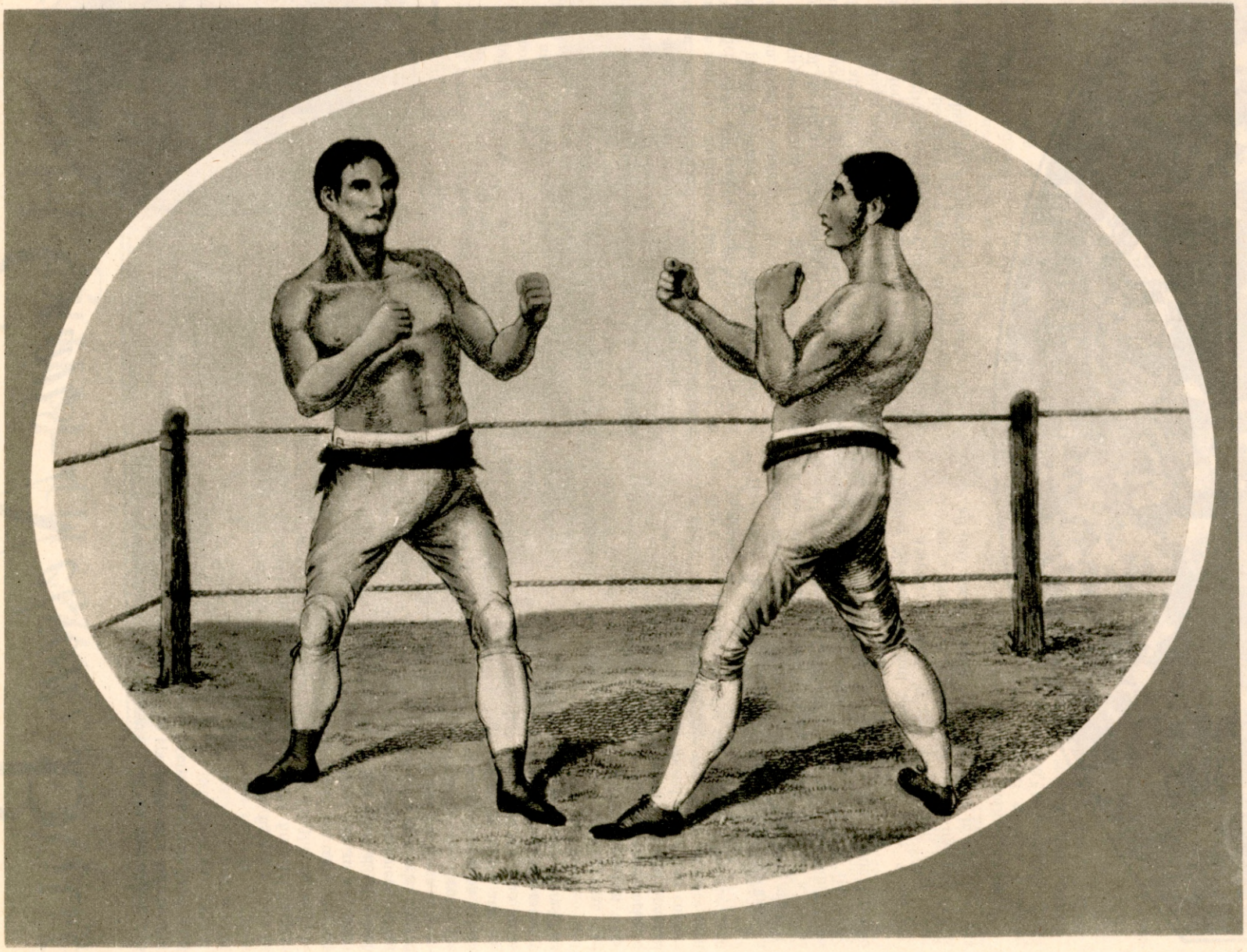


SHARKEY:—Say, Crowley, you don't really believe that this was a foul? Don't let the mugs outside the ring and this here Jacobs make up your mind for you. This German guy is quitting cold. My manager, Buckley, says so.



CROWLEY:— Well, the fight is over. Barnes says for the third time it was a foul. That probably makes it a foul. Another night's work over. Schmeling is the winner on a foul, folks. Took me a long time to decide, but better late than never.

When racial rivalry was at its height—



It was on November 17, 1817 that the Irish celebrated the great victory of Jack Randall, the "Irish Lad" over Aby Belasco, the Jewish champion in 54½ minutes. It is said that the Jews of London lost a fortune on Aby's defeat. The above from an old English print in possession of THE RING *Editor, shows Randall and Belasco posing just before activities began.*

Gans-Nelson Bout

Bat Nelson

By JIM NASIUM

THE time was when the boxing game was a more or less sporadic enterprise that had been born and bred in the back rooms of saloons. A wide gulf separated it from the higher stratas of society, to whom it was a picturesque world in which abysmal brutes met and bet their money on their own comparative devastating physical prowess and fought and bled and had their being without contact with the so-called higher social circles.

It was a sort of detached sphere in the scale of human existence which served to bridge the gap between the cave man period and a more enlightened age, at which society lifted its skirts but which they viewed with interest from a distance —for in the soul of a civilization that has been founded on human conflict, there will always remain that interest in men who meet in physical combat, a sort of "hangover" from the age when men lived by conflict.

As a modern development of this interest, we recently had the spectacle of the highest social circles at Palm Beach holding their own private boxing shows at which professional fighters performed, attended by the gentler sex of the most exclusive Metropolitan society, while a prominent member of the social world formed his own "stable" of fighters for open professional competition just for "love of the game". Society has ceased to lift its skirts at a strata of human existence that seeks to establish its standards of superiority on the basis of physical skill and prowess. On the contrary, it now flocks to the ringside to view the spectacle—and this modern development of the boxing game received its first impetus at Goldfield in 1906.

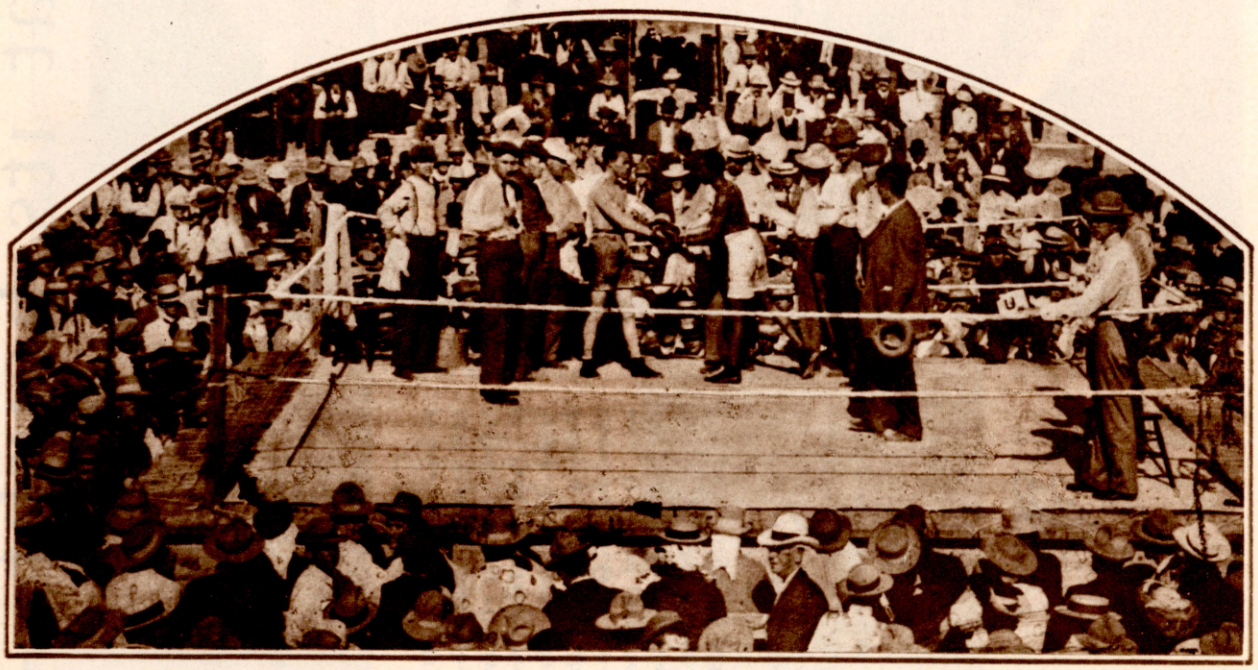
* * *

WHEN Battling Nelson was matched to fight Joe Gans at Goldfield on September 3, 1906, the financial backers of that fight built better than they knew for they served the purpose of introducing to the boxing world the man who was destined to pick out of the back rooms of saloons an enterprise that had been held in disrepute and place it on a high plane of social standing as a medium of entertainment. That man was George L. ("Tex") Rickard—the man who moved American society into the ringside seats that had been formerly occupied by the brawlers of the barrooms, who formed the corporation of "600 millionaires" to promote boxing on a high scale, who won the support and the patronage of the authorities who had formerly legislated to prevent fights, who introduced the "million dollar gate" where only the comparatively small purses posted by the backers of the fighters themselves had existed before.

Back in 1906 the town of Goldfield, Nevada, that had slumbered its somnolent existence under the desert sun without becoming known to the outside world, was experiencing a mining boom. Those who were interested in the financial future of Goldfield wanted its name spread to the four corners of the globe, but in the main, they were poor publicity men and didn't know how to start the big "ballyhoo" for the town of Goldfield.

Into their conferences one day came "Tex" Rickard, a sporting man, miner, soldier of fortune and a good gambler. Rickard suggested a world's championship fight as a means of putting the town of Goldfield on the map. He didn't know any fighters and he knew nothing of the politics of the game, but he had the showman's instinct and was a gambler who was willing to take a chance at anything.

Battling Nelson, who had beaten Jimmy Britt, Terry McGovern, Aurelio Herrera, Martin Canole and other great fighters, was a wonderful drawing card at the time and that is about all that Rickard knew about the game in which he was



Battle scene; Gans-Nelson contest at Goldfield, Nev., Sept. 3, 1906. Siler is the referee

a Milestone in Ring History

destined to become the Moses that would lead it out of the wilderness. It was conceded that Nelson and Joe Gans were the greatest men of their weight in the game.

Gans had followed Nelson, who was on a theatrical tour and kept challenging him at every opportunity. Nelson, however, probably with a personal view to building up the match, as he possessed an abiding faith in his own ability to beat any man of his weight in the world, had declined to make any definite answer to the challenges of his Negro rival for the lightweight title.

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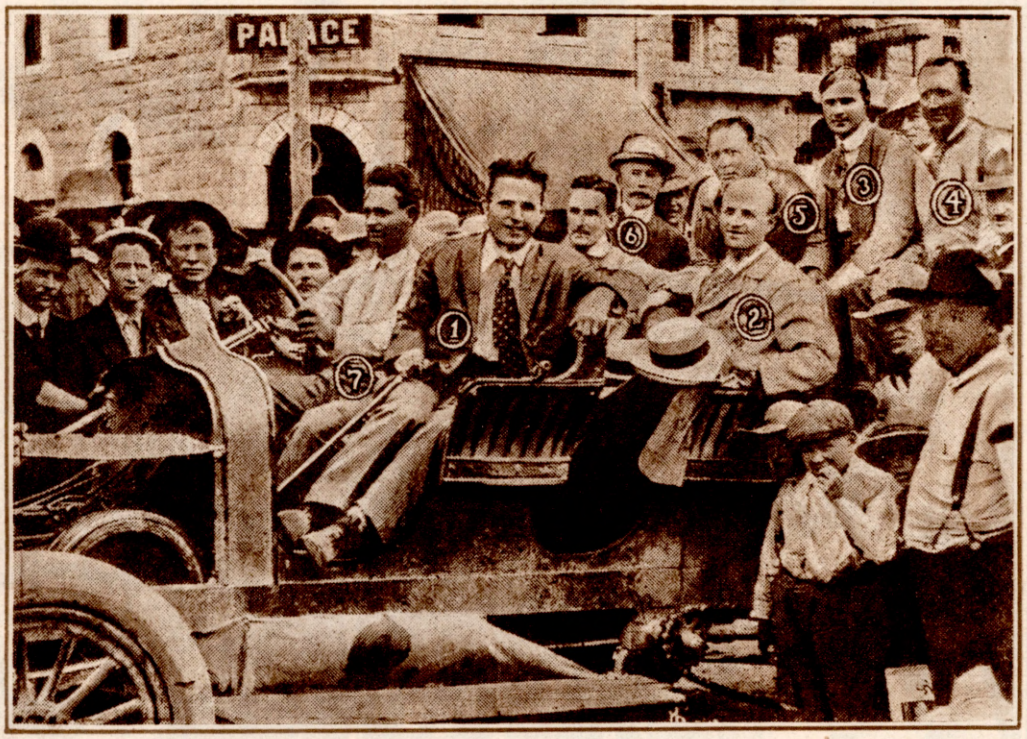


Nelson's arrival in Goldfield, Nev., August 11th, 1906. Above we see 1, Nelson; 2, Nolan; 3, Rickard; 4, Grant; 5, Elliott; 6, Hackett; 7, Chrisman

THAT was the way things stood when a rough and tough fighter by the name of Jack Clifford arrived in Goldfield, defying anybody to meet him. Battling Nelson, scenting some easy money, had wired to the Goldfield *Sun,* asking a $5,000 guarantee and a side-bet of $5,000 for a finish fight with Clifford.

He received an answer signed by a name which he had never before heard . . . "Tex" Rickard. The message was brief and to the point:

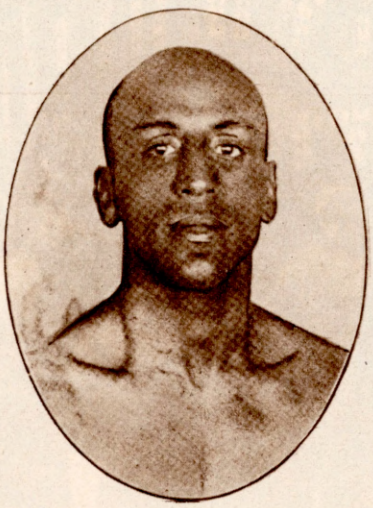
"Your proposition accepted, but would prefer a meeting between yourself and Gans. Will give $15,000 for same."

Nelson wired back as follows:

"Gans match accepted if you raise bid to $30,000."

In less than an hour's time he received another telegram from Rickard:

"Your proposition is accepted. Money posted J. S. Cook and Co. Bank. Will forward to Salt Lake City or any place you name."



Joe Gans

Possibly now—twenty-four years later—the reader will not fully appreciate the chance "Tex" Rickard was taking. At that time Goldfield had a population of only 2,500. To get there one had to ride thirteen hours over the desert from the main line, and there was only one train a day on the regular schedule. No such purse had ever before been offered for any fight, even when they had been held in the most thickly populated communities—and the principals in this fight were only lightweights. When Corbett had fought Sullivan at New Orleans for only $25,000, that fight aroused the whole country.

* * *

IN addition, at Goldfield it was necessary to erect an open-air arena that cost $15,000. The total expense of the fight was more than $50,000, which was more then than it is now—and this fight was to be held in a desert town far away from the centers of population from which it would have to draw its patronage. Rickard himself didn't believe that expenses would be cleared, but these Goldfield men wanted publicity for their town and its mining enterprises, so he figured they would be compensated for their loss by the publicity attained, and he went ahead with his plans for the Gans-Nelson fight.

He filled the newspapers all over the country with advance publicity about the fight, about Goldfield and its free and easy life, about its gambling and dance halls and its men who tossed fortunes in gold dust in the center of a table to stake on the turn of a card. The result was that days before the date of the fight the usual crowd of ring followers and newspaper men began to arrive in Goldfield until tents had to be erected to take care of the overflow from the limited accommodations afforded.

* * *

A BORN showman, Rickard had the entire purse for which the boxers were to fight converted into gold and placed in a huge pile in the window of his own gambling hall. This made good copy for the visiting scribes. The story of this pile of gold for which two boxers were to fight went out to every newspaper in the country, together with stories of other piles of gold for which other men gambled and fought in the big gambling hall behind the window.

The usual nights of revelry preceded the fight in the big arena that was being constructed out on the desert sands, and by the day of the fight, Goldfield was a seething mass of men.

Then came the big surprise to Rickard and his associates. More than eight thousand spectators paid $69,715 to see one of the greatest fights in ring history, and Goldfield had its publicity, a publicity that had spread (*Continued on page* 49)

The "Roman Holiday" at New Orleans

The first week of September, 1892, was a memorable one in the history of fisticuffs in the state of Louisiana, for three great champions appeared in that week in defense of their titles at New Orleans.

On September 5, Jack McAuliffe, lightweight title holder, knocked out Billy Myer, the Streator Cyclone, in the 15th round. On the following day, Jack Skelly was knocked out by George Dixon, featherweight champion, in the eighth session, and on the seventh, James J. Corbett relieved John L. Sullivan of the heavyweight crown by a knockout in the twenty-first round. It was the greatest fistic carnival ever staged in one city.

In the above are: 1—John L. Sullivan; 2—James J. Corbett; 3—Jack McAuliffe; 4—Billy Myer; 5—George Dixon; 6—Jack Skelly and a scene in front of the Pelican A. C.

Memorable Fistic Carnival

By JACK KOFOED

NEW ORLEANS has been the scene of many famous fights. Although rather dormant now, so far as pugilism is concerned, this Louisiana city has harbored many famous fighters in days gone by. New Orleans has had plenty of experience in the bringing off of great boxing matches and has always done that sort of thing nicely and well.

In September, 1892, New Orleans staged the greatest boxing carnival ever held in this or any other country.

Big prizes were offered for the heavyweight, lightweight and featherweight championships, and the greatest boxers in the world were invited to take part in the competition.

The Olympic Club, with Charles H. Genslinger as its manager, was back of these offers, and never before or since have I seen boxing matches handled so handsomely and cleverly and which have been so satisfactory to the thousands, many of whom had traveled great distances to see them.

Never before or since in the boxing line has there been anything to compare with this series of matches held at New Orleans in September, 1892.

It was at that memorable tournament that John L. Sullivan, who had been heavyweight champion for years, lost his title to Jim Corbett, and that other sensational happenings took place.

The carnival opened with the meeting in the Olympic Club's grand arena of Jack Skelly of Brooklyn and George Dixon, the little colored champion of the featherweight class.

On the following night Jack McAuliffe, champion lightweight, faced Billy Myers, the "Streator Cyclone".

In the third and last battle, John L. Sullivan and James J. Corbett faced each other for the heavyweight championship of the world.

* * *

THE first fight, in which Dixon retained his crown by whipping Skelly in eight rounds, lasting twenty-three minutes, won for the colored boy a purse of $17,500.

The second fight, that between McAuliffe and Myers, lasted fifteen rounds, the champion sending the Streator boy to the sand for the count of ten.

That fight gave McAuliffe $25,000 and enabled him to retain the lightweight championship.

The third fight, that between Sullivan and Corbett, was for the largest purse ever fought for up to that time. Corbett, the winner, not only won $45,000, but took the championship away from a man who had never known defeat.

The fights were all in charge of Genslinger who, until then, had been at the head of baseball affairs in New Orleans. It was Genslinger who saw to the building of the great arena in which the fights took place. He looked after the details and saw that everything was carried out to the letter.

Every one of the bouts resulted in a decisive victory for the winner, and the money wagered at the ringside was far greater in amount than that bet on any similar event or events in recent years. The big poolrooms in New Orleans were wide open at this time. The heavy betters were easily able to place their money and they placed it in large and juicy sums.

John Condon, the famous Chicago gambler, who then owned the Harlem race course, made one combination bet of $7,000 to $42,000 that he could pick the three winners of the carnival. He named Dixon, McAuliffe and Sullivan.

After Dixon and McAuliffe had won, Condon virtually had a bet of 6 to 1 on Sullivan, although the latter was the favorite at 4 to 1. Condon might have won a fortune by hedging, but he stood pat on Sullivan, whom he considered a cinch, and lost all.

Jack McAuliffe gave Dick Roche, the St. Louis gambler, the last $10,000 he had in the world and told him to bet it on Sullivan. Roche, a very wise man, consulted Billy Delaney, Corbett's chief second, before betting the money, and then concluded to take no chances and kept the $10,000 in his pocket. After the fight McAuliffe shook hands with Roche, remarking:

"You'll have to pay my way back to New York."

"Pay your own way," said Roche, handing McAuliffe's $10,000 back to him.

"What's this?" asked Jack.

"It's your money," said Roche.

"Why didn't you bet it?"

"Because I didn't want to see you broke."

* * *

BILLY WEST, the minstrel, had won $10,000 on the Dixon-McAuliffe victories.

He might have gone back to New York with this nice little nest egg. But, on further thought, he placed every penny of the $10,000 on Sullivan, getting a ticket from Bud Renaud's poolroom, a ticket which lost him just $50,000.

Dick Roche, then the heaviest better in America, cleaned up $60,000 on Dixon and McAuliffe. Roche was McAuliffe's chief backer at this time, and $40,000 of the $60,000 Roche won on McAuliffe's victory.

This money he would have bet on Sullivan, but he had great respect for Delaney's opinion and advice, and, following it, Roche went home $60,000 to the good.

Jim Cronin, another St. Louisian, was not so lucky. He and Ed Butler, the old political boss of St. Louis, put up nearly $50,000 on Sullivan and saw it fade away when Sullivan went down head first in that twenty-first round.

Parson Davies, one of the wise men of the ring, took the Corbett end in the betting and won a small fortune, but Al Smith, the New York gambler, stood by his old friend Sullivan, and was sorry for it afterwards.

Steve Brodie, the bridge jumper, soaked his jewelry, borrowed all he could and placed his last penny on Sullivan. Friends paid his way back to New York.

All this happened almost forty years ago, and all the men who took part in what was the greatest series of boxing events ever staged in this or any other country have retired from the active fighting game. Some are dead, but many are still alive who either figured in the business end or as spectators.

Prof. John Duffy, who refereed the fights, and who for many a year held the place in New Orleans that Eddie Graney held in San Francisco and that George Siler held in Chicago, was the first to cross to the other side.

Then George Dixon went with others of the marked figures at the Crescent city carnival.

* * *

JIM CORBETT is very much in the public eye. He is an active member of the stage. Jack McAuliffe is also in vaudeville and Jack Skelly is a retired business man.

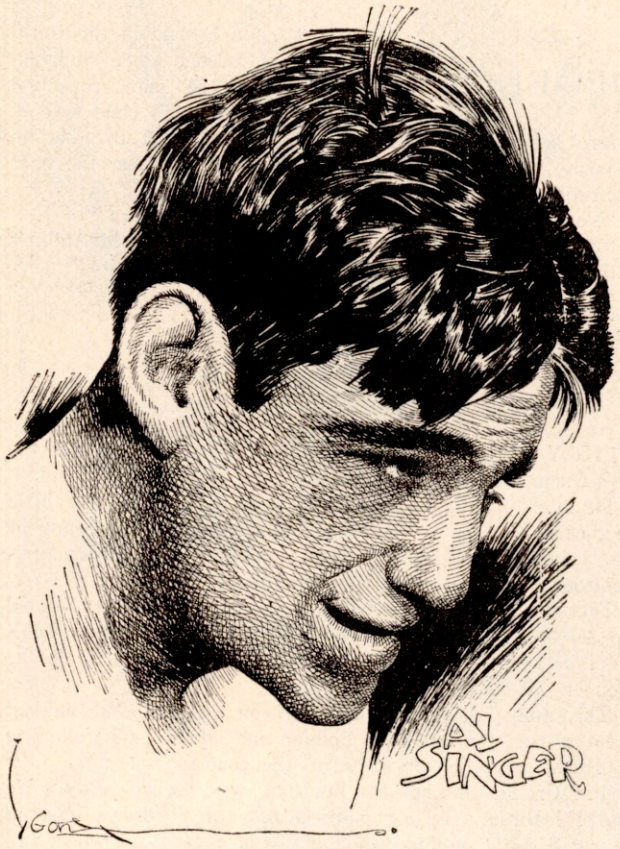
There were many good reasons why that great carnival proved a winner. All the world had read of the young Lochinvar who had come out of the west to meet the great John L.

All the boxing world was interested in the bout between Myers and McAuliffe for the reason that they had met before for the lightweight championship in a sixty-four round draw.

The match between Skelly and Dixon was also thought well of, for the reason that Dixon had been whipping all comers and because Skelly had beaten every man he had met in the amateur class and among that sort was considered invincible.

It is doubtful if ever again such an array of high-class talent will appear in one city during one week as appeared in New Orleans in 1892.

Al Singer's Rise



THE impression might be gained by glancing over the list of famous lightweights of past decades that Sammy Mandell and Al Singer, who recently fought for the world's lightweight title, do not measure up to the standard of their noted predecessors. Yet there is much possessed by each that merits a comparison with past masters of their class. Each is a master or ringcraft, Mandell being one of the cleverest boxers that ever held the title. It is questionable if any of the former champions or contenders excelled him in the matter of defensive skill.

Of the 135 matches engaged in by Mandell since he began his ring career in 1920, 40 were of the decisionless type, and he certainly had the advantage in a majority of the bouts. Prior to his fight with Singer he captured 59 decisions, knocked out 25 opponents and lost only three decisions. Mandell is but 26 years of age, and in the full flush of young manhood, and still has several years of activity ahead of him.

Among his notable victories were his defeat of Jackie Fields in 10 rounds in 1928, and his 15-round decision over Jimmy McLarnin in the same year.

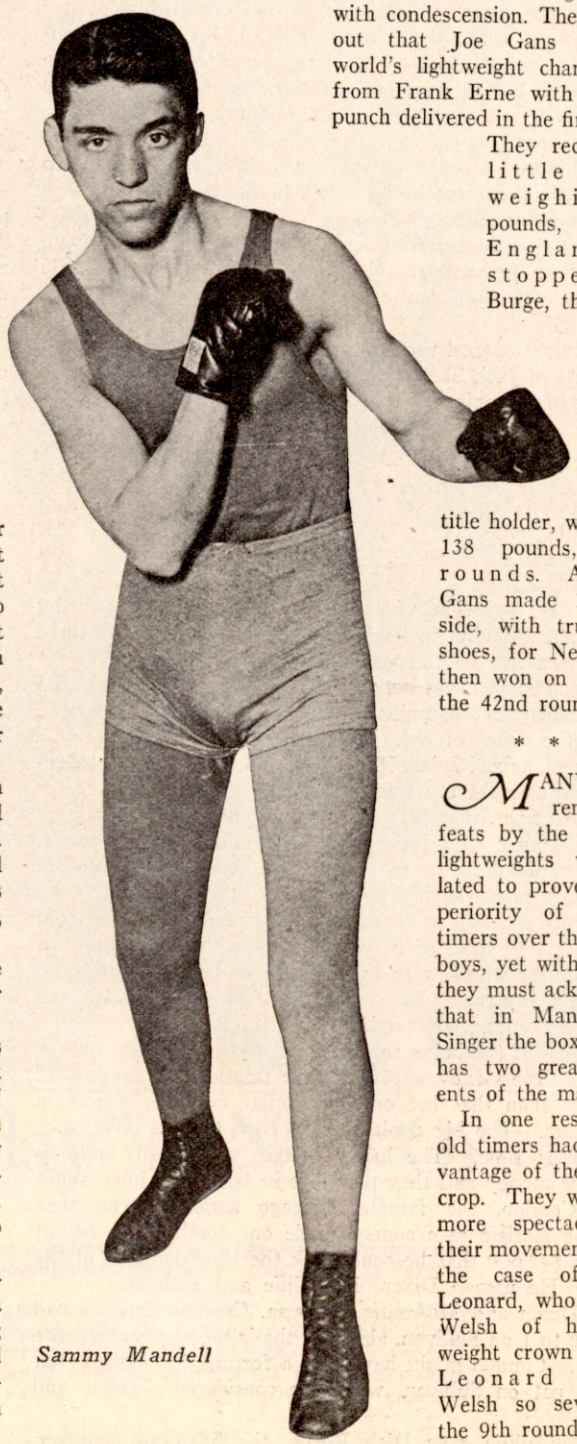
Al Singer is only three years younger than Mandell and has had but three years of experience in ring bouts, yet during that space has risen to heights seldom reached by 90 per cent of boys of his age. In the short space of time he has been in the public eye, Singer has attracted more attention than any other lightweight of the present time. One notable performance stamps him as a classy fighter of the 135-pound division. He suffered his first knockout in 1929 at the hands of Ignacio Fernandez, the ten count taking place in the third round.

This knockout was scored on May 17, 1929, and the youngster bided his time until May 23, 1930, just a year and a week, whereupon he gave Fernandez the hardest drubbing that young man ever received. Only his rock-ribbed physical qualities saved Fernandez from a knockout, and Singer demonstrated that he can hit with sufficient force to stop any man who faces his attack.

Of 53 matches in which Singer engaged prior to the tilt with Mandell, Al won 17 by the knockout route, 29 by decision, lost 4 and drew 2. Singer has had the advantage of valuable advice from Benny Leonard, one of the greatest of past champions, and the youngster has profited greatly from what he has learned from the conqueror of Freddy Welsh, the English champion.

* * *

THE followers of boxing in the days of Joe Gans, the Old Master, Kid Lavigne, Frank Erne, Battling Nelson, Ad Wolgast, Willie Ritchie, and a large collection of other great lightweights, were inclined to regard the Mandell-Singer match with condescension. They pointed out that Joe Gans won the world's lightweight championship from Frank Erne with the first punch delivered in the first round. They recited how little Lavigne, weighing 130 pounds, went to England and stopped Dick Burge, the British title holder, who scaled 138 pounds, in 13 rounds. Also how Gans made 133 ringside, with trunks and shoes, for Nelson, and then won on a foul in the 42nd round.



Sammy Mandell

* * *

MANY other remarkable feats by the old time lightweights were related to prove the superiority of the old timers over the present boys, yet with all that, they must acknowledge that in Mandell and Singer the boxing game has two great exponents of the manly art.

In one respect the old timers had the advantage of the modern crop. They were a bit more spectacular in their movements. Take the case of Benny Leonard, who divested Welsh of his lightweight crown in 1916. Leonard punished Welsh so severely in the 9th round that the

to Fame Phenomenal

New York Fistic Idol Takes Place Once Occupied by Benny Leonard and Leach Cross

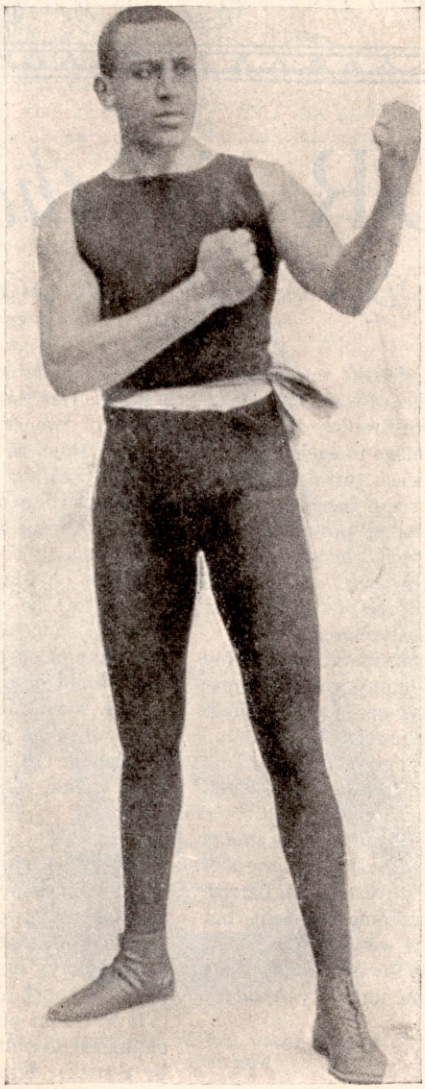
By JOHN L. (Ike) DORGAN

referee felt called upon to stop hostilities and declare Benny the winner. Welsh's handlers thereupon set up a claim that Welsh did not lose his title for the reason that the Briton was not counted out. However the referee's decision still stands in the records.

* * *

IT is questionable if Leonard ever engaged in a more exciting bout than that with Frankie Conifrey, known as the "Pride of the Fire Department." Conifrey had an uncle who was a smoke eater, and therefore Frankie was installed as the pride of the Department. The bout took place in the old Lenox A. C., 107th Street and Lexington Avenue, New York City, and drew a large house, including Conifrey's uncle.

Benny Leonard



Joe Gans, the Master

Leonard, of course, was the master of Conifrey from the first round to the last, which was the 6th, in which session Conifrey was on the floor and practically done for. The referee intervened, and gave the decision to Leonard. Then came the fireworks. Conifrey's uncle, who sat near the ringside, had been exchanging verbal repartee with a Leonard devotee for several rounds, and when the decision went to Leonard, Frankie's uncle swung on the jaw of his talkative opponent. The latter retaliated, and in three minutes a hundred rough and tumble fights were in progress in the arena.

Non-combatants tried to get out of the path of the fighters, but failing in this they started a rush for the exits. Soon the torrential rush of the throng carried them out of the front doors and into the street, where many exchanged hats and pinned up torn clothing. The Fire Department is said to have lost much of the pride it formerly took in Conifrey.

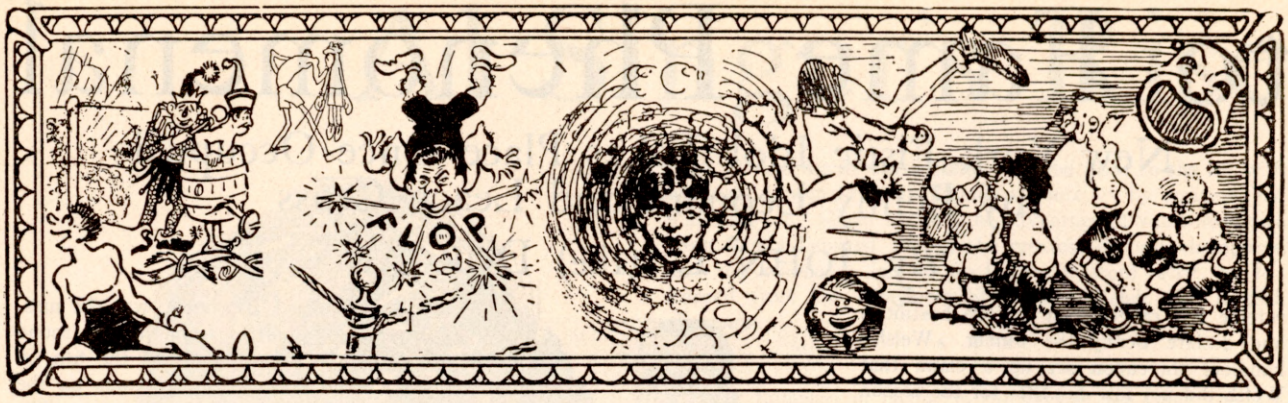
* * *

GANS, known as the Old Master, was the most spectacular of the lightweights. This was due largely to the fact that Gans did not always fight on his merits. Gans was a persistent crap shooter and seldom got hold of money before he began shuffling the bones. Therefore, on occasions when he felt the need of money to enable him to enjoy his national pastime, he was by no means slow to agree to certain conditions not made public. On December 13, 1900, Gans went to Chicago and laid down to Terry McGovern in the second round of a bout that put a stop to boxing in the Windy City for several years.

Gans still was not cured of his faking propensities, and on March 23, 1900, he boxed a match with Frank Erne at the Broadway A. C., New York, which came to a stop at the end of the 12th round, in a decision to Erne. Gans refused to continue, declaring that a slight cut on the left temple, from which blood trickled, made it impossible for him to see. Up to the time he was "blinded," Gans had outpointed Erne easily and was in a quandary as to how to emerge from the affair.

Following this bout Erne and his handlers referred to Gans as "yellow," etc., which angered Joseph. He finally got a match with Erne to take place in Philadelphia. Gans, trained to the minute, was in the ring early but Erne failed to show. He arrived in Quakertown, but being informed that Gans was out for blood, took the next train back to New York.

Two years later Erne consented to a match with Gans for the title, at Fort Erie, Ont., close to Erne's home town of Buffalo. Gans won with the first punch.



HUMOR *in the* RING

By WILBUR WOOD

"HEY, youse guys must be sleepin' togedder." That is a cry frequently heard from the gallery wags when two boxers are stalling through a fight without doing any damage to each other.

There was one occasion when two fighters who had butchered each other in the ring slept together. Jack Curley, now New York's leading wrestling promoter, who managed Tommy Ryan for many years, tells the story.

"Back in 1901, in Louisville, on Derby Eve." relates Curley, "Ryan and Tommy West engaged in one of the bloodiest battles of ring history. Tim Hurst was the referee.

"In the fourth round West butted Ryan in the mouth and knocked out three of Tommy's teeth. Tommy was not averse to a bit of rough stuff, but he thought this was carrying things too far. He backed off and appealed to the referee.

" 'What do you call that, Tim?' said Tommy.

" 'You've got a head, too, haven't you?' was the way Hurst answered one question with another.

"The hint was enough for Ryan. The fight became a shambles. Tommy either knocked out or butted out most of West's teeth. It was just a roughhouse with nothing barred. It was a hard-boiled crowd that was watching the fight, but it was too bloody even for them and there were calls for Hurst to stop it. Tim refused to act, as long as the men were willing to continue and the slaughter went on until Ryan finally stopped West in the seventeenth round.

* * *

"AFTER the fight many of the fans were leaving for Chicago and other places on special trains. Ryan, badly busted up, went to the station and crawled into his lower berth. I took an upper, just above him.

"The fans were coming aboard and tramping through the aisles, so that it was impossible to get to sleep. Just before the train pulled out somebody, walking past our section, said: 'Didn't you get a berth, Tommy?' 'No, I guess I'll have to sit up all night,' came a mumbled reply.

"Ryan stuck his head out between the curtains. 'Who is that?' he inquired. 'It's West,' was the reply.

" 'Come on in here with me, Tommy,' said Ryan to West, 'You can have half of my berth.'

" 'Much obliged, partner,' replied West, as he peeled off his togs and climbed in with his erstwhile opponent. And so these two, who an hour before had been giving each other marks each would carry to the grave, slept together in the narrow confines of a sleeping car berth, as if they had been bosom friends.

"That always struck me as one of the funniest incidents in all the years I have been mixed up in boxing and wrestling. I laughed out loud in my upper berth as I wondered whether they would resume the biting and butting and gouging they had been guilty of only an hour or so earlier. But there wasn't a sound from down there, as long as I was awake, except the snores of two exhausted fighters. And in the morning they were as thick as Damon and Pythias."

Curley can go on for hours and hours, relating humorous anecdotes connected with Ryan. One of Jack's favorites has to do with the celebrated Ryan-McCoy fight, when McCoy doublecrossed Tommy and won the championship from him.

It was on March 2, 1896, that McCoy, a former sparring partner of the welterweight king, knocked him out in the fifteenth round at Maspeth, L. I. Ryan took the fight on the assumption that the Kid was not in shape and that the bout would be a waltz for him. Ryan received the shock of his life when McCoy was revealed in perfect shape, hard as nails, when he peeled off his robe. Tommy had been given the double cross and naturally he was very sore at the supposed friend, who had played him for a sucker.

* * *

AFTER the fight Ryan went to the old Everhard baths to recuperate. Finally, he dozed off on a slab. Some time later he awoke, as someone pressed towels on his battered face and otherwise ministered to his hurts.

As Tommy opened his eyes and saw who it was, he leaped from the couch and assumed a fighting posture.

It was none other than McCoy himself who was so tenderly caring for the man he had pushed off the welterweight throne by a trick. Ryan was so mad he wanted to fight again, but the crafty McCoy talked him out of it and later they left the baths together, apparently on the best of terms.

Curley tells another one about a young preliminary fighter who was so imbued with his own importance that he thought the lights had been turned off in the arena for the sole purpose of getting him licked.

This was in Buffalo, in the first bout on the card topped by a fight between Rocky Kansas and Charley White. The preliminary boy, who received $50 as his bit, held up the show for some time by arguing over the referee. He finally was persuaded, much against his will, to allow the regular club referee to be the third man in the ring.

The boxer was going along nicely and winning easily when, without warning, all the lights went out and in the darkness his opponent hit him on the chin and knocked him out.

"What did I tell you?" moaned the fighter when he came back from the land of dreams. "I knew darn well they were going to trim me."

* * *

SAM LANGFORD, the famous Boston Tar Baby, figured in many humorous instances in the ring. Curley tells one about the time Sam knocked out Fireman Jim Flynn.

The bout took place in Los Angeles twenty years ago. Langford and Flynn had boxed ten rounds to a draw, the popular opinion being that Sam had carried the Fireman. One of those who did not subscribe to the general belief was H. B. "Beany" Walker, now a prominent man in the motion picture industry but at that time sports editor of a Los Angeles newspaper.

Walker panned the decision unmercifully in his paper, insisting that Flynn had won and could win decisively if they were rematched. They were paired again and this time Langford, nettled by Walker's yarns, worked himself into fine condition. Flynn, who had begun to believe the newspaper man's stories of his prowess, did not bother much with training.

It did not take Langford long to discover that he could handle Flynn as he pleased. When he had the Fireman ready to go, Sam maneuvered him over to just above where Walker was sitting at the ringside and yelled down: "Well, Mr. Benny, here comes your champion."

With that Langford measured Flynn with a left and hit him on the whiskers with a right that lifted him over the ropes and dropped him smack in Walker's lap, dead to the world.

There is another yarn having to do with one of Langford's fights with Bill Tate, another Negro heavyweight. It seems that Langford, for business reasons, had toyed with Tate in a previous match and Bill acquired the idea that he could flatten the Boston Tar Baby.

When this came to Langford's ears he merely grinned. The next time these two stepped in to fight, Sam astounded the fans by wandering about the ring with a tape measure before the bell sounded. The Tar Baby would glance at Tate, measuring him with his eye from head to foot, and then would test the softness of the ring floor at various places, while staking out the length of his adversary with the tape measure.

Finally, having found a place that seemed to suit him, Langford nodded his head and tossed the tape out of the ring. A few rounds later he stretched Tate on the spot he had picked out and Bill reclined there while the referee counted ten.

* * *

MANY Negro boxers have exhibited a fine sense of humor in the ring, even in the most painful moments. The late Battling Siki could always see the funny side of life.

I recall the time the Senegalese was boxing Paul Berlenbach, then at the height of his glory. Round after round the Astoria Assassin battered Siki around the ring, bending him in the middle with that paralyzing left hook to the liver and smashing his face into a shapeless mass.

Bob Levy, who was managing Siki at that time, stood up manfully under Siki's punishment. At the end of each round, as Siki staggered to his corner, Bob would say: "Everything is all right; you're not hurt; you're doing fine." And Siki would grin and nod his head.

Finally, at the close of the ninth round, Siki beat Levy to it. As he stumbled to his corner the Battler husked, through thickened lips which he twisted into the semblance of a grin: "How you feel, Papa?" And then he shook with laughter. I submit that it takes an abnormal sense of humor to laugh under such circumstances.

Billy McCarney relates a similar story having to do with Unk Russell, a Philadelphia lightweight managed by Billy twenty years ago. Unk was not much of a boxer, but he certainly could take it until the cows came home.

Unk was an Italian and as is so often the case with the Italian boxers he got more satisfaction out of beating a Jewish boxer than from anything else.

McCarney matched him with a very clever Jewish lightweight, who cut Unk to pieces. For four rounds Russell did not land a single punch and took a steady pounding. Finally, in the fifth, he managed to clip the Hebrew boxer with a good left hook. At the end of the round Unk skipped back to the corner, his battered face beaming with satisfaction.

"Oh, boy," he yelled to McCarney, "did you see what I did to the Jew?"

* * *

THAT one punch made the fight a success as far as Unk was concerned, though he took several hundred in return for it.

Once, when McCarney was out of town, a promoter made an offer to Russell for a match.

"How much?" demanded Unk.

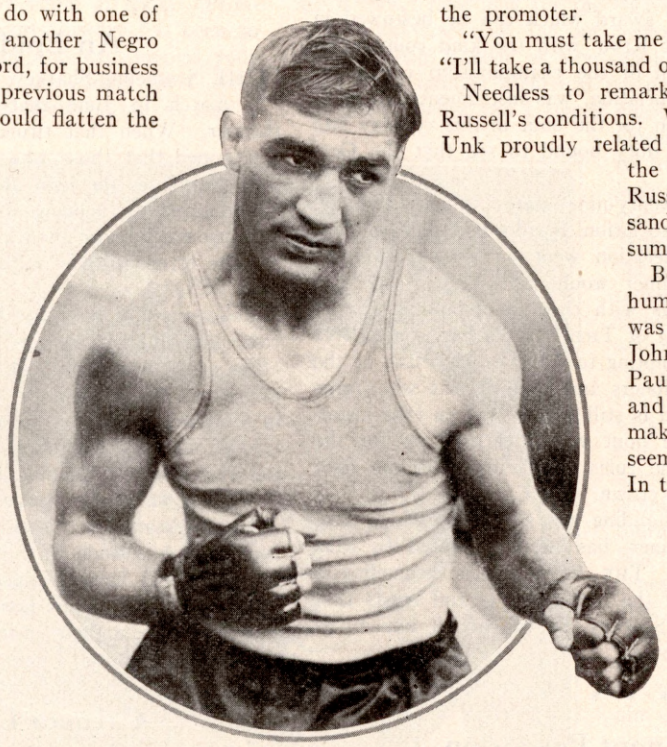
"I'll give you $1250, with the privilege of 20 per cent," said the promoter.

"You must take me for a sap," roared Russell. "I'll take a thousand or nothing."

Needless to remark, the promoter accepted Russell's conditions. When McCarney returned, Unk proudly related how he had outsmarted the promoter. As far as Russell was concerned a thousand dollars was the biggest sum of money in the world.

Berlenbach figured in many humorous incidents. There was the time he was boxing Johnny Risko. It was Oom Paul's debut as a heavyweight and he was very keen on making good. Everything seemed to go wrong for him. In the very first round he was knocked down.

But Berlenbach was not one to be discouraged and in one of the late rounds he was going along in great style, having Risko in trouble. Just at the wrong moment the string holding up Paul's trunks broke and for the remainder of the frame he was forced to fight Risko with one hand, while holding up his trunks with the other, as the crowd roared with laughter.



Paul Berlenbach, of whom many interesting stories are told

* * *

SHORTLY after Berlenbach won the light heavyweight title one of his friends, Ben Stern, took him to see the Harvard-Yale boat race, with the idea of getting Paul a little publicity. Stern managed to obtain an invitation for Paul to attend a Harvard dance the night before the race, or maybe it was after the contest.

At any rate Paul was there, decked out in evening clothes and feeling none too comfortable. He was sitting out a dance with one of the young ladies, who found it rather difficult to work up a connected conversation with the fighter.

Finally, the young lady, thinking Paul a Harvard man, asked:

"What class are you, Mr. Berlenbach?"

Paul was astounded that anyone should display such ignorance. He replied:

"Me? What class? Why, I'm de light heavyweight champeen. I t'ought everybody knowed dat."

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Schmeling Awarded RING *Championship Belt*
Carnera is a Great Heavyweight Prospect
Stribling, Risko, Campolo, in Limelight

AS regards the world's heavyweight championship for which Jack Sharkey and Max Schmeling fought, there can be no dispute over the ownership of the crown. By virtue of his victory, even though through the medium of a foul, the German gained the highest award which can be bestowed in the field of fisticuffs. THE RING, with the kind cooperation of Tom Donohue, chairman of the championship committee of the National Boxing Association, was instrumental in gaining championship recognition for the bout in this country and abroad and therefore feels duty bound to see that the German's claim is honored.

Prior to the contest, twenty-nine states in this country, comprising the National Association, in addition to New York State and the French Federation went on record with the announcement that the winner would be accepted as Gene Tunney's successor. It was with this understanding that I consented to offer, on behalf of THE RING, a handsome silver belt to the victor. In attempting to deprive Schmeling of the title, those boxing commissioners and fight experts who argue that the title Tunney owned is still vacant, fail to take cognizance of the fact that the bout was advertised as for the championship and under the rules, Schmeling won the fight and with it the right to the crown.

And based on this understanding, the silver belt which THE RING promised to the winner, has been presented to Max Schmeling. With the gift, THE RING wishes Schmeling a prosperous reign as king of the heavyweights and trusts that in his return contest with Sharkey, he will acquit himself as a truly great title holder should.

* * *

His Permanent Possession

THE argument that neither Max nor Jack held a title when they entered the ring, hence there could be nothing lost by withholding recognition until their return bout is settled, would react against American fair play and sportsmanship. Schmeling and Sharkey were the survivors of an elimination tournament that lasted more than a year and to the victor, regardless of how he won the bout, rightfully belonged the spoils—the world's heavyweight title and THE RING belt.

Max Schmeling won the title just as surely as did Jackie Fields when he was fouled by Joe Dundee and Willie Ritchie when he won from Ad Wolgast. In the true spirit of sportsmanship, the German not only is acclaimed by THE RING the champion but with that honor, he also receives THE RING trophy.

This belt, with nine panels, is forty-two inches long and each panel contains a short sketch of each of the elimination bouts which led to the Milk Fund contest. The belt is now the permanent property of Max Schmeling.

Although only six bouts were staged to find Tunney's successor, it is interesting to note that three ended unsatisfactorily. Otto Von Porat lost on a foul to Phil Scott. Scott lost a questionable decision to Sharkey and Sharkey lost on a foul to Schmeling.

Shades of the Great John L. Sullivan!

* * *

An Epidemic of Fouls

THE Schmeling-Sharkey battle was not the only important match in June that ended in a most unsatisfactory manner. When that titular contest wound up in a foul, it was hoped that those who earn their livelihood through fisticuffs would see the light and avoid further commotion, unrest and distrust by keeping their punches high. But apparently it takes much more than a warning to make the foul fighters see the error of their ways and read the handwriting on the wall.

Following closely on the heels of the Yankee Stadium fiasco, came the unhappy ending of the Larry Johnson-Pete Latzo affair at Ebbets Field with Johnson losing the fight on a low punch, and a week later, before the biggest fight gathering in Philadelphia since the memorable Dempsey-Tunney bout, George Godfrey lost on a foul to Primo Carnera. Where is the foul epidemic leading us to? Can't the boys who must depend on their ring battles for their living, see?

In an editorial in this issue is outlined a good remedy. The sooner such a code of procedure is enacted, the better for boxing. Foul fighters must be punished more severely than is now the case. They must have their pocketbooks hit hard. Take from them their entire purse and foul fighting will soon cease.

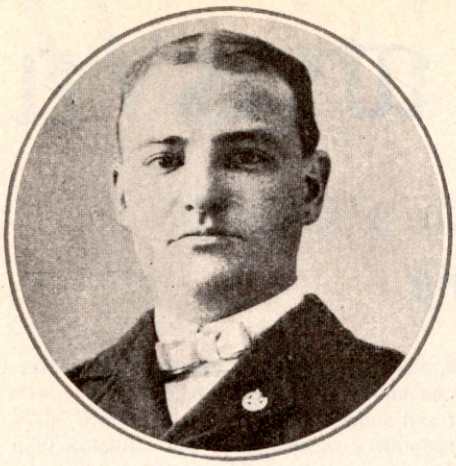
* * *

Carnera Looks Promising

AS for the Carnera-Godfrey battle, despite the suspicion which the bout aroused, there was nothing in evidence at the ringside to warrant a charge of fake against either man. The bout was fought on the level and up to the time of the foul punch, it was one of the fastest, hardest hitting heavyweight battles I've seen in years. It was most unfortunate for Carnera that the bout ended as it did, for from all appearances, the giant Italian would have won either by the knockout route or on points.

Carnera is the finest looking prospect I've peeped at since the days of Jack Dempsey. He is crude, to be sure, but make no mistake about the boy's gameness under fire and his ability to strike. A little more schooling and a half dozen more fights, not with setups but with fellows who have made their mark, will soon show Carnera to be the class of the division. At least that is the impression he gave me in his bout with Godfrey.

I believe that even now, it will take more than a Max Schmeling or a Jack Sharkey to stop the progress of Carnera. He can hit hard but lacks experience and technique. For courageousness, there isn't a fighter in the game who has anything on the Gondolier. (*Continued on page* 46)



Joe Humphreys

The "GERMAN OAK"

How Ernest Siegfried, Noted German Wrestler, Made His American Debut

By JOE HUMPHREYS

IT would take thousands of pages to tell of my many experiences and adventures as manager, promoter, ballyhoo man and announcer in the realm of sport. Probably no person in American sports history has been so intimately identified with boxing and wrestling as your Uncle Joe Humphreys. That is why, no sooner do I complete one yarn than another suggests itself to me so that I feel I could keep on writing indefinitely of thrilling ring episodes, of hair-raising battles, of comedy mat contests, of sports celebrities and sports officials. The romance of the roped square and the mat game—around these are my reminiscences centered.

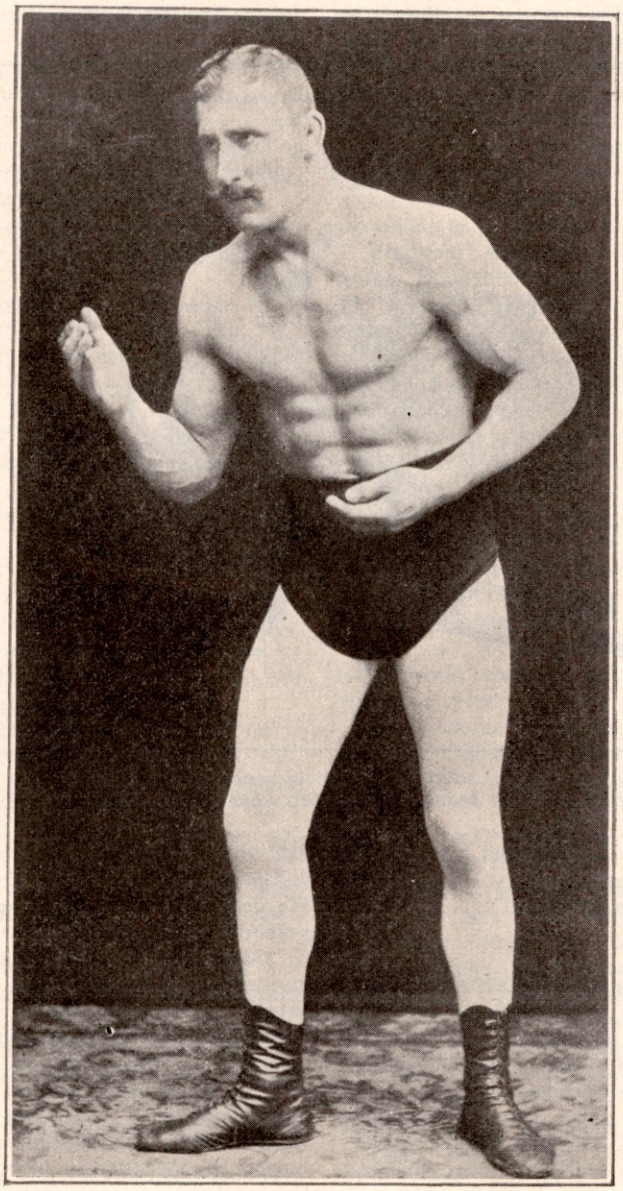
In a recent article, I told the story of Herkilides, the Ferocious Greek and how Charley White and I gained publicity for him. In this article, I shall tell you a yarn of another great wrestler, the "German Oak" and his American adventures. This human mastodon was one of the many famous foreign grapplers who furnished the wrestling fans with excitement and comedy about twenty years ago.

When the wrestling game was at its height in New York, there arrived from Germany a massive human bulk who was listed by the customs officials as Ernest Siegfried, Greco-Roman wrestler. The advance guard announced him as the "German Oak", and when he planted those No. 12's of his on the mat, I readily could understand why he received that nickname. He was just about as easy to move as was a huge oak.

* * *

WHEN the German reached the city, he immediately sought matches with the leaders. At the time Ernest Roeber, now West Point instructor, was engaged in promoting and matchmaking. Roeber and I took the German under our wing. I was a sort of information bureau and booking office for the visiting wrestlers and it didn't take long for the Oak to find me.

As a ballyhoo man for our newcomer, I soon proved my worth. With Roeber as my side-kick, I took the German down to a famous theatrical costumer, Charley Guttonberg, and there Roeber and I rigged out the "German Oak" to the Queen's taste. Our aim was to attract attention, particularly among the scribes, and to gain our objective we bought Siegfried a new outfit, consisting of a frock coat and a silk topper to take the place of the Bohemian hat and clothes with which he arrived. To top off the skit, we obtained a gold-headed cane suitably engraved with an inscription as having been presented "by Kaiser Wilhelm to Ernest Siegfried for winning the international mat tournament in the fatherland." Not that this actually happened, but it helped put our plan across.



Ernest Siegfried

Next, after parading him up and down Broadway, we hired an open barouche and rode him down to the Hotel Knickerbocker where he attracted such attention that he soon had the lobby jammed and an overflow mob choking the entrance.

* * *

WITH our advance press work going well, we next decided on a plan to show the "Oak" in action in order to place him in the sports headlines. To accomplish this, we took Siegfried over to Prof. Attila's gymnasium at Broadway and Thirty-eighth street, just above Schrafft's candy store. When the scribes arrived, we had the "Oak" strip and pitted him against "Butch" Miller, a well-known grappler of that period.

With the stage set, "Butch" and the "Oak" came together

(*Continued on page* 49)

Georg Plays a

A German Boxing Idyll with a Gretel and a Happy Ending

THE little pilot boat bobbed up and down on the greenish, foam-flecked waves. Gray skies, a wind out of the East, occasional spatters of rain. In the distance, the sky line of Hamburg.

"Well, in trouble again, heh?" The old man packed his smelly old pipe with a strange brownish mixture that apparently was meant to be tobacco.

"Did I not tell you that my father was a pilot, that his father was a pilot, that I am a pilot, and that you should be one, too? Here is peace and contentment. My own boss. The wind and the waves, the skies, sometimes sullen, but most of the time sunny and friendly. No bosses to give orders, no oppressing walls. What has come over you?"

The younger man—he was about nineteen—smiled. "Father, I understand how you feel about the sea. But I cannot see its friendliness. I can see only its fearsomeness, its threat, its dangers and its few recompenses. There was Heni Schultz. His father was a pilot. He had to be one, too. I left him in the sunny morning and he went down in the dank fog of that evening. Swallowed up in the waves. Where is this *freundschaft* of the green waves?

The father pulled reflectively at the smelly pipe. He chuckled, spat over the side of the boat. "Yes, there's a devil in the old sea sometimes. But where isn't there a devil, son? There's a devil in every street, around every corner, in Hamburg. She-devils, he-devils.

"Old Hans Heiringer. He was a pilot for fifty years, in all sorts of weather. He brought those big liners into port through thousands of fogs, through storm and welling sea. He goes to Berlin to visit his daughter, Miti—and what happens? A load of bricks falls from a new building and kills him instantly. There are devils all through life. But the sea—look at it. Calm and quiet, and a haven of peace."

* * *

THE wind and the waves. The old man puffed and spat. "Tell me what happened?" He laughed. Old Wolf Buelow looked at his powerfully put together son with unconcealed admiration. Georg had a strong face. He had muscles like steel; a punch that felled when it landed.

"Oh, I went to Dusseldorf and got a job with that gang that is building the new dam. I like that sort of work—construction. Well, I happened to walk by a deep ditch and somehow must have kicked a pick into the hole.

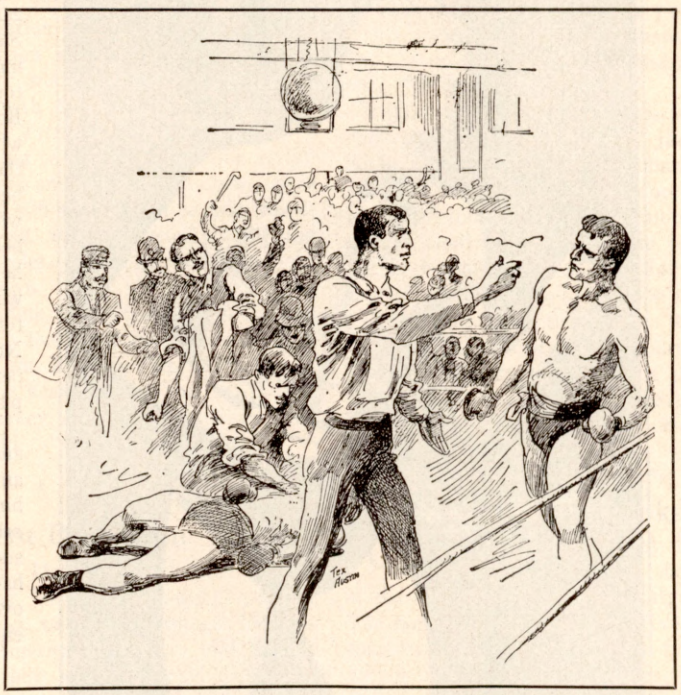
"Breittelhof—he's the big boss of the job—never did like me. A tremendous man, and a bully. Typical Kaiser sergeant. You know the kind."

The old man spat and nodded.

"Well, he came up with a sneer and he said, 'Buelow, you dog, jump down there and get that pick. First thing you know somebody will bury it in there and it will cost you plenty. Down, dog.'

"Well, I looked at him and I said, 'Breittelhof, you are a dog yourself. A dirty, mangy, flea-bitten dog, and if you don't like it, well, what now?'

"He was dumbfounded. The men gathered around. He came over with both hands flying, and I let him have it. First I led with my left, right to the jaw. Then, as he lunged forward, I let go with my right, straight for the wind, and Breittelhof fell into the ditch. They had to drag him up with ropes. The dog went to the local constable—and here I am. Twenty-four marks coming in wages, but to hell with that!"



Buelow weaved away, let fly a left for the head and then a right under the heart, and Topfer went down for the count

* * *

OLD WOLF puffed and spat. The rain came in spasms, the waves grew greener and their crowns were swirls of foam. "What now, Georg? Clerking, driving a truck, farming, ditch digging—what now? Times are bad, money is hard to get, even this old business of piloting the liners into port is getting low. What now?"

"Now it is fighting, father. Fighting—professional boxing. Germany has a new idea about sport. *Turn verein* exercises, the goose step, they're too slow for us now. We are an athletic people. We like to fight. Why can't we have boxing champions?"

Old Wolf roared with laughter. "You a professional fighter! You will fight those Americans, who have been at the game for years and years? Why, even the Frenchmen are good at that sport. We don't know the first thing about it. It takes years and years of special training. How will you live in the meantime?"

"Father, you may laugh, but I am going to be a fighter and my mind is made up. I am sorry. Mother thinks it is all wrong. She wants me to take a job with Schmidt, the butcher. Imagine me cutting steaks, and wrestling with knackwurst and bologna! I'm sorry, but I am off. It is fighting, or nothing."

Young Georg stood in the rain and the wind, peering toward Hamburg. "Yes, I am sorry," said Old Wolf. "The Buelow line of pilots is broken. But times have changed. I suppose I am lucky to have even a boxer son. Think of Heiringer, who lost three boys on the Somme. Yes, it is better to live and fight than to die."

Waiting Game

By

Daniel M. Daniel

The little pilot boat lurched, then righted herself as a wave tore over her leeward side and sent the spray into the old man's beard.

"The waves and the wind, and the spray of the surly old sea. You can't beat all of that," said Old Wolf, as he felt a choke in his throat.

* * *

"THEY are laughing at me, Gretel. I have come to you without a trade, without prospects, without money. I am uncertain now. What shall it be? Fighting for a living, a chance to become a champion, a chance to come into a fortune? Or that job with Schmidt, two rooms over the shop, poverty, kids, trouble, dissatisfaction. What is the verdict?"

Young Georg Buelow sat with his head bowed in his hands. Gretel was his sweetheart, his confidante. Perhaps some day they would be married.

"Georg, you are young and big and strong, and I don't see why you can't do what other young and strong men can do," said the sweet, understanding, sympathetic Gretel.

"The things men love to do, they do best. Your picture of life in the Schmidt shop is perfect. Poverty and trouble. Georg, let it be fighting. I think you are right about this."

"And fighting it will be," exulted young Buelow. "With your encouragement nothing can stop me. I tell you I will be a champion some day."

Gretel chuckled. "Not so fast, Georg. Just make some real money, and let it go at that."

"No, nothing will satisfy except a championship," laughed Buelow, as he took her in his arms and covered her mouth with kisses.

"Nothing will do but a title and a real fortune. I am off to Berlin to-night, and to-morrow I will write you and tell you how I am getting along."

"Surely, by to-morrow you should have that championship," laughed the golden-haired Gretel.

* * *

BERLIN, and turmoil. Berlin—and the Hammerschlag Gymnasium, where the venerable Johnny Carling, a Negro who had been a great fighter in his day in the United States, had established a boxing school.

Georg got a job there helping out around the place, working with the beginners, hauling apparatus, sweeping out the hall, nothing too hard or too menial. He slept in the gymnasium, and got just enough cash to keep him in food. Two meals a day, one not so good, the other rather bad. But this was destiny. Fighting!

Down the street there was a little cinema where they showed, among other things, a motion picture of the Dempsey-Carpentier fight.

Here was a fighter, this Dempsey. How he weaved and bobbed. How he hit! Lord, how he hit! When he struck they went down.

Georg struck up a friendship with Jonny Straubmuller, the owner of the picture "palace" and obtained free entree to the place.

Every time Georg could get away, he ran to the cinema in time to see that Dempsey film.

Jonny became infected with Georg's enthusiasm, and several nights, after the crowd had gone, he ran the Dempsey film over and over again, slowing up the action to let Buelow analyze the American's style. The boy memorized every move.

"Jonny," said Georg one night as they sat over their beer and cheese in Frau Mitzgaber's place, "Jonny, I can do it."

Straubmuller looked into Georg's eyes and said, "Listen, Buelow, you not only can do it, but will. It is Germany's destiny. Too long have we been knocked around."

Buelow laughed. Jonny was a strong nationalist with a post war grouch. "Destiny go hang, Jonny," laughed Georg. "But the fact remains that I am going to be a champion."

"So be it," said Jonny, and they called for another dark.

* * *

"WHY do you waste your time with this Buelow?" Gretel had come to Berlin to see Georg, and she had got into the habit of dropping into the Hammerschlag Gymnasium of an afternoon to see the workouts.

Big Max Topfer—he who had knocked out Dr. Neuhaus and had won the heavyweight championship of Germany—well, Max was there, too. He, too, had got into the habit of frequenting the Gymnasium.

"Why, I don't understand you," said Gretel. "I think Georg has a bright future in this game. And if he hasn't, well, it's all the same to me, for I happen to like Georg, and am willing to go through everything for him."

"Yes, that's romantic, but in another six months he'll be cutting bologna, or working with his father out there on the sea," chuckled Topfer. "I have seen them come and go, these kids from the country. They saw the American soldiers fight, they read about the fortunes there are in boxing, and they flock into Berlin dreaming they will be as rich as Rothschild.

"Now, a bright, pretty girl like you really deserves a champion." Max stuck out his expansive chest; there was the Topfer leer on his face.

Gretel looked him in the eye. "You may be the champion now, Max, but look to your laurels, and what's more, look to your beer and your knackwurst. They tell me too much of either is too much for a fighter. I give you one year. Nothing will stop Georg."

"One year, hey?" Topfer was furious. "In one year I will be the world champion and this kid from the country will be delivering chops."

Gretel's words etched into his egotism as with acid. "One year, hey? Well, we'll finish this now."

* * *

THAT night Gretel told Georg all about it. "Trying to make you, the hound?" Buelow walked up and down the little public garden which they made their rendezvous.

"Why, I think I can whip that big sack of wind right now. I don't need a year."

"Easy, Georg, easy. Caution, go slow," whispered Gretel, and when the gigantic policeman near by turned away, Buelow stole a kiss that sent the thrill of encouragement into his heart.

The next afternoon Topfer came to him. "I hear you are ambitious, and I need a really good sparring partner," smiled the champion. "The ones I get here are dogs. Cowards. Now, you are big and game."

"Done, Topfer," said Georg. And the next day Buelow began to work with Max Topfer, champion of Germany.

Buelow worked with a plan. And so did Topfer. The title holder had it all worked out. Four or (*Continued on page* 47)

Famous Fights Recalled

By BOBBY DOBBS

(Old time Negro fighter)

DOWN in Charleston, S. C., where I am doing my little bit to aid the boys who have entered the field of fisticuffs as a livelihood, I recently came across an old friend of the late Bat Masterson, former United States sheriff and sports editor of the New York *Morning Telegraph,* one of the greatest boxing experts in American history.

It was the late Bat Masterson who always carried a fond spot in his heart for the Negro battlers. Masterson often remarked in both print and speech, that he always got a great kick out of the bouts fought by such masters as Joe Gans, George Dixon, George Godfrey, Frank Craig, the Harlem Coffee Cooler; Sam Langford, Joe Walcott, Jack Johnson and last but not least, myself—yes, Bobby Dobbs. You simply couldn't keep eagle-eyed Bat away from a show in which any of the above appeared.

Bat Masterson always figured Joe Gans to be the best lightweight of all time, Joe Walcott, the greatest welter and George Dixon, the best bantam, but he never failed to give me credit for being close to the top.

The memory of Bat Masterson brought back to my mind an incident that dates way back to 1884.

My home town at that time was Cartersville, Ga. The police, Bill Pucket and Jim Jolly, were always after me for fighting. I was told to go west to fight as much as I wanted. The first place I landed was Dodge City, Kansas, where I ran into Bat Masterson. He was not the kind of fighter I wanted. I ran into several of his kind but every chance I got I was fighting.

* * *

BAT took a great liking to me. He was the marshal at that time in Dodge City. Most every night he would rustle up some rough cowboy and see that he had no gun, and sic him on to the little Negro Dobbs with bare knuckles.

I never lost a fight, no matter how big my opponent was. Fights were not coming fast enough for me and I left Dodge City and went to Pueblo, Colo. Business was very good there for me. The first fight I had was with a big Negro, 180 pounds, 6 feet 2 inches. He was a real bully and before I got to Pueblo he beat every man that thought he could fight around there. I was matched with him for $50 a side in a fight to a finish.

The fight was to take place in a roadhouse at 5 a. m. The time keeper was picked very quickly and we did not have to tie on any gloves. My weight was then 126 pounds, and they thought it was a shame for me to fight this big man, Minor Furgerson, but I took him on as if he were a lightweight. I knocked him out in eleven rounds.

There was plenty of betting on the fight. I went to Colorado Springs and met Will Robinson for $25. Robinson weighed 165 pounds and I weighed 126 pounds. We fought on the turf for five rounds and I knocked him out. It was then summer time and the baseball season had started.

I was a pretty good baseball player and the Colorado Springs team gave me a trial. They called me Bobby Dobbs, the Black Diamond. We pulled off several fights during the baseball season and afterward I went to Denver where I had several turf fights, which I won. I was called to Ogden to fight a white boy, Dave Reese, the Montana Kid, a tough one. This was the first time I ever fought with boxing gloves and I got one of the worst beatings of my life.

I put up a game fight and it was called a draw. The folks there wanted to see me fight again. They matched me with Bill More and I knocked him out in four rounds. I got $25 for this fight. I was matched with Billie Hamilton, a white boy, to a finish in the Opera House at Ogden, for $500. Every business man in Ogden had backed me.

On the night of the fight the police stepped in and said we couldn't fight there. But we had already picked a place if the police interfered, ten miles from Odgen, called Hot Springs. Every horse, wagon and buggy that could be hired was taken at 4 o'clock in the morning and a gang of sportsmen were there about 5:30. I was the only colored man in the crowd.

A 24-foot ring was pitched in about an hour. Hamilton gave his weight at 135, I at 133 pounds. A coin was tossed for the pick of corners and Hamilton won the toss and picked the corner near his crowd. We fought Queensberry Rules but after we had started, Billie Hamilton called the referee and changed to London Prize Ring Rules. I made no objection.

Hamilton bolted in to throw me but he found himself in the arms of a black bear. I threw him but before I could get up a bunch of clubs rained down on my head. I said nothing but kept on fighting for two hours and 45 minutes. I heard a volley of guns and one man said "he is too game to kill, let him alone." The fight was stopped and all the money returned to my backers.

They sent me back to Pueblo in 1889 to fight a white boy, Reddy Brennan. It was a good fight. I knocked him out in five rounds. He weighed 135 pounds and I weighed 133 pounds. They sent for me to come to Lincoln, Nebraska, to play baseball with a race club called the Lincoln Giants. While playing there, they wanted me in Omaha to fight a race boy, Aron Sheroy. Sheroy weighed 160 pounds and I weighed 133 pounds. He was considered the bully of Omaha. I knocked him cold after fighting 3 hours and 15 minutes.

* * *

THE years went along and I developed the contenders for the lightweight championship—Billy Vernon, Billy Ernest, Billy Gibbons, Rube Ferns, Muldron Piccaninny and Joe Gans. I fought Billy Vernon, the Haverstraw Brick Maker, and knocked him out in four rounds at Coney Island A. C. I fought Billy Ernest in Brooklyn and Rube Ferns in Hartford, Conn. I knocked Ferns out in five rounds. I knocked Billy Gibbons, a New York boy, out in five rounds.

Muldron Piccaninny was the most feared lightweight in the world at that time and I was afraid of his shadow. James Kennedy, at that time one of the leading fight promoters, came to Philadelphia to get me to fight Piccaninny. I tried my best to wiggle out of the fight but Kennedy kept after me for two weeks and finally made the purse so big that I could not refuse. He offered me $200 as the loser's end. The night of the fight the betting was two to one for Piccaninny. The old baseball umpire, Tim Hurst, was referee.

It was a pretty tough fight and I won. I could not believe it because I knew that I had fought the terror of the lightweight division.

Jack Skelly, one time a great little fighter, said he could make me champion. One morning he called me on the phone to get ready to fight Gans at 135 pounds at 3 o'clock that day at Greenpoint A. C., Brooklyn.

I went to Scranton, Pa., where I did my training with Jimmie Judge. The betting on Gans and me was pretty brisk. I don't know who was favorite but there was plenty of money down on us. I beat Joe and got the decision too, in 20 rounds.

I was offered $1,500 to go to England to fight Dick Burge. All the money I got in America did not amount to that much. Burge weighed 144 pounds, and I was to get $1,500 if I won, nothing if I lost. I brought the bacon home.

ARMS *and the* MAN

When Peter Jackson Was Cowed By Frontier Miners

By A. D. PHILLIPS

BACK in the May of 1889, a young, powerfully built fellow with dark eyes, heavy black hair and a moustache, was working in the mines of Virginia City, Nevada. Athletically proportioned, he spent his evenings pitching horse shoes, playing fungo or putting on the gloves with anyone who dared take a chance with him. Built much on the style of Peter Maher, he possessed tremendous strength. Although he never had any schooling in the science of fisticuffs, this miner was no slouch when it came to the art of socking and side-stepping.

The people of that mining town, numbering probably 500, looked upon Shorty as a marvel. He was their hero. Occasionally, some tramp pugilists would panhandle their way to Virginia City and after a visit to the dance hall and the gambling house which always was a part of the frontier settlement, they would find a little work in the form of an exhibition bout for which amusement the miners would pay well.

The Saturday before Decoration Day, a treat was served the miners in some competition of boxing and sword dancing. On the night of the affair the dance hall was packed, but much to the astonishment of the spectators, one of the principals in the boxing match was nowhere to be found. A searching party was organized and in the outskirts of the town, the visiting fighter was found paralyzed drunk.

* * *

THE miners, a hard-boiled lot at best, were not so easy to satisfy with such an explanation, and rather than disappoint them and to avoid what looked like a sure man-sized riot, the committee in charge induced Shorty, their hero, to substitute for the missing fighter.

Shorty accepted, and what a shellacking he gave his opponent! He battered him all over the hall and then knocked him out with a short left hook to the jaw in the third round.

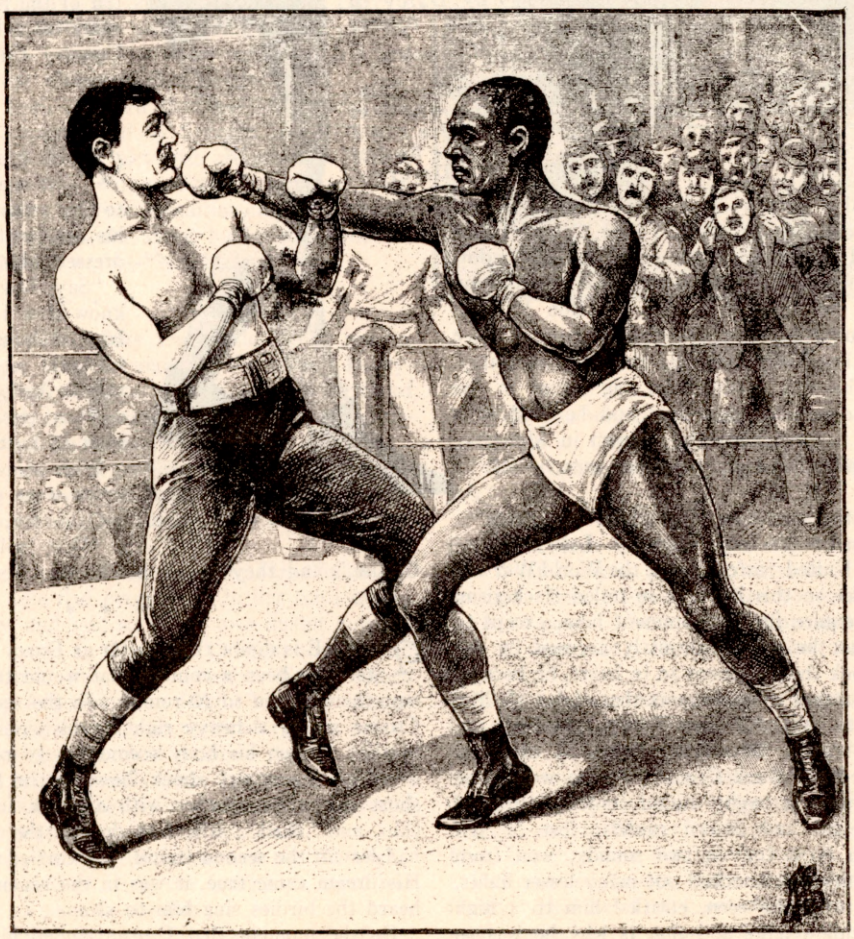
That made Kincaid. He had proved to the complete satisfaction of his admirers that he could fight. He was their idol.

He had made good and the gamblers of Virginia City were ready to back him against all comers. In fact, he was regarded as the coming world champion, such faith did the miners have in the ability of their hero to whip any man his weight.

A few days after the fight, the owners of the gambling house decided to play the stakes big. Not far from the scene of Virginia City were Peter Jackson and his manager, who were coming East from the Coast. Negotiations were opened to bring Peter to Virginia City to clash with Shorty Kincaid, in a four-round glove contest. Jackson, then in his prime, quickly accepted terms and the bout was clinched.

* * *

ON the night of the encounter, the hall where the contest was staged was jammed. Miners from within a radius of 100 miles flocked to Virginia City to see the great Negro in action and the betting was wild. Gold nuggets and cold cash were placed as security at the gambling house by those who were placing their bets, and it seemed that the visitors were almost all on the side of Jackson while the home folk were willing to place their last dollar in support of the chances of their favorite, Shorty Kincaid.



Peter Jackson shooting out a straight right toward Shorty's chin

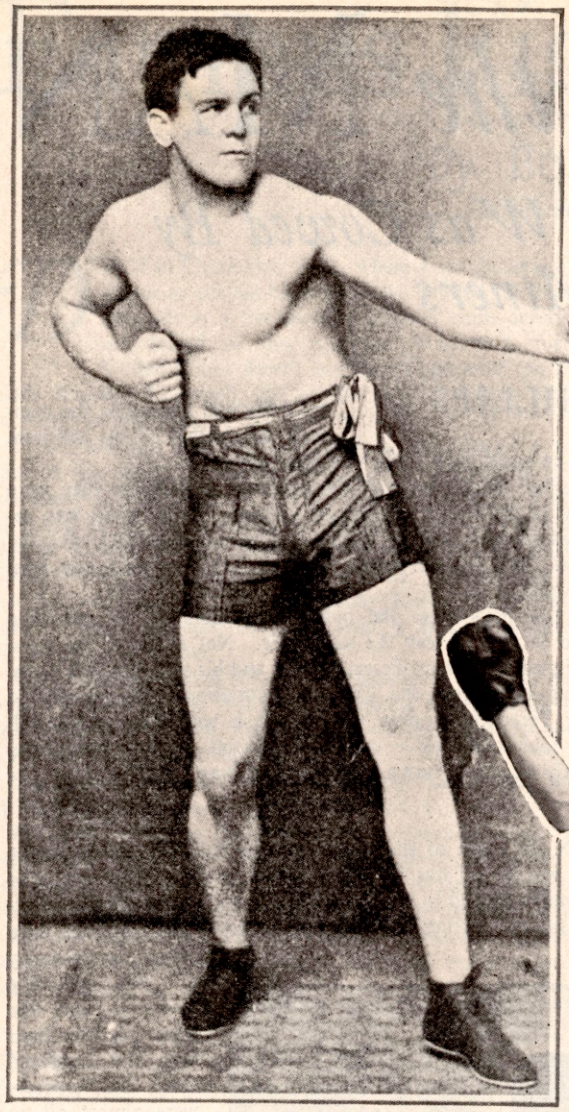
* * *

THE way was cleared for the entrance of the gladiators. There seemed to be almost as many women in the gathering on the dance floor as men, and business throughout the city flourished. Making his bow before the spectators, Shorty received a wild ovation as he went to his corner. Peter Jackson, likewise, had many supporters. Shorty looked extremely nervous as Peter approached

(*Continued on page* 48)

LES DARCY,

AUSTRALIA'S *GREAT* MIDDLEWEIGHT *CHAMPION*



George Chip, claimant of the middleweight title who was knocked out by Darcy in nine rounds

Jimmy Clabby, who was defeated twice by Les Darcy

AUSTRALIA is the birthplace of many great fistic heroes, among them Young Griffo, Frank Slavin, Dan Creedon, Young Pluto, Shadow Maber, and the great Peter Jackson, in addition to being the adopted country of Bob Fitzsimmons, but it is doubtful if any of these have a stronger place in the hearts of Australian sportsmen than the late Les Darcy. Here was a fighter who was destined for big things in the roped square, but Fate ruled against him and he died of a broken heart, a much misunderstood boy, down in Memphis, Tennessee, thousands of miles from the dear ones he left behind.

Having cleaned up the cream of the talent, American, English and Australian in his home country, Les Darcy engaged passage to the United States during the World War and the story of the attacks on this boy for so-called slackerism, is too well known to require further comment here, except to say, in his defense, that he was so unjustly accused by the American public and took the treatment so to heart, he became too feeble to resist the attack of pneumonia that ended his life.

Before embarking to America Les Darcy knocked out George Chip in nine rounds; beat Jimmy Clabby twice in twenty rounds; knocked out Buck Crouse in two; won twice from George K. O. Brown in twenty-round contests; stopped Eddie McGoorty in eight and fifteen rounds; lost to Jeff Smith in five and won on a foul in two rounds; won from Frank Loughrey in twenty and knocked out many lesser lights. His record, it will therefore be seen, entitled him to a high ranking among the middleweights and that is why he was so popular with his own people.

The story for this issue of THE RING has reference to the contest in which Darcy so soundly trounced Mick King, even though, as was the case with all but those in which our champion defeated McGoorty and the latter's countryman, "Buck" Crouse, the youthful, erstwhile Maitland blacksmith was not by any means fully extended. This fact I am sure would be substantiated by your own Jimmy Clabby who, by experience, was well aware that to last the full term with Les Darcy, the Australian champion, the opposition had to refrain from attempting to hurt his opponent.

Apropos of the last mentioned fact, it is as well, before touching on the Darcy-King encounter, to tell of the happening prior to the entry into the ring of Darcy and Crouse, the American middleweight.

* * *

THE boxers had weighed in and were wending their way to the arena, when Crouse called his opponent on one side and addressed him as follows:

"Say, Boy, I would like you to know that I have a little plot of land at home and on it I want to build a little shack for my wife. And as I am a Catholic and so are you, well, we don't want to hurt each other."

With that charming smile that never wore off his good looking, boyish face, Darcy replied:

"That will be all right, Mr. Crouse," and they shook hands.

* * *

THERE is doubt that, so far as Darcy was concerned, it was to have been a contest that would traverse the full journey, then limited to 20 rounds. In the second round, however, Crouse swung a heavy right to his opponent's chin. Darcy blushed. Even his body seemed to go red all over. Getting over the momentary shock, however, he landed a left hook, a short one, then another with a quick following right to the chin, and "Buck", who had dreamt the night before that he had lost in the second round, was carried to his dressing room. His dream came true, it was in the second round that Crouse heard the birdies sing him to sleep.

On the moment that Crouse landed his right, Clabby, who was in the third row from the ringside, rose and exclaimed: "That's the end. It's all over."

By Will Lawless ("Solar Plexus")

Former Fight Expert of the Sidney *Referee*

Darcy was a great puncher. In my opinion, one of the greatest of all time.

The Darcy-King contest took place at the Sydney Stadium on June 12, 1915, and though Darcy had beaten Loughrey, Denlen, Holland (twice), and fought those two unsatisfactory battles with Jeff Smith, for a victory each, Mick King, because he beat Smith by a wide margin in their first encounter, and lost by a narrow margin in their return contest, was thought by many to be the very man made to order to clip the wings of Darcy, the wonder boy from Maitland. Even Darcy's most ardent admirers, while expecting a victory for their champion, fully expected King, with his well educated left, to cause Les a deal of trouble.

* * *

BUT what a surprise; agreeable to the Darcy clan, but painful and disappointing to Mick and the unfortunate's many admirers, when their man's every left lead was beaten by a counter, brushed aside, or cross countered, evaded or blocked just as the fancy took Darcy. As a matter of fact Darcy pulled the latter punch and never had his full poundage behind the lefts.

Is was an unwise policy for Darcy to allow his man to remain so long.

It was really a case of being kind to be cruel, without, of course, meaning to. It would have been better for King, had Les settled his man with a fairly solid right to the chin and so prevented the prolonging of the agony.

Though one cannot always go on form in boxing, Darcy's clear-cut win from King certainly went all the way in proving that he was Jeff Smith's master, for little separated Jeff and Mick, whose styles were also somewhat similar.

It was the picture from my wall that had to do with the contest that was much appreciated by Sydney fight followers. It was a cartoon by one of our cleverest artists, Ben Jordan, who depicted a sympathetic old gentleman, meeting King, who is shown in a badly battered condition, and asking the latter if his condition was brought about by his experience at the Dardanelles, and Mick's reply—"No, Darcy."

* * *

A GOOD story is told of Mrs. Darcy, the bonny mother of a bonny son. On the night of the second Darcy-Clabby contest, the good lady was in the private parlor of the Lord Dudley Hotel, in Woollahra, and within easy distance of the Sydney Stadium where the battle was staged.

A friend, who happened to be passing, remarked:

"Are you not worrying over the fight, Mrs. Darcy?"

"Well, yes I am, for I do like Jimmy," she replied with a broad smile.

Though it might seem beautifully sarcastic, Mrs. Darcy did not mean it as such. She had every faith in her son's ability to again defeat Clabby, and said so in her own quaint manner.

Among others who came to Australia to stem the onward flow of Darcy's success, was a Roumanian boxer named Costica. Unlike every American who fought with the utmost bravery against Les Darcy and in the teeth of certain defeat, this particular scrapper made a most pathetic picture. They had not been fighting many seconds when Les crashed a right to the Roumanian's chin. The visitor adopted a prayerful attitude, much to the amusement of the fight fans.

Even the promise not to hurt the fellow had not the slightest effect. All that seemed to be in the foreigner's mind was to get out of the ring as soon as possible.

When seen on the following Monday, Costica unburdened himself as follows to the writer:

Les Darcy, great Australian middleweight

"Well, you see, all the leetle boy and all the leetle girl they meeta me at Coogee and they say:

"'You fighta da Darcy? My word, da Darcy, he killa you.'

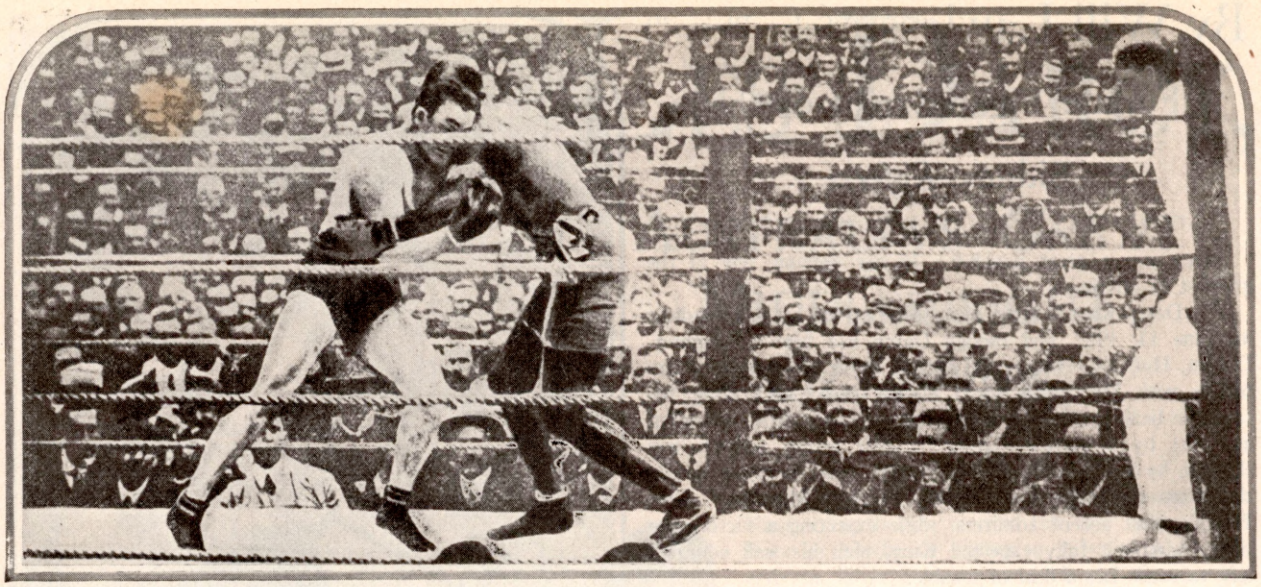
"Then that fella, Reda da Watson, he come, he seea me train at Chidda da Ryan's place and he say:

"'What for you train? You traina to fall down and then get up? That all you do when you meeta da Darcy!'

"It no good. I vera fright before getta into de ring. Darcy vera stronga man. He beata da best so I praya he notta da hurta me!"

As events have proved, May is certainly an unlucky month for the unfortunate Darcy family. It was then when Les passed in his checks at far off Memphis, Tenn. The same month, some few years later, brother Frank succumbed to an attack of pneumonic influenza, at St. Vincent's Hospital, Sydney, and in May of this year, that poor, broken-hearted Mrs. Darcy joined her bonny sons.

Fate seemed to deal some cruel blows indeed to this fine family. Had Les Darcy not died at so early an age, America would have had an opportunity to have seen a great fighter. Les was all of that.



The Jack Johnson-Tommy Burns battle in Australia

Famous Referee Recalls Hectic Contests

By EUGENE CORRI
England's Greatest Boxing Official

A REFEREE'S life in the days of old was a rather hazardous one but not so in the present era. The chap who acts as third man in the ring to-day, has a simple time of it compared to what the officials of the past had to undergo. Ofttimes a referee was mobbed in the old days when he gave a decision that did not appeal to the partisan gathering. On other occasions the ropes were cut, as in the famous Heenan-Sayers battle, and the referee intimidated. Still at other times, as occurred in the battle between Bob Fitzsimmons and Tom Sharkey in San Francisco, the referee, to protect himself, was forced to give his decision at the point of a gun.

That portion of a referee's life, however, played only a minor part as compared to the humorous side. I have often regretted my failure to jot down the many odd incidents I have encountered and the humorous remarks I have heard passed by the rival boxers, for had I done so, I probably would now be the possessor of a highly entertaining and most amusing human interest document.

* * *

WHENEVER I acted as third man in any contests, I made it my duty to tell the boys exactly what I would expect from them and I warned each against the use of any foul tactics. Most often, my remarks were well taken and the rivals fought according to Hoyle. One exception, however, which left an impression upon me because of the importance of the battle and the character of the fight, was that in which George Gardiner and Frank Craig, the Harlem Coffee Cooler, were the participants.

I had given the men their usual instructions and ordered each to his corner to await the clang of the gong. Craig, full of confidence, nodded to me and politely retreated, but Gardiner, in an effort to scare his opponent, remarked in a loud voice:

"Look here, Mr. Corri. I want you to understand that I have a wonderful way of recovering and if that nigger knocks me down don't you interfere and stop the fight, but when I knock him down, well, I don't think he'll ever recover and you may do as you please with him!"

I replied that I would attend to my duties as I saw them, but I noticed that Craig, who couldn't help but hear what Gardiner said, immediately became riled and his eyes resembled two fiery balls. Gardiner's words were not wasted. They had their effect for a maddened Negro was unleashed when the gong sounded and instead of fighting a clean battle, Craig repeatedly threw his opponent and I had to disqualify him and award the verdict to Gardiner.

That was only one of the myriad of ring tricks I have seen smart boys put across on excitable opponents.

* * *

ANOTHER affair in which a fighter sought protection, was the Burns-Moir battle which heralded the rise of boxing in England. I went, of course, to see Tommy training, just as I went to see most fighters of any prominence, whether I was to referee their contests or not.

Burns appeared very anxious to have a few words with me, and if possible, to guarantee himself against any objections which I might raise as to his fighting methods. He was, I think, somewhat fearful that he might not receive the fairest of fair play, and Tommy wanted fair play. You see some American newspapers had hinted he wouldn't get it, and Tommy was somewhat fretful. Be that as it may, he came up to me in the most naive manner and remarked:

"See here, Mr. Corri, I do a bit of fighting at close quarters, and I guess I shall hit Moir several times in the

'stummick', and often he might jump up, and I might hit 'in' low. You wouldn't, I'm sure, disqualify me for that, would you?"

"Burns," I replied, "if you don't do anything foul I shan't disqualify you."

He didn't do anything foul, as it happened, though he did have a tricky habit of resting his head on the Gunner's chest in the clinches with the crown of his head just under Moir's chin. He needed watching pretty closely, but he never once did anything that anybody could object to.

* * *

TOMMY BURNS was a peculiar fighter, and many people have sneered at his claims to championship honors, but Tommy was a far better man than credited by critics. That Jack Johnson beat him goes for nothing, for Jack Johnson in his heyday was one of the greatest and cleverest ring men of all time.

Up against Johnson, Burns was sadly handicapped. He was meeting a man who had every physical advantage, and whom he could therefore only hope to beat by a strenuous attack. Johnson was taller and had a much longer reach; so Burns simply had to go in to him and mix matters if possible.

Now these tactics exactly suited Jack Johnson, who, in my opinion, was perhaps, the greatest defensive fighter the world has ever seen. A mere reference to his record in the ring will show that he relied far more on defensive than on offensive tactics.

Up against any really formidable opponent, he usually won on points and not by a knock-out blow. For instance, it took him eight rounds to knock out Ben Taylor, while Iron Hague did the trick in just over one round. But who could dream of comparing Hague with Johnson? A novice against a truly great.

* * *

IN some respects Johnson's methods were very like those employed by Jeffries. Big Jim was always a defensive fighter, or rather, a man who wanted his opponent to come to him. He wasn't so great at going after a man and forcing him into a fierce give-and-take rally, which, had he been able to do so, would have made things much easier for him.

Take his big fight with Jim Corbett for instance. Corbett was the lighter man, with a punch that never approximated the force of Jeffries', but with a far greater knowledge of ringcraft as well as considerably more science. Jeffries' 23 round fight with Corbett was probably the most trying one he ever had. Jim puzzled Jeff sorely, and right up to the nineteenth round Corbett held a distinct lead. It was only then that Jeff woke up, but, try as he would, it was not until the close of the twenty-first round that he could finally get to Corbett. As a matter of fact, I would have awarded the verdict to Corbett up to the time he became careless and was knocked out.

Corbett, you see, simply would not come to Jeffries. In short, the Mountain had to pursue Mahomet, and discovered that the prophet was somewhat elusive. True he managed to wear him down in the long run, to corner him and practically batter him to a standstill. But, even in this he failed. It was carelessness that beat Corbett.

* * *

JACK JOHNSON, like Jim Jeffries before him, always liked his opponents to come to him. If they wouldn't oblige him, he had ways of tricking them into doing it. But, unlike Jeffries, who relied on hitting his men out and then following them up, dealing out exceedingly heavy punishment, Johnson rarely took the offensive.

When he did assume it, Johnson did so only temporarily, and then to very little purpose. The big Negro, in short, was rather fond of long contests.

He had a wicked uppercut, but, despite this, when his tremendous punishing powers and the inferior class of opponents whom he met are taken into consideration, his record of knock-out decisions is by no means a lengthy one. Twenty-nine knock-outs, say, out of some eighty contests, would be a record any ordinary fighter would be proud of. But Johnson was not an ordinary fighter, he was a great boxer and a tremendous hitter and should have had a far more impressive K.O. record. With the exception of Peter Jackson and Sam Langford, Johnson was the greatest Negro fighter of modern times.

* * *

AS for Sam Langford, I think he was too small for a man of Johnson's size, yet I always regarded Sam as a great fighter.

In his case, I think the old adage, "A good big 'un will always beat a good little 'un", even when this good little fellow was such a ring marvel as Sam Langford, always made me feel that Johnson could have whipped Sam.

Langford was a wonderfully aggressive fighter. He had an almost impregnable defense. His full merits cannot be estimated by his record, for those who knew him intimately either in Europe or America, knew that he often was compelled, for self-preservation purposes to hold up his opponents either the full distance or for the greater portion of a fight. Otherwise he could not obtain further booking. In other words, he was forced to make it appear that his opponents were far better men than they really were.

* * *

IN London Sam disposed of Tiger Smith and Geoff Thorne with the greatest ease and also polished off Iron Hague in less than four rounds. This bout was Sam's greatest in Europe.

I shall never forget a humorous incident in this contest that almost brought down the house. Sam had cut loose with a terrific right to Hague's heart that for a moment caused the Iron man to stop in his tracks to catch his breath. As Sam followed the blow in an effort to bring his man down, Hague let loose a wild swing that reached almost from the ground, caught Sam on the top of the head as he tried to duck and hurled him in the air. Sam did a complete somersault and looked extremely uncomfortable, as he regained his feet and tried to gain his equilibrium.

But when he did, what a fight he put up! Sam rushed at Hague and bombarded him with all kinds of punches until he had his opponent helpless. And let me say here that Hague was no man's fool and not to be held cheaply by any opponent.

* * *

THERE is little doubt in my mind that Langford figured Hague an easy mark but he soon was forced to change his opinion. That was one of the greatest fights it ever had been my pleasure to referee and I shall go on record here with the statement that it was my easiest. Not on one occasion was it necessary for me to warn either fighter. I didn't have to open my mouth.

It was a fight in grim earnest, without one foul trick being resorted to and without a single clinch. Truly a record for a contest of such international importance.

There have been many good Negro fighters, but I doubt if any, all things considered, ranked better than Sam Langford. Sam was a bearcat. He could hit, he could take it and he was clever. Jack Johnson, Sam Langford and Peter Jackson—what memories the names of these three recall to those who were fortunate enough to see them in action!

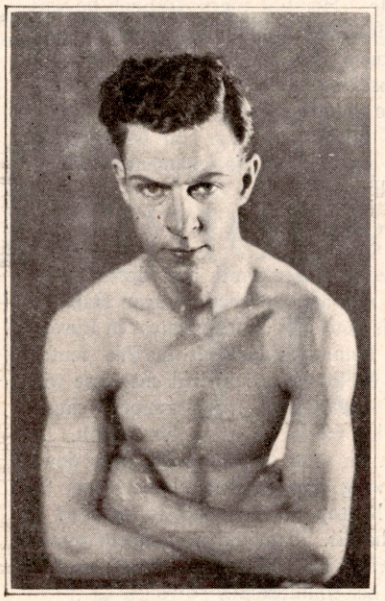
Add to these, the names of George Dixon, Joe Gans, Frank Craig, George Godfrey, Joe Jeanette and Sam McVey and you can readily understand why the Negro race holds such a high place in the history of fistiana. From time to time one reads of stories attacking the Negro's courage and his stamina, but one peep into the records of the above named fighters will convince even the most prejudiced, that the Negroes of the prize ring rank as high in all respects as the men of the Caucasian race. In a later article I shall write on the famous Negro boxers and then I shall delve more deeply into the great fighting deeds of this race.

A *Unique* Boxing Code

By A. C. BUCK

MAINE is a state of much regulation. It was one of the first to attempt to control the liquor traffic; it has a four cent gasoline tax; it forbids the exportation of water power; it restricts this and that. Yet Maine is one of the few States that makes no attempt to control and regulate boxing. Although the sport is legal under the law, no commission governs the promoters, boxers and managers from the State Capital at Augusta.

As a result Maine boxing operates in a unique way. With each bout limited by law to six rounds, the promoters stage what is known as double six-round events, the same boxers engaging in two fights a night. After the first six rounds they leave the ring and are examined by the doctor. They return and box six more rounds. No-decision is permitted, but the newspapers, in making the awards, view the battle as one of 12 rounds in length and base their conclusions on what the fighters do during the 12 rounds, rather than pick a victor in one or both six-rounders which compose the offering.



Smoky Wood

There have been several attempts to create a boxing commission. Tim Donohue, who is known to sport followers in the Pine Tree State as a promoter of amateur boxing and an official in football games, introduced a bill into the 1929 legislature calling for a commission of three members and making it legal to hold 10-round bouts to a decision. This bill was submitted to the Committee on Legal Affairs and, with the exception of one or two meaningless hearings, was never heard from again. Leave to withdraw was granted Donohue and his associates by the members of the committee.

The promoters appear satisfied with the present law. Frankie DeRice, Portland promoter, fought the Donohue bill and, in doing so, was backed by boxing clubs from all over the State. The fans apparently are satisfied or at least have nothing definite on which to base objections to the present system of conducting boxing.

Strange though it may seem, the Maine boxing law was drafted by a minister, whose identity has been kept secret. He believed the sport to be beneficial to the youth.

Anxious to halt gambling, he inserted the no-decision clause into his otherwise simple measure.

The minister's law, as it stands, is brief and direct. It is the shortest boxing law on record. It contains only three clauses:

(1)—Bouts shall be limited to six rounds and no decision shall be given.

This is defeated by the double six-round system now popular throughout the State.

(2)—There shall not be more than five pounds difference in weight between boxers appearing in the same bout.

In the cities where the weighing is done under police supervision this section is strictly enforced. In the towns and summer resorts it is likely to be ignored and is, on various occasions.

(3)—New gloves shall be used in all bouts.

This section is enforced only as it applies to main bouts. Preliminary boys wear gloves used in main events of previous weeks.

There is no State tax on boxing bouts. There is nothing resembling State regulation, yet one seldom hears of scandal talk in Maine boxing. While no effort is being made to bring it about, a change in the law prohibiting the exhibition of fight pictures is to be desired. Unlike so many other states, Maine does not leave this to the Federal Government. After a film has been brought across the line those into whose hands it is delivered are prevented from showing it by the State police and city authorities.

Art Giroux

The law regarding fight pictures also prohibits "stills" being reproduced in the newspapers, but, as in the case of the Inter-State Commerce Act, is not enforced.

* * *

BOXING is popular in Maine and scandals are few and far between. Maine sets an example in boxing that is not in evidence anywhere else in this country and all because the fight fan knows that any attempt at crookedness will deprive him of the sport he loves.

So long as boxing is carried on in Maine as at present, no attempt will be made to repeal the law or to foist on the public a new law. Every newspaper in the state, the Gannett chain, the independent Portland *Evening News* and the Lewistown publications are inclined to resist attempts to alter the law now in force.

Conditions in Maine so far as boxing is concerned, are in a healthy state. Although big gates are scarce as hen's teeth, the receipts average around $2500, highly satisfactory for this neck of the woods. The Maine promoters report no lack of interest in the game.

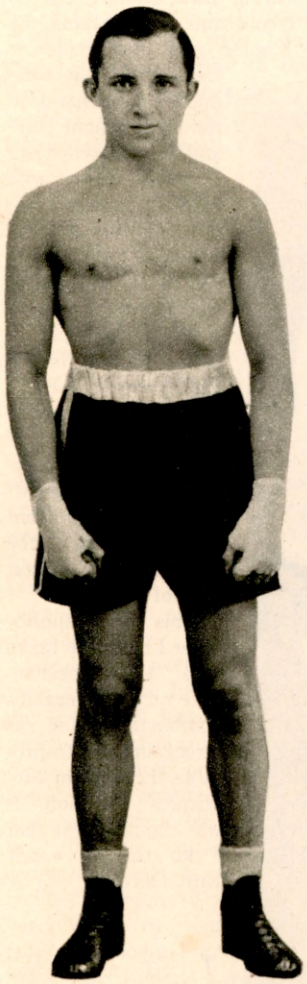
Jimmy Bagley

YOUNGSTERS *Who Are* MAKING *the* GRADE

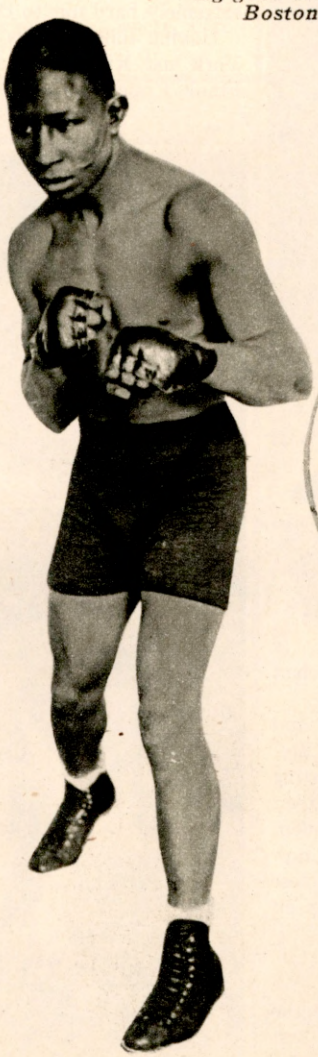
Maurice Holtzer, aggressive French 130-pounder, residing in New York

Albion Holden, former A. A. U. Champion, making good around Boston

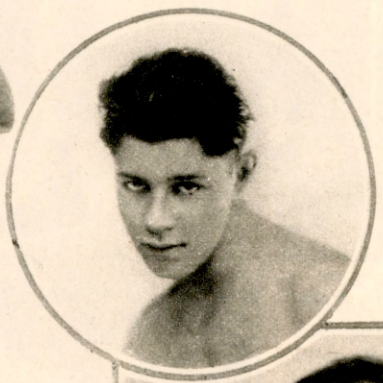
Morrie Sherman, Detroit's crack welterweight aspirant



Mickey Cohen, former Pacific Coast amateur, now in New York



Roy Williams, Chicago's middleweight, who recently whipped Gorilla Jones



Frank Battaglia, Winnipeg middleweight

Below: Charley Retzlaff, Duluth's great heavyweight prospect

Jack Curley as he looked at the time of his Chicago activities

MEMOIRS OF A PROMOTER

By JACK CURLEY

As told to Frank Graham

PART FOUR

IN 1901 I formed an alliance that, as I see it in retrospect, marked another turning point for me. To it I can trace now the broadening of the scope of my activities, for by means of it I became a part of what radio engineers to-day would call a "Coast-to-Coast hook-up."

There was published in Boston at that period a weekly paper called the *Police News*, which was, in a sense, a rival of the *Police Gazette* but which, unlike the *Gazette*, was confined to the publication of sporting news and devoted no space to theatricals. The owner of this paper was Capt. Cook, who had two brilliant young assistants in Jack Sheehan and Billy Pierce.

In addition to being excellent business men, Sheehan and Pierce were able writers and, following the death of Capt. Cook, they firmly established themselves in the sporting world by the manner in which they conducted their paper. I had come to their attention by acting as their correspondent in Chicago, for my old journalistic leanings returned now and then and as I was an active young fellow and was in close touch with everything going on in my vicinity, I flatter myself that my contributions were not the dullest in their pages.

* * *

SO it was that when they formed a combine to handle the ring activities of George Gardiner, then one of the best heavyweights in the country, they selected me as their mid-western representative, with Alex Greggains on the Coast.

Gardiner, who was born in Ireland but made his home in Lowell, Mass., had gained wide recognition by defeating Wild Bill Hanrahan in 1899 and spoiling a betting coup conceived by Tom O'Rourke. O'Rourke had sent Hanrahan into Lowell under an alias to work as a porter in a barber shop and, meanwhile, to stir up interest among the townspeople in a fight between Gardiner and the "unknown".

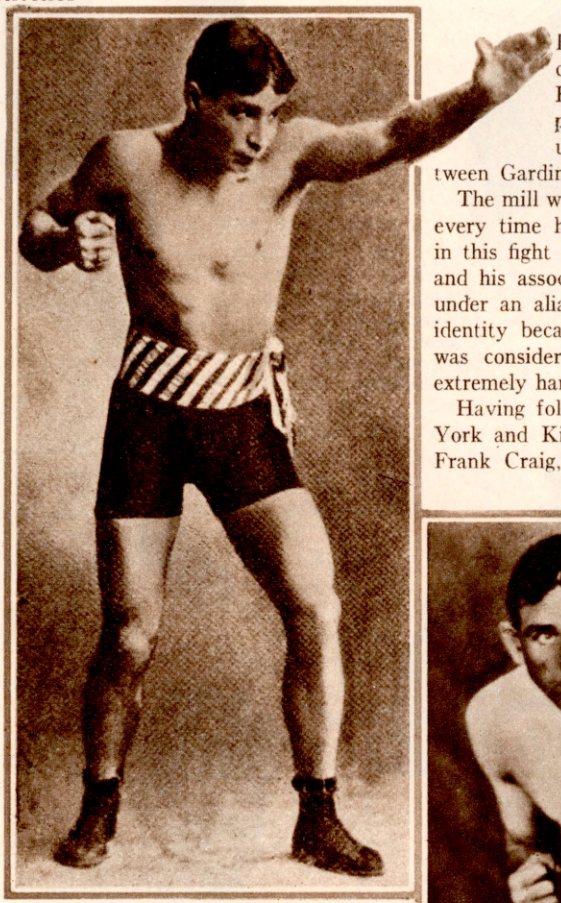
The mill workers in Lowell, who backed Gardiner to the limit every time he stepped into a ring, were quick to back him in this fight and, as a result of his victory relieved O'Rourke and his associates of thousands of dollars. Hanrahan fought under an alias and it was not until some time later that his identity became known. When it did, Gardiner's reputation was considerably enhanced, for Hanrahan was rated as an extremely hard nut to crack.

Having followed this fight by beating Jack Moffatt in New York and Kid Carter at Coney Island and by knocking out Frank Craig, the Harlem Coffee Cooler, and Jack Scales in London, Gardiner was much in demand at the leading fight clubs and was matched for a return bout with Moffatt at San Francisco on July 4, 1901. Moffatt, although somewhat worsted in the first fight, actually had been compelled to quit in the eighth round when he threw his right shoulder out of joint and there still was some doubt as to Gardiner's superiority, so that the rematching of the men attracted a great deal of attention.

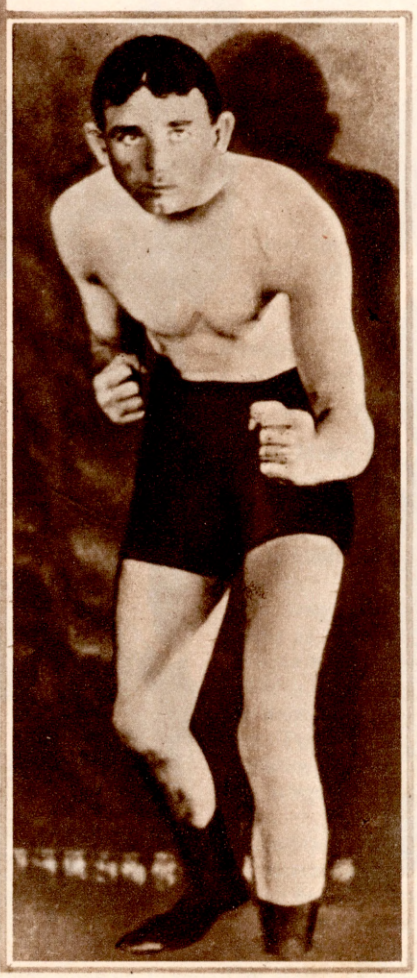
This was shortly after I had been taken into the Sheehan-Pierce - Greggains combination and as Greggains was to promote the fight in Mechanics' Pavilion, it was thought best that I go to the Coast with Gardiner.

* * *

JUST as I was completing my preparations for the journey, a promoter in Modesto, Cal., wired to John Hertz



Aurelio Herrera, the Mexican Thunderbolt



George Gardiner, Lowell, Mass., heavyweight

—now a multi-millionaire cab and bus magnate and internationally known as a turfman, but then merely a hustling young fellow who was managing Benny Yanger, lightweight fighter—an offer to have Yanger fight Aurelio Herrera. The offer didn't appeal to Hertz but when he told me of it I immediately wired to Modesto, suggesting that as Yanger had not proved available I would be glad to take Tommy Mowatt, known as the Fighting Conductor, out there to meet Herrera.

Tommy was a nice little fellow from the Stockyards district who was seeking fame under my management and had knocked out some rugged boys around Chicago. We had heard some tales of the power of Herrera's punch but were inclined to believe they were greatly exaggerated and I wasn't at all hesitant about matching Mowatt's punch against that of the Mexican. My suggestion was acceptable to the Modesto promoter and arrangements for the fight were completed by telegraph.

So, one fine day, I figuratively took Gardiner under one arm and Mowatt under the other and boarded a train for San Francisco. It was a thrilling trip for me, first because I was handling a major assignment from Sheehan and Pierce and second, because it marked my initial return to San Francisco, which I had not visited since the night, as an eager boy of fifteen, I had left my home in search of adventure and fortune. Of adventure I had had a generous share but the fortune had eluded me. Still, I felt that I had made good, for I was going back as a "big league" fight manager.

* * *

AFTER a day or two in San Francisco, where I resumed old friendships and made new ones, some of which endure to this day, I left Gardiner in his training quarters and went to Modesto with Mowatt. Neither of us was prepared for the scene that awaited us at our journey's end. Modesto was largely populated by Mexicans and the fight was but a part of a four-day fiesta. I never shall forget the sight that met our eyes as we stepped from the train. Caballeros on their spirited horses, gaily dressed senoritas, troubadors strumming guitars in the open doorways of cafes—the rich and colorful touch of Mexico was everywhere and it was difficult to believe that this was the United States and not some town hundreds of miles below the border.

Sleeping accommodations were not to be had at any of the few small hotels, but the promoter had arranged for us to be quartered at a private house. The woman who took us in was a little bit fearful at first that she would be sheltering a couple of ogres and inclined to regret having given her consent to permit us to enter her home but whatever fears she might have had were dispelled when she met Mowatt. She never had seen a prize fighter before and she was agreeably surprised to find that this one, at least, was a well-mannered little chap and a devout Catholic. For the two days we were there, she looked after him as tenderly as though he had been her son.

Our expedition, however, was anything but a success. Herrera, a wiry, tough-as-whipcord Mexican who was sublimely disdainful of training rules, was a ferocious fighter and a killing puncher. At the end of the second round Tommy came back to his corner in a badly battered state and, between puffed lips, asked me:

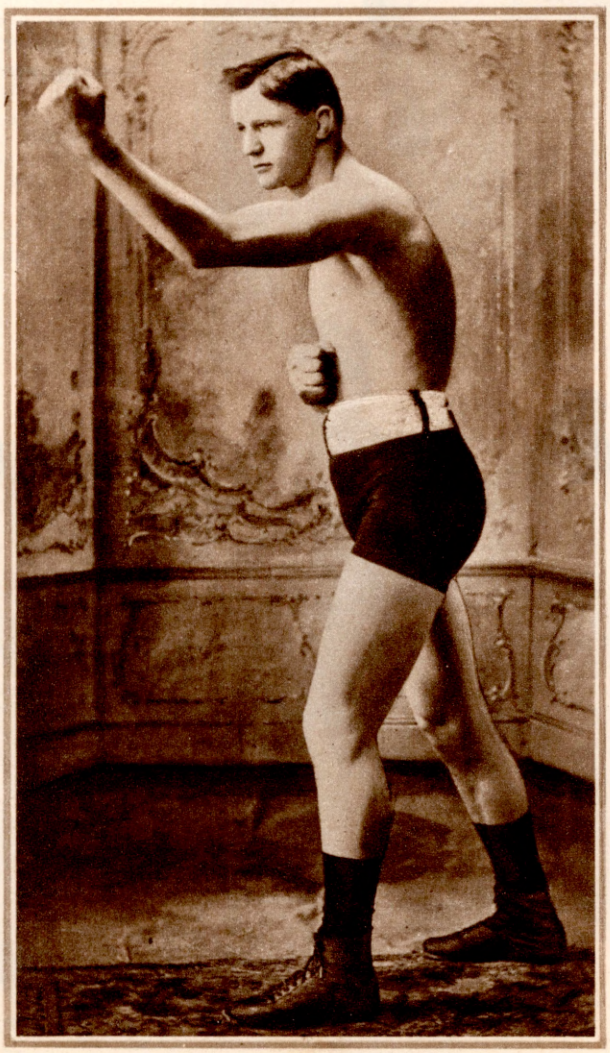
"What'll I do, Jack? How'll I fight him now?"

"You've got only one chance, Tommy," I said. "Slug it out with him. You can't take many more of those right-handers and keep your strength. Try to nail him as quickly as you can, while you've got something left."

* * *

AT the bell, the game little fellow rushed out of his corner, pitting his right hand against destruction. It wasn't an equal match, for Herrera flattened him with a punch the like of which no little man ever had launched before—or since, if you ask me. The tales we had heard in Chicago of Herrera's punch hadn't done it justice.

Mowatt and I returned to San Francisco where, a couple of days later, I seconded Gardiner against Moffatt. This time Gardiner left no question of his mastery of Moffatt, knocking him out in the third round. He made a tremendous impression on the San Francisco fight followers and was sought for many engagements. I accepted terms for him to fight Kid Carter on August 30th but as I had some matters to attend to in Chicago and would be unable to remain on the Coast for nearly two months, I planned to go to Chicago and return just a few days before the Carter fight.



Kid Carter, sturdy Brooklynite

Little Tommy Mowatt long since had recovered from the physical effects of Herrera's punches but his knockout had been a severe blow to his pride and when I told him I was arranging transportation for him and me back to Chicago he said:

"I can't go now, Jack."

"Why not?" I asked, surprised.

"I can't go back with nothing to tell 'em about but being knocked out by that Mexican," he said. "I'm going to stay out here until I win a fight."

"But that's foolishness, Tommy," I said. "You weren't disgraced by losing to Herrera. Why, he's one of the best men of his weight in the country."

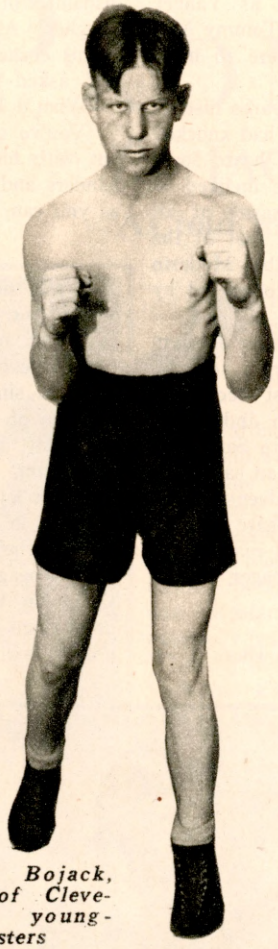
"Just the same," he said, "I'm not going back until I win a fight."

I saw it was useless to argue with him and regretted that it was imperative for me to go to Chicago without delay, as otherwise I would have remained to look after him. I bade him good-by and it was with no little pleasure that, in Chicago a week or so later, I read that he had defeated Toby Irwin, then regarded as a very good boy among the Coast lightweights.

(To be Continued in Next Issue)

Ohio Lads Who Are Coming to the Front

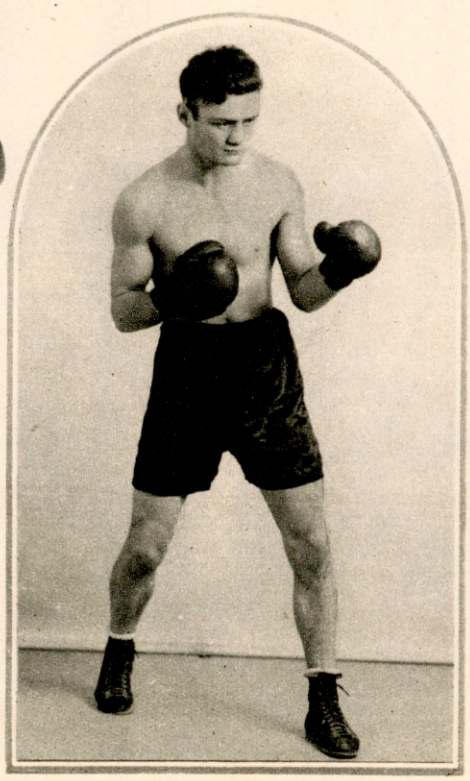
Billy Hoag, pleasing Cleveland lightweight



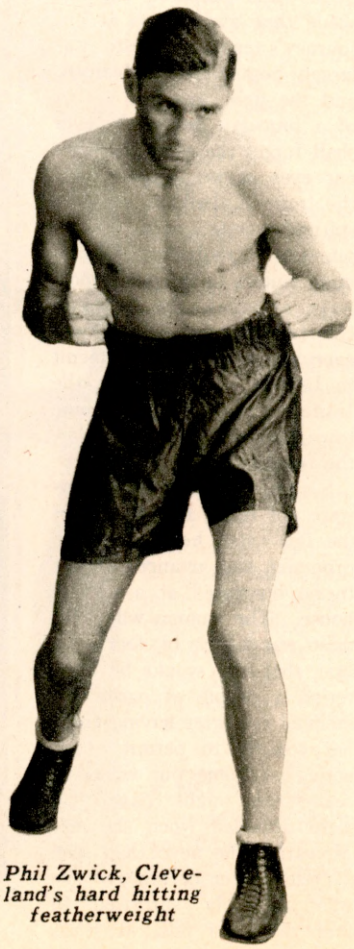
Eddie Bojack, one of Cleveland's youngsters

Billy Rose, Cincinnati's junior-welterweight star

Chickie Rose, brother of Billy, is a welterweight



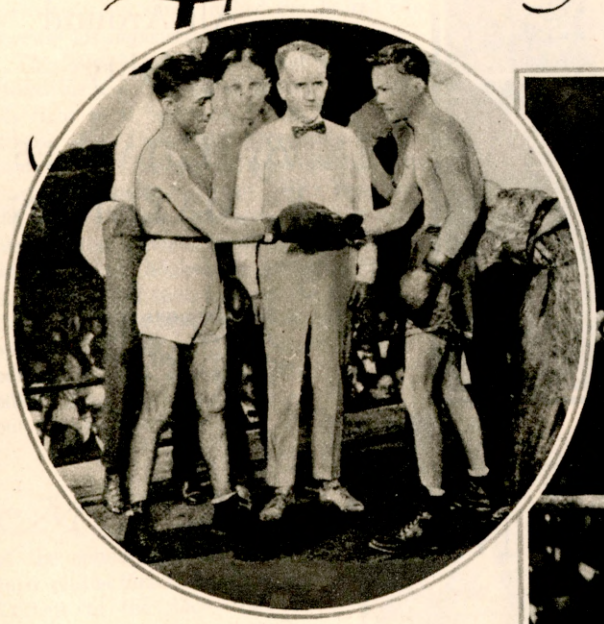
Joe Dragon, crack Cincy bantam

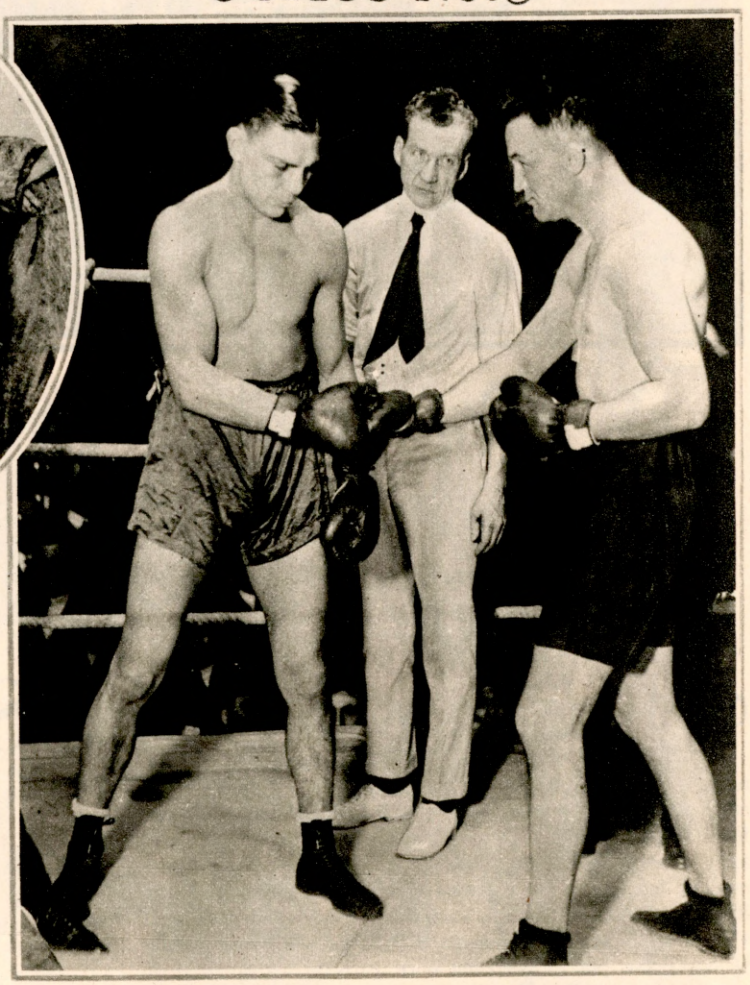


Phil Zwick, Cleveland's hard hitting featherweight

Famous Fights Recalled

Series No. 8

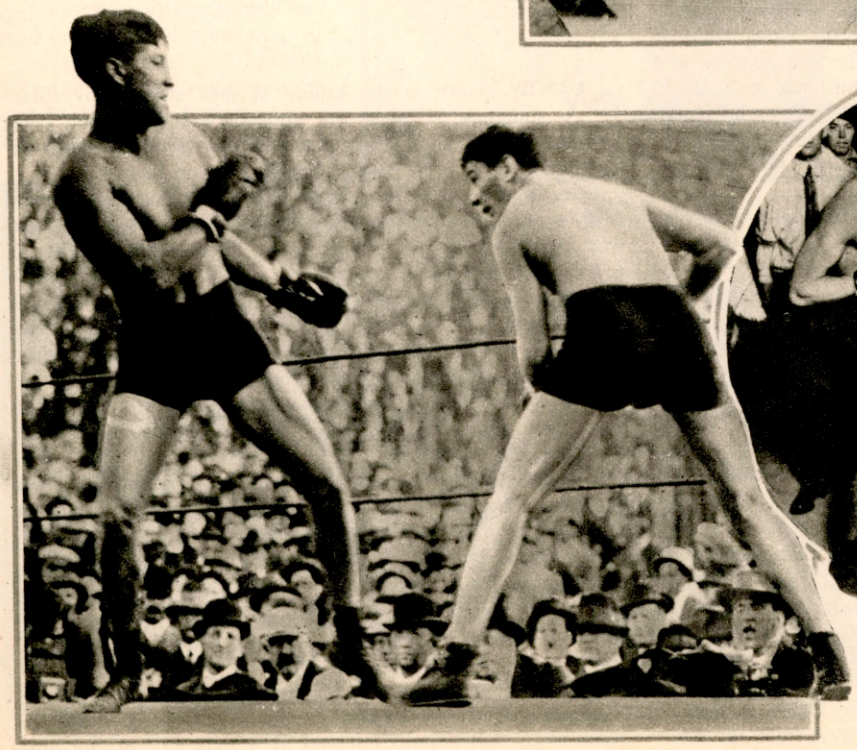


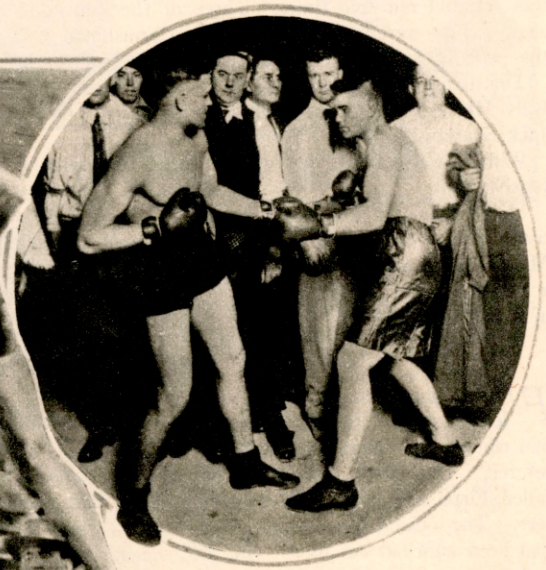


Above—Ringside photo of Pete Herman and Joe Lynch in their 15-round battle at Brooklyn in which Herman regained world's bantam title

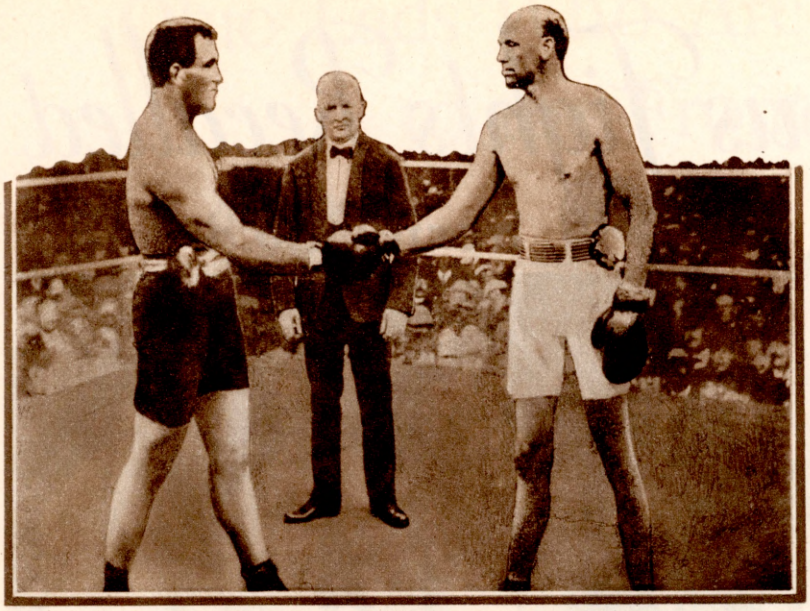
Right—Harry Greb (on left) posing with Tommy Gibbons just before the gong sent them on their way in Madison Square Garden in 1922

Below—When Joe Rivers (left) beat Joe Mandot at Vernon, Cal., Nov. 28, 1912, in 20 rounds.





Above—George Chip (left) and Jack Dillon, posing before their championship bout at Dayton, Ohio, 1911, which Dillon won. This pair fought nine times



Ruby Robert Has Edge on Manassa Mauler in All-Around Ability

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

Fitzsimmons and Jeffries posing before their battle on the Coast

FITZSIMMONS vs. DEMPSEY

MUCH argumentation is in progress as to the relative hitting effectiveness of Robert Fitzsimmons and Jack Dempsey. The fact that Fitzsimmons was done as a fighter shortly after Dempsey began his ring career, restricts the modern debaters to the recorded knockouts achieved by Ruby Robert. Strangely enough each of these gladiators scored 47 knockouts against opponents of varying ability, and while Dempsey was put to sleep but once, early in his career, Fitz was counted out five times. Three of the knockouts scored against Fitz were received after the Cornishman had passed the peak of his form and had left the 40-year mark behind.

The ablest fighters stopped by Dempsey were Jess Willard, Billy Miske, Bill Brennan, Georges Carpentier, Luis Firpo and Jack Sharkey.

Willard was slow as an ox, untrained and with little defensive skill.

Miske, good defensive boxer, went 10 and 6 rounds respectively to no decision with Dempsey in 1918, at which time Miske was in excellent form. In 1920, Miske, suffering from a complaint that caused his death, was put away by Dempsey in 3 rounds.

* * *

FIRPO, who was not a boxer, but a hard hitter, would doubtless have won from Dempsey if the South American had had efficient handling, and not been so unjustly treated by the referee. The latter permitted Dempsey to stand over the fallen Firpo and strike him before he really had reached his feet. The official also permitted Dempsey, when the latter had been knocked out of the ring, to be helped back into the inclosure, despite the fact that the rules required a man who was knocked out or fell out of the ring to "return unassisted within ten seconds or be counted out."

Carpentier as a heavyweight never classed highly, and never defeated a first class man in the heavyweight division. Jack Sharkey, who had the advantage of Dempsey up to the seventh round, was hit low in that session, and then was knocked out because of his fatuity in trying to talk to the referee and keep his eye on Dempsey at the same time.

As to the other K. O. victims of Dempsey, they were of the ordinary type. Tom Gibbons, a good defensive boxer, stayed 15 rounds with Dempsey in 1923, when the champion was in top form.

* * *

NOW glance at the calibre of men stopped by Fitzsimmons. Among the number was Nonpariel Jack Dempsey, middleweight champion of America, and a boxer of superlative skill. Fitz stopped him in thirteen rounds.

Peter Maher, one of the hardest hitters in history, succumbed to Fitz' fists in twelve rounds. It has been asserted that Fitz was the beneficiary of a long count in an early round. It is true that Fitz seldom entered the ring without being floored one or more times, but he usually arose in time and finished his opponent.

The cap sheaf in Fitz's knockout record was his victory over Jim Corbett, cleverest defensive boxer in the history of the heavyweight division. Corbett never had been stopped up to March 17, 1897, when he met disaster in the battle at Carson City, Nevada.

The fact that he had met such famous fighters as Peter Jackson, John L. Sullivan, and others, and that none of them laid a glove on him with knockdown effect, shows what Fitz' task was when he faced the then champion at Carson City.

It was in this battle that Fitz demonstrated his right to the claim of strategist of the roped square. He realized that he had small chance of hitting Corbett on the chin, with either right or left and he laid his plans to land a blow in the stomach. Fitz was down on one knee taking the count in the sixth round, with blood flowing from his mouth. This was the result of Corbett's steady pumping of straight lefts to Fitz' face.

However, Fitz, with his wonderful chest development and lung power, quickly recovered from the reverse, and resumed fighting with great vigor. About the tenth round Fitz began swinging a right hand at Corbett's head, which really made the champion smile at the thought of anyone hitting him on the jaw with a right hand swing.

Yet Fitz continued to swing his right at Corbett's head, and slowly but surely it had the desired effect. Corbett began to raise his impenetrable bodyguard.

The fourteenth round had got well started, and Corbett had raised his guard so as to protect his jaw. Fitz feinted with his right as if to swing at the head, and up went Corbett's hands. But Fitz' right never shot out. Instead, Fitz suddenly shifted his right foot forward, bringing him close to Corbett's unprotected body. Fitz then shot a terrific left into the pit of Corbett's stomach, which is where the famous solar plexus blow landed. Corbett pitched forward against Fitz and the latter hooked his opponent under the chin with the same left hand that reached the stomach. Corbett fell in a heap, and while conscious, was so dazed he could not reach his feet before William Muldoon, the official timekeeper, had counted out the champion.

* * *

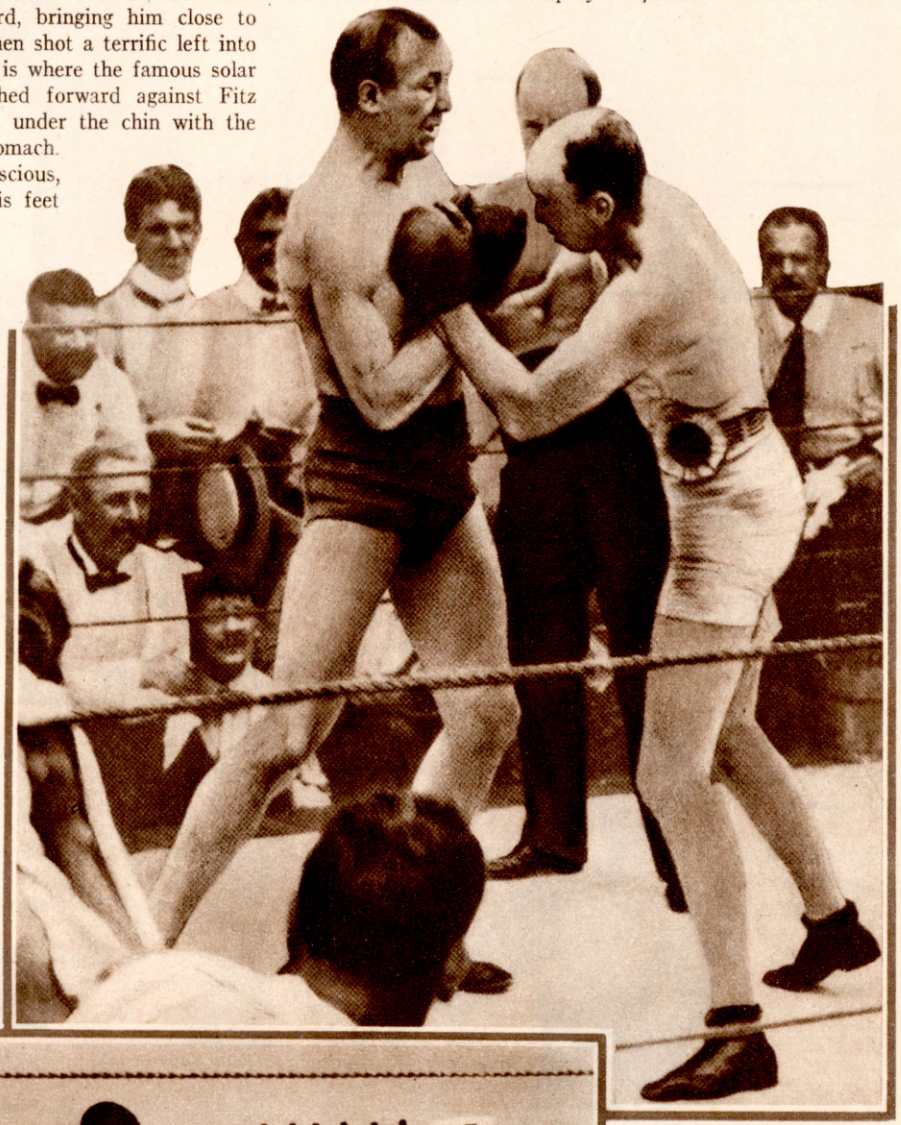
MANY persons who witnessed the fight were of the opinion that it was the solar plexus punch that brought Corbett to the floor. Fitz in speaking of the final punch declared it was a left to the chin, quickly following the left to the body.

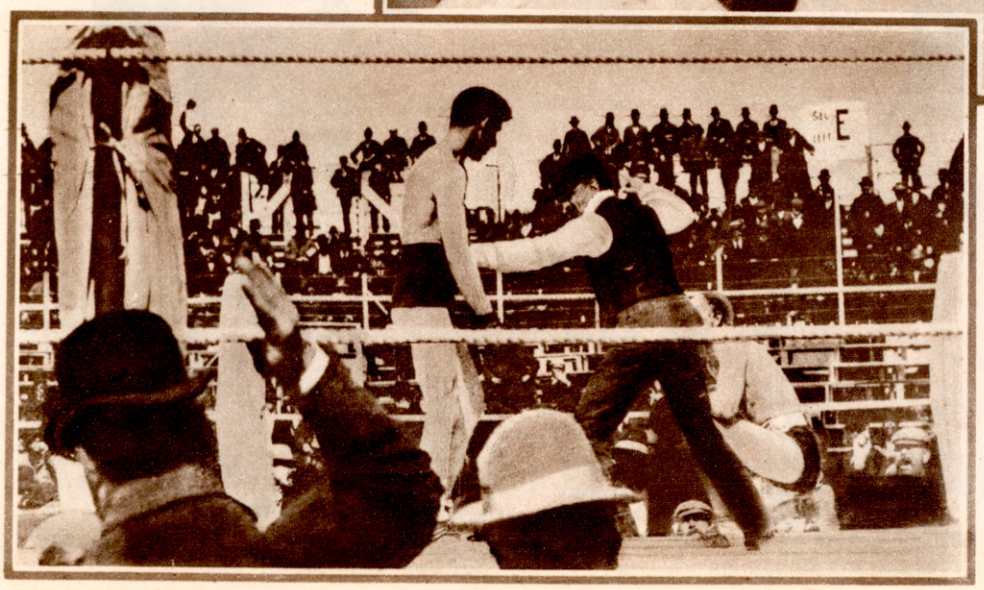
Another noted fighter stopped by Fitz was Tom Sharkey, a man who gave Jeffries a 25-round battle, and really won the fight, but was declared the loser by the referee. Fitz whipped Sharkey twice, the first contest being declared against Fitz by the referee who called a solar plexus punch foul. In the second meeting, Fitz stopped his man in the second round.

In the first bout with Maher, Fitz won in the twelfth round, and in the second engagement Fitz won in the first round.

The first bout with Jeffries was won by Jeffries. Fitz was then 37 and Jeff 24, and there is small doubt it was a "tank" drama with Fitz as the leading man. In the second encounter, Jeff, aged 27, Fitz, 40, the Cornishman gave Jeff a terrific beating for seven rounds, and was stopped in the eighth when the old fellow's hands gave out.

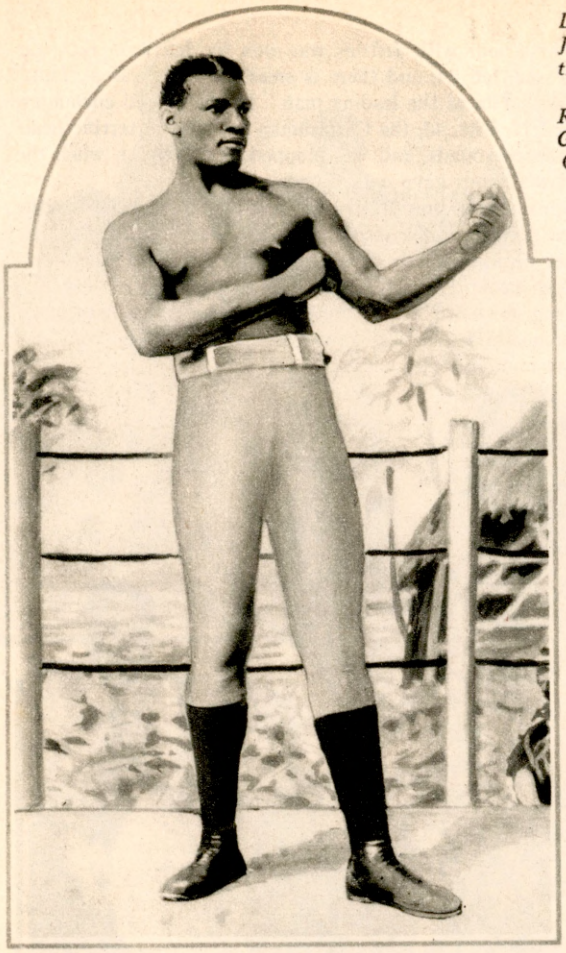
In science and ring strategy Fitz was far superior to the Manassa mauler. In addition, the calibre of the heavies that Fitz met during his career was much greater than those that Dempsey encountered. What would have happened had Fitz met Dempsey when both were in their prime is a matter of opinion, but in general all-around ability, it must be conceded that Fitzsimmons was Dempsey's superior.



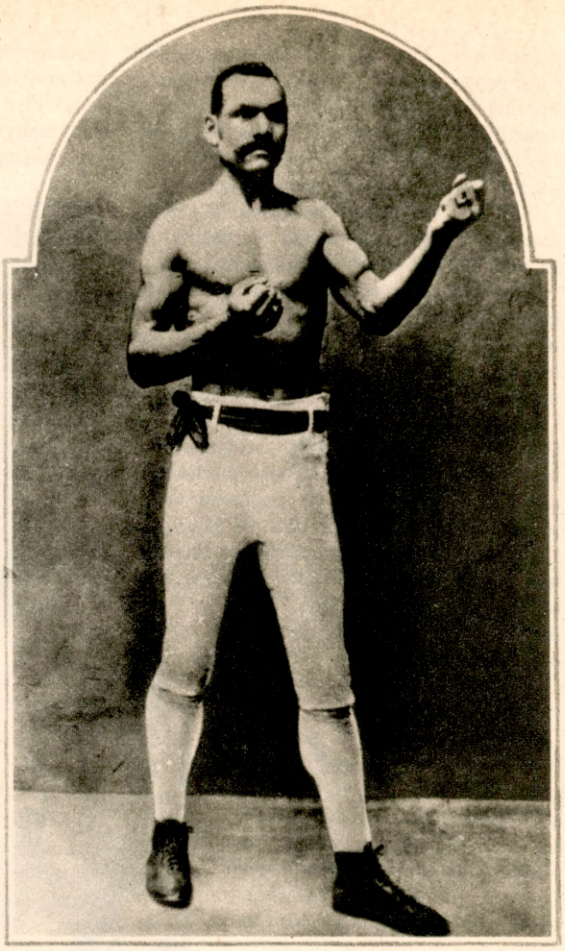


Above—Fitzsimmons stepping inside Gus Ruhlin's left. Freckled Bob scored a K. O. in six rounds

On left—Fitz down for count of six in battle with Jim Corbett. It was in this bout that Ruby Robert landed the famous solar plexus punch on Gentleman Jim

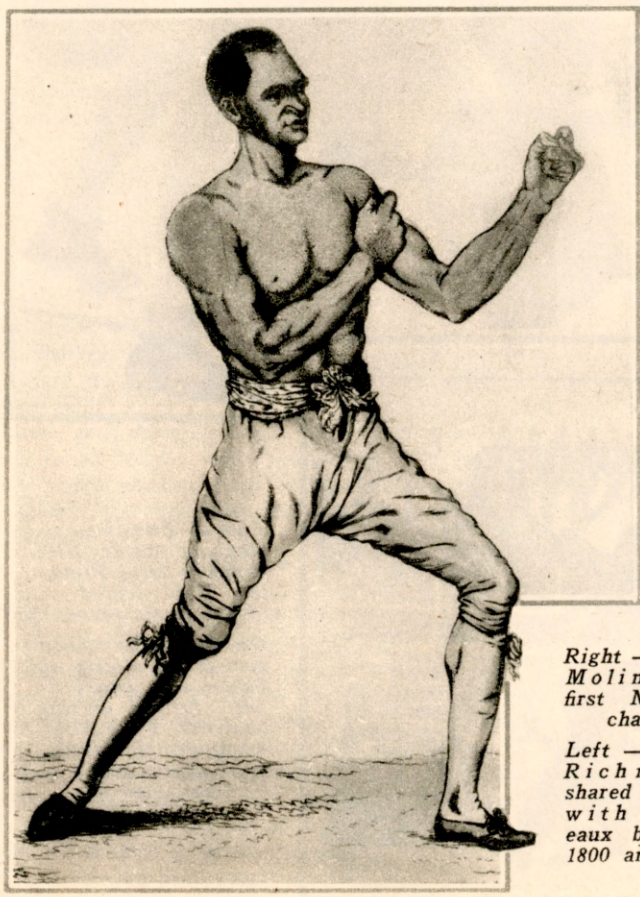


Left — Peter Jackson, one of the greatest of all heavies
Right — George Godfrey, called Old Chocolate



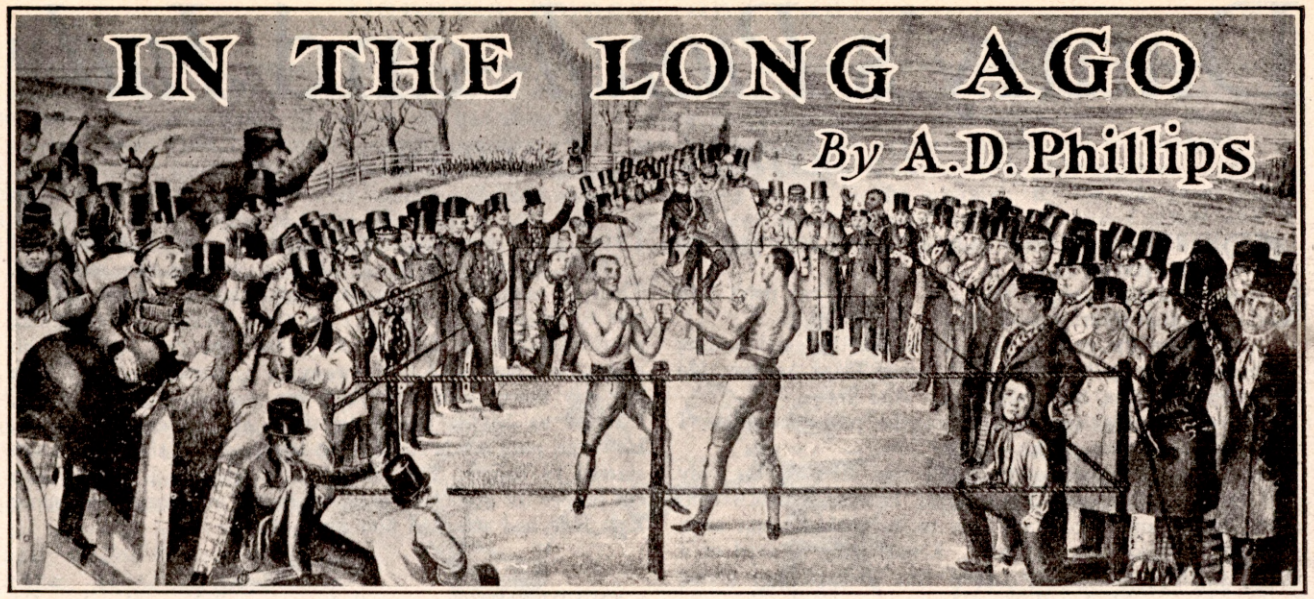
Series
No. 3

NEGRO FIGHTERS *WHO HAVE* SCALED *the* HEIGHTS



Right — Tom Molineaux, first Negro champ

Left — Bill Richmond shared honors with Molineaux between 1800 and 1810



IN THE LONG AGO

By A.D. Phillips

MANY a story is told of famous fighters who in their debut were dubbed as "hams," yet reached the heights through a display of grit, gameness and perseverence, but it is doubtful if in the entire history of the American ring a parallel to the case of John C. Heenan, familiarly known as the Benecia Boy, is to be found. When Heenan came East to show his wares at the National Hall of New York, the skeptics among the critics pronounced him a lad who lacked the essentials of a fighting man except height and courage.

The reports of his progress in training and later, the report of his first fight in the East, were so discouraging that for a time it seemed the Benecia Boy, the hero of the greatest International battle ever staged, would quit the ring. Yet he was persuaded to carry on because his friends believed he would make good and he rewarded their faith by becoming the most popular fistic figure in his period. A most interesting clipping, that from the New York *Leader* of December 10th, 1857, pertaining to Heenan's start in New York against the veteran Joe Coburn, is here reproduced.

"The grand attraction of the evening at National Hall last night was between John C. Heenan and Joe Coburn.

"The 'Benecia Boy' is said to be 24 years of age, stands at six-feet-two, and has a pleasing, genial face. He has broad, square shoulders, tapering very small about the waist and loins, with rather light pins in proportion to his size.

"Heenan does not strip nearly as well as he looks when dressed, and it was a matter of general remark that he looked much larger than what he really was. In our humble judgment—and we have seen many a hero on the battlefield—he will not make a fighter, until, with time and care, his frame shall reach its destined magnitude. He is sure to be a failure.

"The attitude of 'Benecia' is not a graceful one by any means, nor is it one of protection but as we all have our peculiarities, we suppose our 'Benecian' friend is not above such human frailties. His style reminds us forcibly of the posture of our lamented and illustrious friend, George Kensett, Esq., of the 'Fountain' on Canal Street. Any enthusiastic admirer of 'Handsome George', will recognize at once the simile. If he does not, he should consult the excellent portraits of that gentleman on exhibition at any of the sporting houses, where 'excursion tickets' are sold and there he will at once perceive the truth of our assertion.

"Of the ability of the 'Benecia Boy' as a sparrer, we cannot say much in his favor. At all events he gave no indication by his attack or defense, of possessing more than mediocre talents. He hits wildly and 'stops' badly and fails to 'counter' —the great characteristic of all big men, and, in sober earnest, has much to learn in the profession he has adopted. I doubt that he will do.

"The display of Heenan was not considered a success by the spectators. Though everyone was well pleased with the young fellow personally, the comments on his sparring abilities were not much in his favor.

"It has been said the 'Benecian' did not 'parade' himself, or exhibit any of his 'fine' points, but was anxious on diplomatic account, to rate himself low down, to make the preliminaries of a match easier.

"The whole proceedings at the exhibition were marked by good feeling and a desire to give 'The Benecia Boy', who is really a clever fellow, no cause to say that New Yorkers are an ungenerous people."

[*Heenan may not have impressed his critic on the occasion of his New York debut, but he certainly made good in subsequent bouts for he is rated as one of the greatest of American bare-knuckle fighters.*]—*Editor's Note.*

* * *

"John L's" Views on Boxing

OLD JOHN L. had some well-defined ideas of how boxing should be conducted. Here they are in his own words as they appeared in the Cincinnati *Enquirer,* June, 1895, and they are as applicable to the game to-day as they were when they were uttered by the immortal pugilist 35 years ago:

Fifteen rounds should be enough to decide any fight no matter how important.

Five ounce gloves are all right as they are.

Make it compulsory to have all contestants examined by competent physicians before entering the ring.

Keep out of the game all crooks.

Limit the clubs in number.

Have stringent rules against fouls.

Place in power men who would control the sport with fearlessness and honesty.

Protect the public against fraud by making the punishment for such offenses banishment forever.

From personal observation I can say that there is a demand for boxing bouts properly conducted.

The best argument I can offer in favor of the game is to refer to the crowds that saw the big mills here last summer. When men of business reputation and influence are not afraid to be seen at the ringside, it should be conceded that there's no harm in glove fights. The way the Governors and Legislators have been jumping on the sport, we will soon have a lot of weak-kneed, unhealthy boys growing into manhood.

What good is a fellow who is afraid to defend himself? If I had a son and he couldn't fight, I'd disown him.

They say that football makes America's best men. I bet there isn't a football player in the land who doesn't know how to use his hands. America is a nation of men, and men who are men want to see Boxing.

Danny's *Punch*—and *Judy*

By EDWIN A. GOEWEY

EVERY he-male seems to have his own particular idea about women.

And about ninety-nine per cent. of 'em don't give the skirt-wearing sex any the better of it.

Take the case of Judy O'Farrell, the good looking cashier at the Drop Inn beanery in upper Third Avenue. No background to make her a diplomat. And yet—

However, I must wise you up to the prologue before I relate the big scenes of this drama.

At the time in question my stable was all shot, the only good boy I had being "Kayo" Joie Hutchins, lightweight, who'd done enough to cause him to be looked upon as a probable championship contender. I was badly in need of a fight just then, and finally talked Rex Pickard into giving Kayo a chance with Ace Williams.

It was nearly midnight when I left Rex and, so's not to give him time to change his mind, I drove my car around to where Joie lived at eight bells next morning, determined to have him down town ready to sign up when the Garden opened. But, when I pulled him out of bed, he was about as genial as a hungry hyena, having been out 'til daylight with some beauty. I kidded him along until he'd dressed and packed a bit of breakfast. But he became pretty bad again when we got out into the December breezes and my machine began coughing like a park bench regular.

"Even the buggy's got asthma getting up this early," he snarled.

"Shut up and pile in. She ought to heat up soon."

"Maybe. Anyway, if she don't die on her tires, drive 'round first to No. —— Second Avenue. I've got to see a friend there a minute."

"You must have fallen hard for this dame. Why you only just left her—" A growl cut me short and I drove him where he said, though I expected my wagon would gasp to death any minute.

"Everything'll be jake soon," he said, when he came out. "My friend told me about a gas station down the line where there's the best mechanic in the tenement belt. Danny Dugan's his name."

"If you know where this marvel's located, you drive. I'm frozen."

* * *

A MILE down the Avenue and Kayo piloted my wheezing wagon up to a tank station and barked the horn at a young husky who was filling glass bottles with cold oil. He never even looked up.

"Hey, dumb-bell," roared Joie, "is your name Dugan?"

The other turned slowly with, "Yes. What's it to you?" Then their eyes met and they scowled, as if they thought they'd seen each other before but wasn't certain.

Joie dropped out of the car and went close to Dugan. "Listen, stupid, this can is coughing itself dizzy. Make hurry up and put it in shape. We're already late for a date."

Dugan's face flamed and his jaws set. "Be civil, or I'll knock you dizzier than the car," he gritted.

Kayo was so surprised he couldn't speak for a minute. Then, "You'll—knock me? Say, do you know who I am?"

"No, and I don't care. Get out before I toss you back in the car."

This was too much for Joie. His right shot up and brushed the other's jaw, lifting him on his toes. I made a leap, for I didn't want my boy to break his hands in a bare knuckle scrap. But I was just too late. Dugan let go a yell, his left breezed out so quick I could scarcely see it and the next thing I knew Kayo was lying flat on his back—out. Sufferin' cats!

"He'll be all right in a minute," grinned the mechanic. Then he went into the station and kicked the door shut. I was so surprised I couldn't even think straight. But, seeing a crowd gathering, I lifted Kayo into the car, and as soon as his eyes opened, I drove away to a chorus of razzes. On the way down town we talked less than two dumb oysters, each of us having plenty to think about besides the car. However, once inside the Garden lobby, out of the wind, Kayo started to laugh. That burned me up and I bawled him out proper for grouching until the engine masseur of the upper East Side had smacked him for a goal.

* * *

"EVERYTHING you called me goes," he said, when I'd talked myself out of wind. "I was a fool to lose my head and deserved what I got. But I'm going to give you a tip. That Dugan landed on me harder than anyone else ever has and if I hadn't partly blocked him, I might be asleep yet. You sure could use a comer like him, for outside of me you've got a stable of hams. If you'll take my advice, you'll go back to Dugan as soon as we've finished with Rex and try to get his "sig" to a contract. After proper training, he might be worth half a million to you more or less."

I laughed off his suggestion at the time. But later, when I got to thinking it over, it seemed pretty good. So, after finishing the Garden business, I sent Joie with the car to have it fixed, then took a taxi over to Dugan's place. He wasn't tickled to see me again. But when I told him who he'd dropped, he warmed up some, though he seemed a bit frightened that he'd tackled a battler whom he knew, through reading the newspapers, was first class.

After that, while his helpers attended to the customers, we chatted until we became friendly. Then I opened up with my scheme by telling him who I was and my reasons for making the second call upon him. But this resulted in me getting my second big surprise of the day.

"Listen, Mr. Muller," he said, "I appreciate your offer, but there's nothing doing when it comes to getting me into the fight game. If I'd wanted to make a living that way, I'd have done it for another party long ago."

"Maybe it was a lady wanted you to become a fighter?"

"Yes," and his tone was bitter. "And she was the cause of me slamming Kayo Hutchins this morning without stopping to think."

* * *

TO say that his reply sent me into the air is putting it mildly. But finally, after much coaxing, I got the full story—one that surprised me all right. Born and reared on the upper East Side, Dugan had begun fighting almost as soon as he could walk. Later, after considerable gym training, he'd won a lot of amateur fights, finally becoming city lightweight champ. Then he'd fallen in love with Judy O'Farrell who, like himself, had been through the school of hard knocks. As a starter in what he hoped would be a sufficiently successful business to permit him to marry, he had purchased the gas station with his savings, banking on his skill as a mechanic to drag in some extra dollars.

However, the business, located in a tenement neighborhood, proved no gold mine. And, after a year, Judy urged him to go into the professional fight game, insisting he could make more in the ring in a few years than he could in a life time pumping gas. But Danny, having learned caution through bitter experience, refused. He preferred small, steady profits to taking long chances in the squared circle.

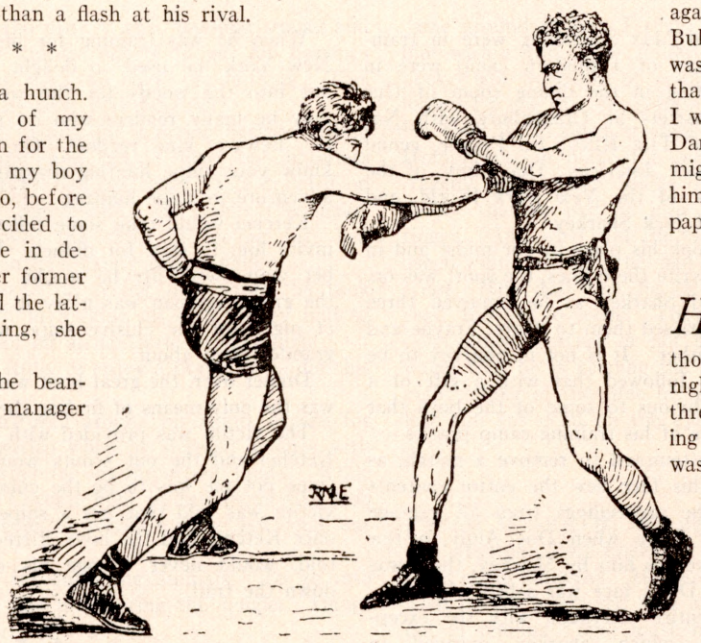
Judy had tried to carry her point by telling him he lacked the sand of a necktie salesman and the like, but he refused to weaken. Then, according to his say-so, she had given him the gate and looked round for more congenial company. The day before he had learned from a mutual friend she was to attend a certain ball with her newest sweetie. He had gone to the hall to make certain, had seen her dancing with Joie and promptly decided to let her go her own way thereafter. He didn't know whether she had pointed him out to Kayo or not, but he had taken more than a flash at his rival.

* * *

AT that point I got a hunch. And I felt certain of my ground when I pumped Dugan for the girl's address. It was where my boy had stopped that morning. So, before urging Danny further, I decided to try to learn the lady's game in deliberately sending Kayo to her former sweetheart. If she had hoped the latter would receive a trimming, she hadn't made a bullseye.

I located Miss Judy at the beanery, told her I was Joie's manager and tried to make her talk. But she outsmarted me and gave no information. And she didn't ask a question about what had happened that morning. Just before leaving her, I passed out the information that I intended to make a professional battler of Dugan. Then she opened up.

"That's a joke," she said, laughing derisively. "I hope he didn't send you to me for a recommendation. Why he hasn't the nerve to take a chance fighting amateurs. If he ever was coaxed into the ring with anyone like Joie Hutchins, he'd faint when the gong rang."



Danny avoided a right for the head, countered with a swing to the body, then shot over that left with terrific force

* * *

WHEN I returned to Dugan and told him what Miss O'Farrell had said, he was madder than a commuter who had lost the 5:15. And his language was so hot, I was afraid it might explode one of the tanks. But things couldn't have broken better for me. And in less than two hours I'd run him over to my lawyer and had his signature to a cast iron contract.

That evening I detailed the day's proceedings to Kayo. And the things I said got under his skin so, for once, he let me talk myself out without interrupting. Then, "I'm mighty glad you signed Dugan. You know how much easier it is to get fights if you've got two or three good boys instead of only one. And we'll be good sparring partners for each other."

"I'm afraid he's too sore for that because you took his girl."

"You put us together to-morrow and leave us alone and we'll be good pals in an hour. Now I'll shoot you some facts. I've only known Judy a week, but I was falling hard for her."

"As you have for a lot of others."

"Correct, Boss. But I'm no mark. Considering the message she sent Dugan just because he refused to imitate the movie heroes—slamming everybody who looked cock-eyed at her—I realized why she got sore and ditched him. I've decided she's too high strung for me. I'm off her before I get to the diamond ring stage and have her give me the runaround because I won't bust my hands trying to wreck some husky."

* * *

I TOOK Joie's hint and left him alone with Danny next day. And by night you'd have thought they were long separated brothers. By the end of the week Dugan had leased his gas layout and he, Kayo and I hit for the open spaces, where the boys went into training. From the start, my new apprentice proved he was the real goods. He knew how to box, was willing to take punishment and demonstrated that the left that had flattened Joie was just as good as I had thought.

And we were happy and carefree, as Judy appeared to have drifted out of the picture entirely. By the end of a few weeks I was so well satisfied with Dugan that I talked with Pickard long distance and arranged that my hopeful should go on the same night as Kayo against a prelim fellow named Bull Carter. I'd heard Bull was a toe-to-toe scrapper, but that's the kind of an opponent I wanted; one who would make Danny extend himself. He was mighty tickled when he saw himself mentioned in the newspapers for his initial scrap.

* * *

HOWEVER, there was a comeback to this last, though it didn't come 'til the night of the fight. When the three of use were in our dressing room, just before Danny was due in the ring, a boy brought a telegram for him which I opened. It read: "Daniel Dugan, Madison Square Garden:—If Carter starts to spoil your manly beauty, jump and run. Judy."

I handed it to Dugan, believing it would put him in proper fighting mood. And I'll say it did. The scrap seemed almost like a push-over for my lad. He forgot he was fighting in the Garden and before a big crowd for the first time, and matched slugger Carter at his own game. I'll tell the world they pounded each other, but my boy surely had a big edge when the bell terminated the first frame. In the second, after just fifty-five seconds of battering each other, Danny avoided a right for the head, countered with a swing to the body then shot over that left with terrific force. They only counted ten over Carter, but they could have counted a hundred if it had been necessary. And Danny had won his first clash so neatly that the customers yelled long and loud, thereby indicating that they recognized Jack Muller had made another find.

* * *

I WAS satisfied, but I had to postpone my cheering until Kayo went through his stunt, winning a ten-round decision. I returned with him to the dressing room, where he dressed hurriedly, saying he had an engagement. Danny waited for me to clean up, then we started out together. However, as we opened the door, who should slip into the room but Judy O'Farrell, wearing an eighteen carat smile. She nodded toward me, then grasped the hand of the bewildered Dugan.

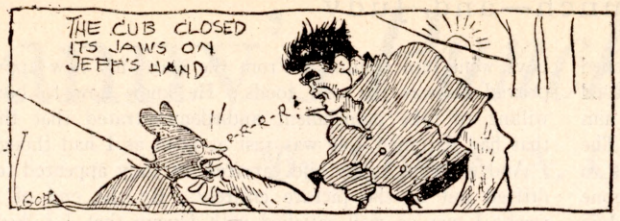
"Congratulations, Danny. We win your first pro fight, eh?"

"We—we," he gasped. "What do you mean?"

She grinned. "Keep quiet, Danny boy, and listen, for I'm one who's not afraid of your left. I said 'we' because I meant we. If I hadn't framed you into fighting, you'd still be tightening bolts and scraping spark-plugs. Why you wouldn't even have met Mr. Muller, let alone getting your big chance."

"I—I—don't understand," he stammered weakly, crimson to his hair.

"Of course you don't, silly, but you're going to. When we became engaged you promised me a swell flat, a summer cottage on Long Island and—well, I soon realized we'd never get them this side of old age unless you (*Continued on page* 47)



Training

Hot Foot, Electric Seat, Matches and Explosive

JACK SHARKEY and Max Schmeling were in training. The usual capers of a modern camp were in evidence. I was sitting in the dining room of Gus Wilson's spacious quarters at Orangeburg with Nat Fleischer, Publisher of THE RING; Ed Frayne, genial Sports Editor of the *New York American;* Doc Almy, of the *Boston Post;* Burris Jenkins, of the *New York World,* and other scribes when in walked Jack Sharkey.

The greetings over, Jack took his place in our midst and in shorter time than it takes to write these lines, the sport was on.

"Have a cigar, Doc," said Sharkey as he removed three smokes from his pocket and passed them to Almy, Frayne and the third to THE RING Publisher. It is not in Sharkey to be over generous, and when he followed that with a gift of a box of matches, it became obvious to some of the boys that the Bostonian was up to some of his training camp pranks.

When one of the scribes attempted to remove a match, as he opened the box, up into his face flew the entire contents while the crowd watching the proceedings from all vantage points, roared with delight. Then when Doc Almy, a few minutes later, lit the cigar given to him by Sharkey, there was a sudden explosion and poor Doc's face was ashen white.

And so thoroughout the entire afternoon with the exception of the hour during which Sharkey engaged in training, prank after prank was played on the unsuspecting newspapermen with Jack Sharkey master of ceremonies.

* * *

AND up at Endicott, where the German opponent of Sharkey was getting himself into condition, the same procedure was being followed. There Herr Maxie, having learned his stuff from Pete Reilly at Lakewood last year, saw to it that the boys "fared as well" at his camp as at Sharkey's, but not being so well acquainted with scribes, he accepted considerable help from Izzy Kaplan, the most famous sports photographer in America. Izzy made certain that nothing was left undone that would add to the "comfort" of the boys. Sneezing powder, itching powder, the hot-foot, the pin-cushion and the "electric chair" formed part of his paraphernalia.

What a contrast to the training establishments of the past! An old-timer, Jack Grace, the globe trotter who handled Kid McCoy in a tour around the world, sat with us and he remarked that it seemed a miracle to him how a fighter could put himself in the proper physical and mental state for a championship battle amid the bedlam of the present day camp.

I think that the only great fighter that I knew who had no sense of humor and no desire for cutting up, was Jim Jeffries.

It might be that big Jim didn't think that conscientious training and skylarking dovetailed. Jeffries was a serious young man about boxing from the moment he walked into Jim Corbett's training camp at Carson City to work out as a punching bag for Gentleman Jim.

Jeffries walked right out of that camp and scalped the man who tomahawked Corbett. His was the quickest climb to the throne of any man in the history of the heavyweight ranks. If my memory serve me right, Jeffries won the title from Fitzsimmons in his eleventh fight.

* * *

BUT about camp clowning. I think that the greatest cut-up of them all, was the beloved Stanley Ketchel. This boy had a quaint sense of humor.

When he was training for his fights at Woodlawn Inn in New York, he used to delight in drawing the unfortunates out into the woods for the well-known snipe hunt. There may be many readers who do not know what a snipe hunt is. Beware, kind reader! Oh, beware! Be sure that you know your snipe hunting companions before you start on an adventure in snipe hunting.

Ketchel would take some fellow who was too talkative and invite him to stay for dinner. Would the fellow? You can bet your sweet life he would. The honor of supping with the great Assassin was glory in itself but to stalk the woods at night for the elusive snipe was an experience to tell the grandchildren about.

Dinner over, the great hunt was on. A lone farmer's lantern was the only means of finding the trail through the woods.

The victim was provided with a potato sack. In this sack, Ketchel and the out scouts would drive the wary snipe. A snipe pot pie was to be the culmination of the hunt and the victim was told that not a snipe must pass him on the trail once Ketchel and the boys stirred them up. A snipe, he was told, would never change his course once he was started down the trail.

* * *

THE snipe trail was found after a long shin-scratching jaunt through the briars.

"Now you remain here, and keep the mouth of that bag open, right in the middle of the path. The snipe will see the hole and run right in. You can't miss them. From the chirping that is now going on in yonder brush, there ought to be several dozen of them on the "loose" to-night. Mind you! Remain on guard and keep your eyes open."

And so saying, Ketchel would pick up the lantern and go off with the others, leaving the great snipe snarer holding the bag. And God only knows how long he was destined to hold that bag. Ketchel and the others would go back to the Inn by a roundabout way and start a card game. About midnight Ketchel would say that the sack ought to be filled by now.

But never would Stanley or his pals go out for the victim. The sniper would come in around two or three in the morning, with the Inn closed tight for the night. Those gloomy, darkened windows seemed to laugh down at him to tell him that he had been kidded. Usually, they never heard of the snipe hunter again. It was one sure way of eliminating a camp pest.

Stanley Ketchel also was a "playful" fellow when disturbed from an afternoon nap. He always carried a trusty "forty-four" about him and thought it fun to shoot away at some of his disturbers. On one occasion the boys played a prank on him and sent Pete The Goat, one of Primo Carnera's managers, to awaken him and so angry was Stanley at Pete, that he blazed away through the door, one of the bullets catching Pete through the leg.

* * *

FITZSIMMONS was a great one for rigging up uninvited shower baths on his friends. He would fashion a water bucket over a doorway and attach the door to the bucket in such a way that any one who entered would get a couple of gallons of water down his collar. Fitz had a playful way of building a bonfire under a snoozing visitor. He would cover the visitor's head with a pillow slip and then would yell "fire" at the top of his lungs into the sleeper's ear. Naturally, com-

Camp Pranks

Freezing Shower, Flying Cigars Furnish the Sport

By HYPE IGOE

ing up out of dreamland, the drowsy one, smelling smoke and sensing heat, would make frantic efforts to get his bearings but with the sack over his eyes, he could see nothing. This would make Fitz roll on the floor with laughter.

He was forever cutting capers, his sparring partners being the prime sufferers. I saw him put a huge, but harmless gopher snake in Dan Hickey's bed one night. Fitz crawled on top of a closet to watch the results. Of course the snake, never before having enjoyed the thrill of feeling soft bed linen, went right off to a snake's happy dream valley.

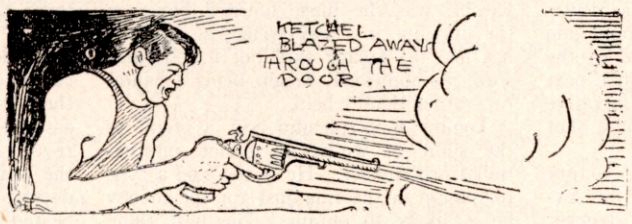
Finally Dan came in—and on seeing that snake, he took the window sash with him in making an exit. They had to pour water on Fitz, to head off an epileptic fit that night.

I never knew the Great Ruby to enjoy a prank as he did this one on Hickey.

Fitz was always good natured around his camp, except for the fact that he turned pettish when he suffered agonies with blistered feet while preparing for his important bouts. While helping Jeff train for the Corbett fight in San Francisco, Bob was the camp clown, but even he couldn't make Jeff come out of his sullen shell.

Fitz was a great hand for collecting animals. To go into a Fitzsimmons camp was like penetrating the jungle. Things and tykes of the hills fairly flew at you.

On one occasion, Fitz had captured a black bear cub. He probably borrowed it from "ma" bear. That was like Fitz. He could make a wild beast believe anything. He had an uncanny power over them and never did I see one of them turn on him. I don't know how Noah ever got along without Bob Fitzsimmons.



Fitz had the little bear on a tether. He had been playing with it for hours. Jeff came along and tried to be as familiar with the bear as Fitz had been. It didn't work. Jim wasn't Bob and the baby bear knew it. The bear suddenly closed its little jaws on Jim's hand and Jeff went off swearing like a trooper. Fitz laughed and began a dissertation on the art of subduing the beasts of the forest.

* * *

JIM CORBETT was a nervous, serious-minded camp man but he loved to put in the phoney telephone calls for any of the love-sick helpers about his camp. He would go to great expense to have a mysterious heiress call up Tommy Ryan when they trained at Croll's Garden for the second fight with Jeffries. Tommy was not of the heiress-hunting kind and he used to tear the telephone out by the roots in his anger over "that fool woman calling me up right in the middle of my steak."

Terry McGovern wasn't much of a camp jester but he insisted on having the cap and bell boys about him. He usually had Joe Humphreys around to do the things that were calculated to throw Terry into stitches.

Joe would import the town bruisers to fight Terry. Always in every town, there is some fellow, large or small, who fancies that he is a champion under the skin only he hasn't had an opportunity to show his worth. Joe would fix it with Terry to take a smack on the jaw and go out.

In Oakland one day, one of these I-will-be-champion fellows came around to box Terry. The Terrible one went into the plot with a grin. The fellow with the buckwheat seeds in his pocket got a couple of cracks on the chin and then he let loose with one that came from China and that was Terry's cue. He took it. Falling straight back, he was counted out and Humphreys, to make the plot take on the appearance of a tragedy, knelt down beside Terry and began to cry, sobbing deeply that he had no idea that the Great Unknown was a ringer. And what did the Great Unknown do! He became ashen-white, thought he had killed Terry and ran from the scene. The dust that he kicked up going down the country road, has yet to settle. They never heard from him again. I don't know whether or not he still lives but if he does, I'll wager that he is keeping the stove league thrilled each winter night telling of the time he broke Terry McGovern's jaw and left him for dead on the gymnasium floor.

* * *

TIM McGRATH, who was famous as the trainer of Jack Monroe, Tom Sharkey, Jimmy Britt and others, was a great camp humorist. He kept the Sharkey camp in an uproar. Tom wasn't a lettered man and Tim used to get a great kick out of reading Tom's mash notes.

The powerful sailor, with the big ship tattooed on his chest, used to get a gunny sack full of mail each day and Tim used to write most of them. He would read them to Tom, often breaking out in tears when he read a plea for dough from some poor widow with twenty-seven kids who wanted to marry Tom. Tom used to "get rid of the crature" by giving Tim a ten-dollar note to send to her. Tim never was without pin money while Sharkey was around. Had he tried to borrow ten from Sharkey, he would have had his jaw shattered in ever so many places. But when a "foine lady" appealed to Tawm, he fell, hook, line and sinker.

Battling Nelson was a great one for pulling the haunted house stunt. Came a chump, and Bat got all set for him. There is always a haunted house in any community but as Bat trained down at Millet's, far outside of San Francisco, broken down and deserted ranches were just right for the setting.

Usually Bat would begin the conversation with a long discourse on what it took in downright courage to approach a house that was supposed to be haunted.

* * *

IN the end, the whole camp would decide to go ghost hunting after dark. The victim would be the only one without side arms. Bat would take a double-barreled shotgun and vow that if a ghost came toward him, he would blaze away and for keeps.

All would approach the house breathlessly. Bat, leading with the double-barrelled gun, would walk cautiously at the head of the column. The victim was right at his heels, his heart beating at a mile-a-minute clip. Bat would see to that because by the time the hunt was on, the guest was so fed up on ghosts that he would be trembling (*Continued on page* 46)

Nat Fleischer Says:

(*Continued from page* 22)

The biggest surprise Carnera offered in the Philadelphia fight, was a very pretty straight left with which he repeatedly stabbed Godfrey. When he arrived from Europe last January, he had nothing but color. To-day, however, he has absorbed considerable knowledge of boxing, possesses a tantalizing left and works his right uppercut at close range better than any man in the game except Campolo.

Whether there is a fighter in the field who can hurt the Italian giant remains to be seen. Godfrey in the second round sank his left deep into the stomach and with all the force at his command, only to bring a grin from his opponent. That proved to me that Carnera is on the way. And the fellow who stops him will have to show much more than Schmeling did against Sharkey to win the world's crown.

* * *

Stribling Bobs Up Again

WHILE on the subject of heavyweights, for they are occupying the stage at this writing, let us not forget the fine showing of both Johnny Risko and Young Stribling. Both lifted themselves out of temporary obscurity into the fistic limelight.

By his one-round knockout of Otto Von Porat, Stribling jumped back into the foremost ranks of the heavyweights and if in his coming battle with Phil Scott he can stop the Britisher, Stribling will have earned the right to a titular bout. At any rate, such a feat would gain for the Georgian a place as one of the headliners on the Miami card which next winter promises to be a most lucrative affair with the winner in line for a shot at the championship.

As for Risko, his one-sided victory over Paulino places him in line for several good shots. He is much stronger now than he was when he was stopped by Schmeling and Johnny would give anything to get another chance at his conquerer. But I doubt that that opportunity will be given the Cleveland Baker. He is a "spoiler" of good talent and no fighter in the big money cares to take a gamble with him.

* * *

A Great Match This One

VITTORIO CAMPOLO, who is the property of Madison Square Garden, is being primed for an important outdoor bout. He and Carnera, the two giants of the ring, will eventually furnish the next million dollar gate. A fight between these fellows would outdraw any other contest, even a return Schmeling-Sharkey tilt. The knockout of Salvatore Ruggirello by Campolo in the third round was the Argentinian's first step in his new campaign for heavyweight recognition.

* * *

Loughran Should Retire

WHAT will become of Tommy Loughran? His decisive defeat at the hands of Ernie Schaaf in their return bout in Philadelphia, proves beyond shadow of doubt that Tommy's days are numbered. Loughran as a light-heavyweight, was the most finished boxer in the ring, but as a heavyweight he not only has lost his boxing skill but has become slow, his additional weight being a handicap rather than a help.

Tommy is a splendid boy, a credit to the sport in which he gained international prominence. He is too fine a type to remain in the ring just for the money he is likely to obtain. The best thing for the Philadelphian would be to retire before he faces any more severe defeats. Tommy has had rigid competition during his long and glorious career and now nature is beginning to exact the inevitable toll.

* * *

Rosenbloom, Champion

NEW YORK CITY has added to its list of world champions the name of Maxie Rosenbloom. The slap-stick artist of Broadway, the court jester of the ring, was crowned king of the light-heavyweight division when he triumphed over Jimmy Slattery at Buffalo in a fifteen round bout recently. Although Maxie had been striving for a long time to gain the top rung and by most experts was regarded as the leader of the class, official recognition was refused him until his defeat of the Buffalo Irish boy by a vote of two to one. Two judges favored him but the referee, Patsy Haley, cast his ballot for the Buffalonian.

That Rosenbloom will be an active title holder is a foregone conclusion for he fears no one and thrives on work. Rosenbloom is a colorful fighter, is action personified when once the gong sends him on his way and is a crowd pleaser. My only objection to him is that he hits with the open glove, a violation of the rules.

Now that he has gained the crown, THE RING and its army of readers extends to Rosenbloom hearty congratulations.

Maxie has the making of a great champion if he will learn to hit with the closed fist. One thing at least seems assured—the new title holder will not require his opponents to come in over the weight limit to save his crown. He doesn't have to—that much he has repeatedly demonstrated.

Training Camp Pranks

(*Continued from page* 45)

with fear, his knees knocking together so he could hardly walk.

Bat would halt to listen for spook groans. Of course there would be spook groans. There always are, in one of these ghost hunts.

I happened to be following Bat on one of these hunts, for I was the marked man. As we neared an old tumbled down mansion that was, Bat held up his hand for a halt and silence.

Never have I heard the yowling that came from that house. Then a tiny light seemed to flit from room to room until it disappeared in an upper level of the house..

"That's the ghost all right. That's him or her, or it, or whatever it is," said Bat.

Well, I'm not taken in that easy and I wasn't on this occasion but there was a moment to come. From the top branch of a giant oak back of the house, seemed to come the screech of a leper in the marshes.

My skin went goose pimples and all such.

Then from the tree, came a strange fuzzy image in white, right through the air. It floated so it seemed in empty space, right at us.

Bat, up with his shot gun, let fly but the strange, illuminated whisp of white never faltered. It seemed to settle toward the earth and in our general direction. Bat turned loose with the second barrel and then gave the sharp command to run for it. I ran, I admit, as I never had run before.

* * *

BACK in the camp, all out of breath, I learned that the ghost had come down out of the tree on a wire. One of the camp helpers had enshrouded himself with a white sheet, painted over with phosphorus and that accounted for the strange apparition which seemed to be flying through the air. I'll admit that it was the nearest thing to what ghosts are supposed to be and do what ever I saw and it had me scared stiff.

I saw the same effect in a Ziegfeld roof show, the gals all wrapped in the same kind of phosphorus sheets and the effect was just as puzzling as it was that night out at Bat's camp.

This is the age of the hot foot and the hot seat at training camps.

Izzy Kaplan, the demon photographer, and the best hotfoot man in the business, broke up a German singing society in Johnson City during Schmeling's training and in an hour's time the best German singers in the northern part of the state of New York were giving each other the hot foot. It consists of sticking the business end of half a paper match in the crevice between the sole of the shoe and the upper, where it is lighted and burns down to the victim's shoe. There is a quick bite of pain and then a big laugh all around. It has become the training camp classic.

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WHILE on the subject of heavyweights, for they are occupying the stage at this writing, let us not forget the fine showing of both Johnny Risko and Young Stribling. Both lifted themselves out of temporary obscurity into the fistic limelight.

By his one-round knockout of Otto Von Porat, Stribling jumped back into the foremost ranks of the heavyweights and if in his coming battle with Phil Scott he can stop the Britisher, Stribling will have earned the right to a titular bout. At any rate, such a feat would gain for the Georgian a place as one of the headliners on the Miami card which next winter promises to be a most lucrative affair with the winner in line for a shot at the championship.

As for Risko, his one-sided victory over Paulino places him in line for several good shots. He is much stronger now than he was when he was stopped by Schmeling and Johnny would give anything to get another chance at his conquerer. But I doubt that that opportunity will be given the Cleveland Baker. He is a "spoiler" of good talent and no fighter in the big money cares to take a gamble with him.

* * *

A Great Match This One

VITTORIO CAMPOLO, who is the property of Madison Square Garden, is being primed for an important outdoor bout. He and Carnera, the two giants of the ring, will eventually furnish the next million dollar gate. A fight between these fellows would outdraw any other contest, even a return Schmeling-Sharkey tilt. The knockout of Salvatore Ruggirello by Campolo in the third round was the Argentinian's first step in his new campaign for heavyweight recognition.

* * *

Loughran Should Retire

WHAT will become of Tommy Loughran? His decisive defeat at the hands of Ernie Schaaf in their return bout in Philadelphia, proves beyond shadow of doubt that Tommy's days are numbered. Loughran as a light-heavyweight, was the most finished boxer in the ring, but as a heavyweight he not only has lost his boxing skill but has become slow, his additional weight being a handicap rather than a help.

Tommy is a splendid boy, a credit to the sport in which he gained international prominence. He is too fine a type to remain in the ring just for the money he is likely to obtain. The best thing for the Philadelphian would be to retire before he faces any more severe defeats. Tommy has had rigid competition during his long and glorious career and now nature is beginning to exact the inevitable toll.

* * *

Rosenbloom, Champion

NEW YORK CITY has added to its list of world champions the name of Maxie Rosenbloom. The slap-stick artist of Broadway, the court jester of the ring, was crowned king of the light-heavyweight division when he triumphed over Jimmy Slattery at Buffalo in a fifteen round bout recently. Although Maxie had been striving for a long time to gain the top rung and by most experts was regarded as the leader of the class, official recognition was refused him until his defeat of the Buffalo Irish boy by a vote of two to one. Two judges favored him but the referee, Patsy Haley, cast his ballot for the Buffalonian.

That Rosenbloom will be an active title holder is a foregone conclusion for he fears no one and thrives on work. Rosenbloom is a colorful fighter, is action personified when once the gong sends him on his way and is a crowd pleaser. My only objection to him is that he hits with the open glove, a violation of the rules.

Now that he has gained the crown, THE RING and its army of readers extends to Rosenbloom hearty congratulations.

Maxie has the making of a great champion if he will learn to hit with the closed fist. One thing at least seems assured—the new title holder will not require his opponents to come in over the weight limit to save his crown. He doesn't have to—that much he has repeatedly demonstrated.

Training Camp Pranks

(*Continued from page* 45)

with fear, his knees knocking together so he could hardly walk.

Bat would halt to listen for spook groans. Of course there would be spook groans. There always are, in one of these ghost hunts.

I happened to be following Bat on one of these hunts, for I was the marked man. As we neared an old tumbled down mansion that was, Bat held up his hand for a halt and silence.

Never have I heard the yowling that came from that house. Then a tiny light seemed to flit from room to room until it disappeared in an upper level of the house..

"That's the ghost all right. That's him or her, or it, or whatever it is," said Bat.

Well, I'm not taken in that easy and I wasn't on this occasion but there was a moment to come. From the top branch of a giant oak back of the house, seemed to come the screech of a leper in the marshes.

My skin went goose pimples and all such.

Then from the tree, came a strange fuzzy image in white, right through the air. It floated so it seemed in empty space, right at us.

Bat, up with his shot gun, let fly but the strange, illuminated whisp of white never faltered. It seemed to settle toward the earth and in our general direction. Bat turned loose with the second barrel and then gave the sharp command to run for it. I ran, I admit, as I never had run before.

* * *

BACK in the camp, all out of breath, I learned that the ghost had come down out of the tree on a wire. One of the camp helpers had enshrouded himself with a white sheet, painted over with phosphorus and that accounted for the strange apparition which seemed to be flying through the air. I'll admit that it was the nearest thing to what ghosts are supposed to be and do what ever I saw and it had me scared stiff.

I saw the same effect in a Ziegfeld roof show, the gals all wrapped in the same kind of phosphorus sheets and the effect was just as puzzling as it was that night out at Bat's camp.

This is the age of the hot foot and the hot seat at training camps.

Izzy Kaplan, the demon photographer, and the best hotfoot man in the business, broke up a German singing society in Johnson City during Schmeling's training and in an hour's time the best German singers in the northern part of the state of New York were giving each other the hot foot. It consists of sticking the business end of half a paper match in the crevice between the sole of the shoe and the upper, where it is lighted and burns down to the victim's shoe. There is a quick bite of pain and then a big laugh all around. It has become the training camp classic.

Georg Plays a Waiting Game

(*Continued from page* 25)

five days, then a terrific beating, and Gretel would be glad to come to him, the champion.

Buelow always was on his guard, always sizing up Topfer, always figuring what he would do when the big match really arrived.

It was on a Sunday afternoon that Topfer decided to put the climax to his plot. Several hundred enthusiasts had turned out for the workouts.

They sparred a round and then Max cut loose. Georg smiled. At last it had come.

He boxed with the champion. The crowd became excited. It had looked for a quick finish, and here was this unknown standing up with the title holder.

Topfer tried hard in the second round, but Georg fought him off as he weaved and bobbed, a German Dempsey.

In the third Topfer smiled. "This has gone far enough," he announced to the crowd. The onlookers roared, and moved closer.

Topfer led for the jaw with a terrific left. Buelow weaved away, let fly a left for the head and then a right under the heart and Max Topfer, heavyweight champion of Germany, went down for the full count.

His handlers picked him up hastily. The crowd went away in amazement. Wily Hans Springler, Topfer's manager, saw to it that nothing got out about the unhappy experience of his champion. But that night Springler went to see Buelow. Here was a fighter!

* * *

THREE years later: Topfel knocked out in three rounds, for the German title. Leonardo, the Italian, stopped in five rounds. Tedeschi, the Idol of the Boulevards, champion of France and conqueror of the English title holder, knocked out in eight rounds.

Four years later: Buelow in New York. Unheralded at first. Just a German fighter, he said he was. Unpuffed in the press, which had been fooled by too many foreign false alarms, he got a match with Plesto, the Battling Butcher from Cleveland, in the big Garden. Nine rounds, and they carried Plesto out.

Three more fights and Buelow was all set for the biggest effort of his life.

They sent him against Tom Dorman, for the heavyweight championship of the world. Tom, a big, clever fighter who had got his start in the Marines.

"How will I fight him?" Georg laughed. "Now, Gretel, do you remember Topfer in that gymnasium in Berlin? Remember how I waited for him for a whole week, taking a lot of hard blows, but waiting? I was sure I would get him, and when he got fresh that Sunday, you recollect what he got, don't you?

"Well, I will play the waiting game again, with this Dorman. He may hurt me as did Topfer. But in the end I will win."

* * *

EIGHTY THOUSAND in the giant ball park. Eighty thousand out to see a new champion crowned. And Georg Buelow playing the waiting game.

Round One, and they spared and sized each other up. Round Two, and Gretel crying as Dorman jabbed and punched and almost closed Georg's right eye.

Back in Hamburg the old folks sat at a radio. "Buelow cannot last out five rounds. He is getting a terrific beating," said the announcer in the fourth.

Old Wolf spat and puffed. "Well, he can come back and be a pilot," he said.

The fifth round saw Buelow take more and more punishment. It was jab and punch, and the fans in pandemonium as Dorman gave one of the most consummate exhibitions of skill in the history of the ring.

Before the sixth round Springler looked anxiously at Buelow and said, "Can you last ten?"

"Last ten? Why, I am going to win, Hans. Remember Topfer in the gymnasium? I waited for him. I am waiting for this Dorman. I will win."

Springler shook his head. It was tough going for the pilot's boy in the sixth, and in the seventh Dorman almost had him with a crashing one-two.

Buelow looked into the crowd at the ringside, and there he saw a sobbing Gretel. He thought of his father on the little pilot boat. He heard him say again, "It is hopeless."

He heard his mother's admonition as he left Hamburg for New York. "I am a Schiffer—the Hamburg Schiffers—and they never give up."

* * *

THE tenth round, and the grand climax. Dorman had expected to win in two or three rounds. But he had found the German tough—too tough.

Dorman became over anxious. For one thing, his doctors had cautioned him against taking too much punishment. A fight with a former champion had left him with serious after effects, which would not show unless the battle became furious and long drawn out.

"Here goes the finish," said Dorman in the tenth. He pulled a left from the canvas, but instead of landing on Buelow's jaw, it struck right under the belt. A foul blow. Not intentional, but a foul just the same.

Down went the German. Into the ring rushed Panic and Uncertainty. The crowd howled for a decision, the officials ran hither and yon, not knowing what to do.

Here was a new development. A world's heavyweight champion lying on the canvas.

And a world title holder he soon became, when it was announced that Buelow had won on a foul.

"Remember Topfer in the gymnasium?" Buelow asked Gretel when she came rushing into the little dressing room.

"Well, I knew I could get Topfer, and I knew I would outlast Dorman. It was a fight of the spirit, and Dorman was worn down even though he beat me physically."

"I don't care what sort of fight it was," said Gretel. "But I do know your mother must be overjoyed. She'll be waiting for you. Let's take the first boat home."

"Yes," smiled Georg. "Mother will be waiting, and father will be puffing at that pipe and spitting and telling me to be a pilot. But how about Father Henning? He'll be waiting at that little church, won't he?"

"Will he, Georg?"

"And how, Gretel!"

Danny's Punch—and Judy

(*Continued from page* 43)

made use of your natural boxing ability. I begged you to clean up in the ring and then, if you still wanted to tinker with cars, you could buy a garage. When I quit you—temporarily, understand—and started going around with Joie Hutchins, I wanted to make you jealous of a fighter.

When I sent him to see you I figured you'd quarrel and he'd give you—well, never mind what happened, but my scheme worked out anyway. And now—"

"Just a minute," I interrupted. "I've got to see Pickard. Danny will take you home." I'd seen Dugan's look of anger change to one of amazed admiration and decided it was time to blow.

Of course they patched up their differences. What chance had Danny against a girl as clever as Judy? They were married after he won his sixth straight fight, Joie and I standing up with them. That was the end of her career as a beanery cashier. For she became her husband's cook at the training camps, watched over his diet like a hawk and helped to keep him on his toes. You recall how he won the championship and retired with a bunch of coin. To-day he's the owner of a big garage and adds to his collection of bonds and mortgages regularly every month.

Arms and the Man

(*Continued from page 27*)

him to shake his hand, but he acknowledged this courtesy with a bow and a broad smile.

Jackson figured he would make short work on his opponent. He looked upon the whole affair as a little side light and an easy money getter.

Came the referee's instructions, and then, the ring was cleared for the set-to. One of the miners, the chief bartender at the gambling house, was made the timekeeper, and for lack of a bell, he used a tin pan hung on the side of the ring.

Clang! went the gong, and the battle was on. Peter maneuvered his man into a corner then, quick as a flash, let go three left jabs that caused the claret to flow freely from Shorty's mouth and nose. A left hook to the jaw followed and almost took Shorty's head off his shoulders.

* * *

HIS miner friends were worried. Their hero was proving no match for the Negro. Yet they fully realized that Shorty was only a novice compared to the great Jackson, but this did not detract from their faith in him.

Shorty was angered. He rushed at Peter and let fly a hard right swing that went over the head of the Negro, who, side-stepping, sent up a beautiful right uppercut to the chin and down went Shorty with a crash.

He was conscious, but his body seemed paralyzed. He tried to straighten his legs, but couldn't move them. They refused to support him. It was a cinch that he would be counted out and Virginia City, which had its fortune wagered on its favorite son's chances, would be reduced to poverty.

The referee, a visiting gambler of repute, stood between Peter and Shorty and began the count. Just when he reached four, half a dozen Virginia City huskies surrounded the ring, placed their guns where all could view them and the leader, turning to the referee, yelled:

"Don't you count that man out or there'll be a corpse in this ring."

Immediately shouts of applause went up from Shorty's supporters and a rush to the ringside followed. There were probably as many guns on view as there were Kincaid supporters. The referee, dumbfounded, despite his acquaintance with Western rough-house tactics, stood dazed at the turn of affairs. He gazed at the prostrate form of Kincaid, then looked at the revolvers in the hands of a hostile gathering, but before he could move from the ring, the bell sounded, ending the round.

Shorty was carried to his corner where desperate efforts were made to bring him to scratch for the second round. In the other corner stood Peter Jackson, his brownish-black figure almost turning white from fear, but he knew that quitting without being told to do so, would mean sure death.

When the bell clanged for the second round, Jackson was almost afraid to walk out of his corner. Kincaid, revived, stepped quickly forward, and expecting a barrage from the Negro, shielded himself closely behind his gloves.

Shorty was still in a semi-daze, and had Jackson gone after him, the miner would have been knocked cold with one good punch. But Pete had seen the ominous flash of those gleaming guns and had had about two minutes to reflect.

Life looked very sweet to him at this period. He was in his prime, still a young man, and a fortune was at his beckoning. He decided that not for all the money that was in Virginia City would he knock his man out. He stood there in the center of the ring with his guard up, just watching the movements of Shorty.

* * *

KINCAID, gaining courage at Peter's lack of aggressiveness, proceeded to attack the Negro with a vengeance. Peter blocked every attempt to reach the body or face with utmost ease, but that was all. He would not even venture upon a mild counter, lest he might awake the anger of that mob again.

And so the farce went on to its close. Kincaid displayed great valor in his assault while Peter held himself in leash. At the conclusion, the referee declared the bout a draw and the exultant miners stormed the arena and carried their hero in triumph around the hall.

It was a great and momentous victory for the white race!

Corbett Sees Tragedy in Foul

(*Continued from page 8*)

crash a right cross to the chin. Time and again that was the procedure, but even while taking this beating, and a good beating it was, Max kept shuffling along, crowding his man as he had been told to fight him, and for that we must give him credit.

The new champion is a game boy. He has courage but he lacks a knowledge of boxing. He can hit—make no mistake about that—but he lacks finesse. He has much to learn, but is always a dangerous man.

In his battle with Sharkey, even his courage in taking that heavy artillery which his opponent unlimbered on him, could not conceal the gap between the finished product and the comparative novice.

In developing Schmeling's left hook to meet the Sharkey attack, I'm afraid that the advisors of Schmeling neglected to tell Max that he possessed a fine right. In his previous battles the German exhibited a corking right with plenty of T. N. T., yet that great asset was absolutely hidden from view in the Stadium tilt. He tried frequently to use a left hook and shot the blow across several times with telling effect, but that was not sufficient to turn the tide. That right of his should have come in for a little portion of work and then perhaps, Max would not have been so far outclassed.

* * *

IT was indeed a pleasure to me to see Sharkey manoeuver Schmeling into openings. The manner in which the Boston Strong Boy kept popping lefts, crossing rights, shooting up hooks when at close range and checking Schmeling's attack with clever defensive tactics, was a revelation. I do not want to take from Schmeling any of the glory which a championship victory should earn for a new title holder, but from an impartial point of view, I feel that it was most fortunate for the German that he won on a foul, for not by the widest stretch of imagination can I realize how, under any other circumstances, Herr Max could have carried off the honors.

I have heard considerable criticism about Sharkey's sudden shift to a body attack when things were going so nicely for him, but as a judge of fighting, I take issue with Jack's critics. He worked with natural effectiveness and having once put Schmeling on his guard in protecting his chin, Sharkey showed smartness in shifting to the body.

To me, that shift was strategically sound. Had Schmeling not jumped into the final punch and straightened up as he met the blow, that wild left hook would have landed in the pit of the stomach and would have had a most damaging effect.

A Queer Character

AMONG the queer characters that knocked about the boxing clubs of London during the 1890's was a curious figure who was known as "Curley of Hackney." In his time he had boxed nearly every lad in London at his weight. Whenever a big fight was in progress, there he would be and take on anybody in the hall as a side dish to the main event. Luck was usually against him and it was seldom that he caught the referee's eye. That, however, did not phase him, as long as he got paid for his job he was happy.

In engaging him the formula would be: "Curley, will you fight So-and-so?" And though the opponent might be a champion, the answer would be: "Yes; how much does the loser get?"

The "German Oak"

(Continued from page 23)

and for a time the spectators were treated to an ordinary exhibition of wrestling. Then suddenly, as if struck by a bolt, Siegfried became unmanageable. "Butch", slipping, had scratched the skin behind Siegfried's ear and had drawn the claret. The "Oak", placing his hand on the sore spot and discovering blood, immediately saw "fire".

With a leap, and a roar, he hurled himself at Miller, grabbed him around the waist, lifted him over his head, whirled him around several times then battered him against the wall. A shower of plaster almost buried "Butch" and before he could arise, the "Oak" again flew at him, raised him over his head, whirled him about several times and again smashed him bodily against the floor. This time the building shook and the ceiling in Shrafft's was loosened and chunks fell upon many of the women patrons.

With the scare that followed, a near riot started. The women began to screech, some yelled fire, others shouted for the police—and the manager, well out of breath, came rushing into Attila's and demanded to know what was the trouble.

"Nothing," said I. "The 'German Oak' is simply training."

The manager was hot under the collar but Roeber and I were satisfied that our publicity stunt had gained the desired result. It was the means for working up some big stories and starting a ballyhoo for a big Garden night, which I helped Roeber promote.

For the occasion, the "German Oak" was booked to tackle six men, the leading one of whom was a Sixth Avenue department store floorwalker. On the night of the match, a good sized crowd was on hand. The "Oak" was full of confidence as he faced opponent after opponent and threw each with ease. After he had disposed of the first five, the floorwalker was introduced. He was extremely cocky and no sooner was the gong sounded, than he made a leap at the "Oak", who sidestepped, got a flying mare on his rival, whirled him a dozen or more times over his head and then let go.

Down went the floorwalker with a crash. He was shot out of the ring over the heads of the scribes and received a stunning fall. When he came to, he looked sheepishly at the audience, and true to his instinct as a floorwalker, walked off the floor, not in the direction of the ring but out to the street. Thus did the "Oak" make his American debut.

Gans-Nelson Bout a Milestone in Ring History

(Continued from page 15)

the name of the town into every corner throughout the breadth of the land, and a profit of around $20,000 on the fight itself, where they had expected a loss. In addition, there was that greater profit in the money that had flowed into the town's business enterprises by the fight crowd and gamblers who had taken the rubber bands from their purses and were sailing in true sporting fashion.

Goldfield had its party without the subsequent headache that came to Shelby, Mont., some years later—because it had behind it a master hand that had just found a new field in which to operate.

The story of the Gans-Nelson fight itself at Goldfield on September 3, 1906, has been told and retold many times. It is enough here to state that it was a vicious and hard-fought affair in which the "Old Master", Gans, punished the durable Nelson severely through forty-one and a fraction rounds without being able to knock him out. The Battler's eyes were closed so that he couldn't see his opponent—but he continued to fight, round after round, blindly, instinctively.

He was still boring in, unable to see the mark at which he was constantly shooting, when in the forty-second round, one of his blind shots hit Gans low and the latter was awarded the decision on a foul.

It was this fight that started "Tex" Rickard to thinking about the startling new possibilities of the boxing game.

He had intended to "Ballyhoo" Goldfield, the Gans-Nelson fight being merely the first thing that came to his hand as an instrument to this end.

What he really accomplished wasn't to become apparent until some years later—he had found a field in which he was to add new lustre to physical prowess in the ring, new wealth to those who attain it, new standards of judgment on the part of those who had held views opposed to it.

Thus the Gans-Nelson fight becomes one of the principal milestones in ring history.

An Old Title Passes in a New Way

(Continued from page 7)

battle of his career, a contest in which he was the American representative against a foreign invader, he was being hooted.

The extent to which this *faux pas* reacted against Sharkey was evident from the start. He bit his lips, knelt in his corner as if in silent prayer, turned pale and his eyes almost popped out of his head. Sitting within ear-shot in the working press section, I heard Sharkey remark to his manager, Johnny Buckley:

"That's fine! I'll show 'em. I'll pop him silly."

With that spirit aroused in him, it became evident that the Boston Strong Boy would go in and outdo himself in an effort to win. To him, victory after that razzing which rang in his ears and preyed on his mind, would have been sweet revenge.

Sharkey since has informed me that his greatest desire after that unkind reception, was to knock Herr Max silly.

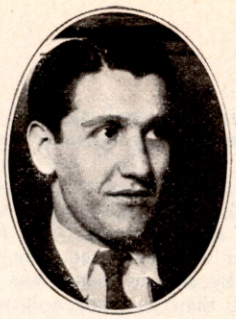
"When I thought the opportunity had presented itself to me late in that fourth round to put him out, I let fly that left hook. I figured it would land in midsection, in fair territory. I had no idea it would reach the groin, and had the German not raised himself high on his toes and twisted his body half way around, the punch would have caught him in the solar plexus and I would have scored the same kind of a knockout that Fitz got over Corbett," said Jack.

It was obvious that Sharkey's sole intent when he delivered that wild swing was to punish "The Idol of the Hour" and avenge himself on the hostile gathering by scoring a quick knockout. And that is where he lost the fight. It was just a few seconds before the punch was delivered that Schmeling caught Sharkey with a left to the jaw that brought a wild ovation for the invader, an ovation that aroused the spirit of Sharkey. I mention this to show how the flag incident, psychologically, contributed to the defeat of Sharkey.

Whether the memory of the foul will have its effect on Sharkey in a return engagement, remains to be seen. It is my opinion that the Boston Strong Boy will perform even better in such a match because of his desire to get back into the good graces of the public. Unless he shows a disposition to become nervous, the Sharkey who will face Schmeling for the second time should be better fitted to take the measure of the invader, and based on his work in the first encounter, I'll again string along with him to carry off the bacon.

While many experts still feel that Schmeling's plan of battle was what made him appear so mediocre in the Milk Fund tilt, I cannot agree with them. He was simply outclassed by a more experienced, cleverer fighter, a greater ring general. Unless Schmeling changes his plan for the return mill and is capable of putting forth the same brand of performance as he did against Paulino and Risko, he will find himself again on the receiving end as in the Yankee Stadium contest.

It will take an exceptional Schmeling to whip Sharkey in their return tilt.



On the HIGHWAYS of NEW YORK

BY EDDIE BORDEN

COMMENTING on the Sharkey-Schmeling fight, I take issue with those who think that Sharkey would have stopped the German. I agree with other critics in declaring that Sharkey was leading by a wide margin. It was also agreed that Sharkey had Schmeling in distress in the third heat. But the fact remains that it was a scheduled fifteen round battle and anything could have happened in the remaining distance.

Sharkey is well established as a front runner. He gets off to a good start and maintains that lead unless something radical occurs. Schmeling was doing better in the fourth round than at any stage of the battle, and considering the fact that he was subjected to a severe pummelling in the previous session and that he was in full possession of his physical faculties after he had passed through a crisis in the round before, it is reasonable to assume, so far as I can see, that he might have come on stronger as Sharkey's confidence was diminishing. That is why I differ with those who think Sharkey would have stopped Schmeling. It is my opinion that Maxie would have been the victor had the bout continued.

Only a return match will definiely decide the issue between them. In spite of the unfortunate foul ending, Schmeling is entitled to the laurels of WORLD'S HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION until proven that he is not qualified for the crown. They were fighting for that honor and the official decision automatically removes any doubt as to his eligibility to the throne.

Sol Gold and Frank Jacobs have opened a suite of offices for the transaction of business affairs in the management of Jack Kid Berg, Sammy Dorfman, Nel Tarleton, Petey Hayes and Joey Marks. They will be located at 745 Seventh Ave., and phone Circle 5875.

The Madison Square Garden Corporation for the fiscal year ending May 28, 1930, showed net receipts of $2,274,062 for thirty-five boxing shows which shows beyond any doubt that boxing belongs to high class business ventures. This strikes an average of $64,973 for each show. The biggest receipts for one show was the Schmeling-Paulino fracas which netted $378,902 and the smallest gate was Fidel La Barba and Bushy Graham which drew $14,894.

Madison Square Garden receipts from May 1929 to June 1930, follow:

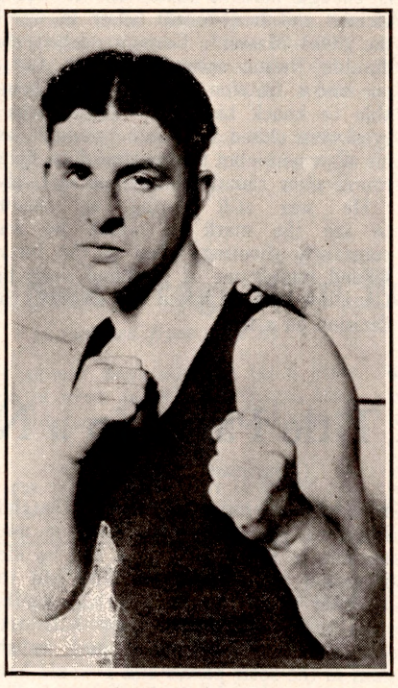
Date	Main Bouts	Net Receipts
1929		
June 27	Schmeling vs. Uzcudun	$378 902.00
July 16	Loughran vs. Braddock	138,800.00
Aug. 29	Singer vs. Chocolate	178,650.05
Sept. 12	Griffiths vs. Hayman	26,699.31
Sept. 26	Sharkey vs. Loughran	254,501.01
Oct. 3	Terris vs. Loayza	22,811.21
Oct. 11	Singer vs. Zazzerino	66,358.48
Oct. 16	Canzoneri vs. Farr	20,284.90
Oct. 21	Singer vs. Abad	94,682.00
Nov. 4	Huat vs. Schwartz	17,300.72
Nov. 16	Rosenbloom vs. Braddock	36,709.45
Nov. 22	De Vos vs. Ebbets	27,184.30
Nov. 29	Singer vs. Nebo	49,397.73
Dec. 9	Scott vs. Von Porat	85,561.00
Dec. 13	McLarnin vs. Goldstein	87,750.81
Dec. 20	Morgan vs. Bass	28,380.73
Dec. 27	Griffiths vs. Risko	35,847.64
1930		
Jan. 3	Lomski vs. Rosenbloom	23,297.17
Jan. 10	Von Porat vs. Uzcudun	46,406.74
Jan. 17	Canzoneri vs. Berg	54,008.43
Jan. 24	Carnera vs. Peterson	60,141.52
Jan. 31	Singer vs. Loayza	51,694.25
Feb. 14	Rosenbloom vs. Hudkins	49,352.29
Feb. 21	Johnson vs. Latzo	33,346.75
Feb. 28	Sandwina vs. Bertazzola	15,185.79
March 10	Rosenbloom vs. Johnson	48.820.00
March 14	Canzoneri vs. Loayza	26,599.02
March 21	Chocolate vs. Ridgeway	50,574.36
March 24	Campolo vs. Risko	46,852.00
March 28	McLarnin vs. Thompson	66,189.71
April 4	Kid Berg vs. Glick	34,662.23
April 11	Rosenbloom vs. Johnson	49,458.00
May 16	Wolgast vs. La Morte	15,127.56
May 23	Singer vs. Fernandez	37.630.51
May 28	La Barba vs. Graham	14,894.36
		$2,274,062.03

Joe Roth of Denver is around town extolling the praises of Eddie Mack and Eddie Murdock, two products of the middle west. Mack and Murdock are both recognized headliners and should have no trouble in keeping busy here.

Ted "Kid" Nelson, former Swedish welterweight, is touting the ability of Walter Palm, recent amateur graduate. Since turning professional, Palm has scored three kayos and one decision victory in four starts.

Jimmy Hennessy, who trained Tom Heeney for his championship battle with Gene Tunney and lesser affairs, is handling the reins of Eddie Reilly, West Side lightweight. Reilly came into prominence when he defeated the veteran Babe Herman in Poughkeepsie a short time ago and needless to say, Eddie is Irish.

Jack Kid Berg added another kayo to his list when he stopped Al Delmont in the fourth round at Dreamland Park, Newark. Berg still claims the world's junior welterweight title in addition to being the outstanding lightweight contender.



Jack Kid Berg

Charley Harvey is back in action after an enforced absence due to several unfortunate accidents that hindered his hustling activities. Tom Heeney is training for some impending matches and Harry Mason, who captured the British welterweight championship from Jack Hood, and also in under the Harvey banner, has engaged in bouts with Joe Dundee and Bucky Lawless. Although he lost both times, Mason made a fine showing and expects to do much better in the future. All hands are waiting for Harvey to get into the big money again. The veteran is well liked and a credit to the sport.

Mickey Cohen, Cleveland youngster, is around New York and expects to make things hum with action. His first bout in this section resulted in a draw with Bud Walley and his second a victory over some youngster in Jersey City.

Lew Burston, who brought Rene De Vos to this country and started him on his successful career, is occupying the offices of Jimmy Bronson while the latter is searching Europe for a good heavyweight.

Burston is partners with Jack Sheehan in the management of Sid Silas, promising Brooklyn featherweight, and also directs the affairs of Bud Walley, dynamic Singapore flyweight, and Francisco Magnelli, Argentine bantam.

Magnelli came to this country a total stranger but turned in two notable victories over Sammy Farber and Joe Siclairi in Brooklyn and then found himself officially recognized by the Argentine Boxing Commission as their bantamweight champion, the honor coming as an unexpected surprise.

It is hardly likely that Tom McArdle, matchmaking genius for Madison Square Garden, needs any assistance from us but we are taking the liberty of suggesting names of boxers from various parts of the country who would develop into attractions if given their opportunity at the Garden. They are all past the "taking a chance" stage and would be sure to make their mark.

Beginning with heavyweights; Frankie Simms and Gene Stanton of Cleveland and Max Baer and Frankie Campbell of the Pacific Coast. Billy Jones, colored light heavyweight from Philadelphia. Joe Zelinsky, Boston middleweight. Paul Pirrone of Cleveland and Morrie Sherman of Detroit, welterweights. Tony Herrera and Harry Dublinsky, Chicago lightweights, and Goldie Hess of the Coast. In the 130 pounds ranks, there is Eddie Mack of Denver, Roger Bernard of Flint, and Maurice Moltzer in New York. Tommy Paul of Buffalo, Freddy Graham of Cincinnati, and Johnny Datto of Cleveland, and Lew Feldman of Brooklyn among the feathers, and Harry Fierro, Chicago bantamweight.

Maxey Rosenbloom stepped into the heavyweight division to bang out a victory over George Hoffman at the opening outdoor show of the Queensboro Stadium. Rosenbloom slapped and cuffed his way through ten rounds and had Hoffman bewildered by the speed of his attack.

Tony Canzoneri showed that he still belongs to the elite of the lightweight division by the decisive manner in which he trimmed Joe Glick at Ebbets Field. Canzoneri scored two knockdowns and held the lead all the way. Pete Nebo gained an unpopular verdict over Sid Terris in the semi-final while Lew Feldman showed his class against Georgie Goldberg in the opening ten-rounder.

Another of the old brigade in the managerial squad passed away recently in Jack Dougherty, the genial, good natured old scout who spent forty-five years in the boxing game as a manager.

Jack managed Al McCoy when the latter held the middleweight title and was handling Benny Brostoff, Brooklyn youngster, before he expired.

Al Weill staged a whizz-bang attraction to the visiting fans prior to the Sharkey-Schmeling fracas when Jack Kid Berg released his artillery against Herman Perlick at the Queensboro Stadium the night before the big fuss. Newspapermen and fans who had read about this English phenom in different parts of the country witnessed the efforts of the "Human Dynamo" and were treated to some thrills.

Berg has a unique, distinct style and that is to set the pace with punches and for ten rounds the spectators saw a whirlwind setto with Perlick offering stubborn resistence and giving him quite a battle. Berg had too much endurance and stamina in reserve for the Kalamazoo lad and galloped home to victory after a smashing fight.

Willie Siegel whipped Henry Perlick in the first ten-rounder, and Sammy Dorfman outspeeded Johnny Farr in their ten-round session.

Al Weill knows his fights and fighters and while he's at the helm, Queensboro fans are certain to be treated to splendid cards.

Maurice Cain, who is campaigning on the Pacific Coast with Jack McVey, sends word that McVey turned in another knockout victory, this time over Joe Bitto. Jack has been doing so well that Dave Shade and Ace Hudkins have refused offers to meet him.

Maurice also reports that he witnessed in action, one Abie Israel of Portland, Oregon, and declares him the greatest prospect he has seen in years for little fellows. Israel has scored seventeen kayoes in twenty professional starts and Cain may bring him back East when he returns.

Eddie Mack, of Denver, got off to a great start in this vicinity when he stopped Joey Abrams in the final round of their ten-round scrap at Dexter Park. Abrams has fought Ray Miller, Stanislaus Loayza and other stars but this is the first time he ever failed to go the distance. Eddie Murdock, a stablemate of Mack's, also started on the right hand side of the ledger when he defeated Emil Rossi in the semi-final.

That demon foul invaded Ebbets Field when Pete Latzo was credited with winning through that medium over Larry Johnson in the sixth round. Johnson was winning the fight handily and floored Latzo in the same round that Pete won on a foul. Harry Smith, scaling under the middleweight limit, banged out a decisive victory over Yale Okun in the ten-round semi-final. This Smith is no bargain for any middleweight in the country and has been forced to step out of his class to secure engagements. All the 160 pounders that could possibly whip Smith can be counted on one finger.

Anyone who follows up the monthly compilation of boxers gathered together on another page will possibly notice the absence of Jimmy McLarnin from the ranking position in the welterweight division, in the July issue of THE RING. This was purely an oversight. In making up this list we try to keep the active contenders inserted and it seems that Jimmy, for an outstanding contender, fights less often than a champion, and his name was inadvertently omitted.

Every time there is brought to attention of a manager "making" a fighter there will be another instance of a manager "breaking" one, just to balance the scales of justice. Every time we notice the name of Nipper Pat Daley in public prints we can't help but realize what the American public was deprived of when they failed to see this sterling British youngster at the age of seventeen, totally burned out and his fighting spark utterly extinguished.

Daley was knocked out again the other week by Nobby Baker, a rank substitute, in thirteen rounds. Three years ago, at the age of fourteen, Daley looked like one of those prize phenoms that spring up with every generation. A fast, speedy scientific exponent of British boxing style, he had every requisite of a coming champion. Too many gruelling fifteen-round engagements deprived him of his strength and stamina and now, at the age when he should begin his fistic career, he is practically finished.

Primo Carnera's triumph over George Godfrey, although on a foul, proved the Italian to be a great prospect. It is a pity that his victory was tainted with the stain of foul. Carnera's showing has put many newspapermen to shame who thought that he possessed no ability whatever and merely attained his reputation through the series of flukey knockouts over setups.

The real trouble was that the Carnera management under-estimated the fighting powers of the Venetian. They saw a million dollar proposition in this Italian and did not want to take any chance by getting him knocked off. After passing such an obstacle as Godfrey, Carnera need not hesitate to take on Schmeling or Sharkey. He proved his mettle in that Godfrey encounter and will have much more public support than he formerly enjoyed.

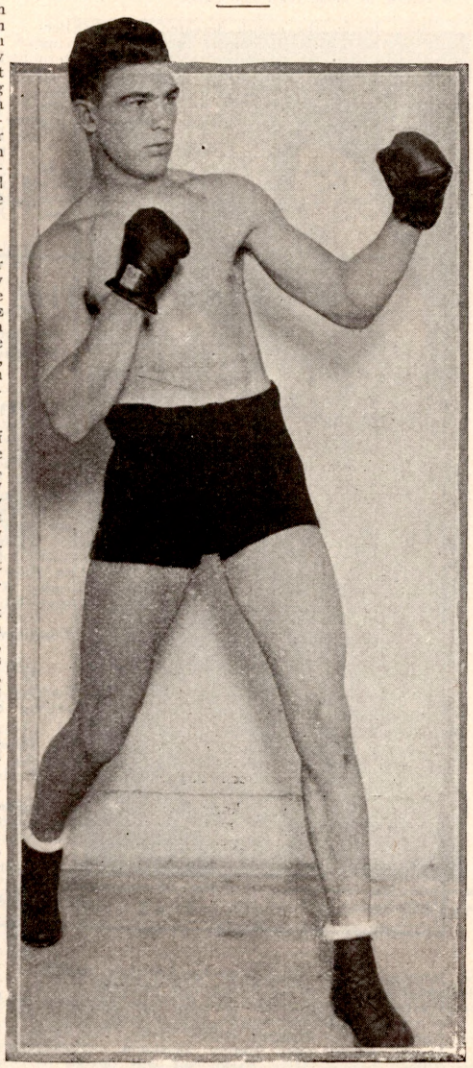
Schmeling's victory over Sharkey, Carnera's over Godfrey, Stribling's kayo over Von Porat, Risko's victory over Paulino, Compolo's kayo over Ruggirello should do considerable to revive interest in heavyweight circles. The heavyweights may not possess high class calibre but they appear to be evenly matched and it looks like a busy season for boxing and heavyweights in particular if they decide to show a little real fighting spirit.

The fistic assemblage that gathered around the Ritz-Carlton and Bellevue-Stratford in Philly the day of the Carnera-Godfrey fray resembled New York's Broadway and Forty-Second St. That fight aroused interest second only to Dempsey-Tunney when they fought at the Sesqui-Centennial and thousands of New Yorkers went over to see the carnage. The show promoted by Bobby Gunnis and Muggsy Taylor and ably assisted by Pete Moran went over in big league style and the visiting newspapermen were accorded first rate treatment.

Johnny Keyes and Jimmy Kelly, eminent partners in the management of Midget Wolgast, the mighty flyweight mite, have mighty good reason to feel proud of their protege. Wolgast is the speediest thing on two legs and is headed for a small sized fortune before he retires. His latest victim was Frankie Bauman in Jersey City and what Midget showed that night was enough to defeat 99% of the bantamweights.

Billy Ames, manager of Joe Zelinski, has been an ardent booster of his charge for several years. In spite of few adverses Billy enthusiastically stuck to his charge in trying circumstances and never tired in exploiting and shouting the praises of his protege to the universe. Bad hands, various ailments retarded his progress to a great extent but it appears as if he finally found himself.

Zelinski knocked out Vincent Forgione in three rounds, flooring him six times and followed that victory with a knockout over Izzy Grove in five rounds. Two good achievements which should bolster his morale greatly in the future.



Young Stribling

Georgie Levine, who rated as one of the best of welterweights and enjoyed a highly successful career in the boxing game, has been appointed matchmaker for the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club to supplant Jack Clifford.

Georgie is one of the swellest kids ever attached to the boxing game and has many friends who will help him along in his new undertaking. It's a tough assignment but he feels confident of tackling the job and making good.

Young Stribling re-established himself by his one-round kayo over Otto Von Porat. This was a shocking upset. It was hardly expected by the ring experts. Von Porat was considered the dangerous puncher and the Stribling punch places him right back again with the leaders.

The open air promoters are suffering their usual summer headaches with showers of rain and sudden postponements. Every summer the open-air impresario bravely prepares for the outdoor season to combat the elements but invariably. comes through second best. The Queensboro has had some bad breaks with uncertain weather and several rain postponements.

In commenting on Joe Jacobs, who is actually the manager of the world's heavyweight champion, there is nothing but admiration that can be extended in his direction. The question of how he secured Schmeling is aside from the point but the manner in which he adroitly handled Maxie's affairs and practically fought the world on his behalf, is cause for commendation.

Jacobs furnished plenty of moral support to Schmeling in that corner during the bout with Sharkey.

For sheer courageousness and fighting pugnacity among his other qualities, it would be difficult to find an equal to Tony Canzoneri for all-round fistic prowess. Canzoneri turned in a scintillating performance against Tommy Grogan at the Queensboro Stadium, winning the decision handily in a contest teeming with action. Canzoneri was on the floor in the second round for a nine count and was struck several low punches during the course of the fray but never once did he utter a complaint but continued his task and dropped Grogan in the eighth and fought with reckless abandon until the finish of the bout.

Nel Tarleton, British featherweight, stopped Frankie Marchese in the seventh round of the eight-round semi-final. Lew Paluso staged a fine battle to defeat Joe Barbara in the opening eight-rounder.

Gene Flaherty, a distinct type among fight managers, is boosting the prowess of Pete Jackson, colored bantamweight from Long Island City, who is going through a remarkable streak of knockout victories. In his last three contests Jackson did not allow his opponents to travel more than four rounds. He stopped Mike Rodiquez in two rounds and Mickey Durano and Young Kelly in one round apiece.

Harry Blitman, since coming to New York, turned in his second triumph under the management of Robert North. Harry took Midget Fox into camp at Atlantic City and threatens to raise plenty of Cain with the various junior-lightweights in the locality.

There is a promising amateur in the Bronx of New York City who answers to the name of Al Siegel. He is a lightweight and threatens to leave the simon pures to advance his cause among the money makers. If he has the ability, he should have no trouble in making the money.

A slapping engagement for the light-heavyweight championship of the world took place in Buffalo when Maxey Rosenbloom and Jimmy Slattery got together and Maxey outscrambled him and earned the rights to the 175 pound crown. Judging by the reports, it was a mighty close affair—in fact Referee Patsy Haley gave his decision to Slattery—but the two judges, George Kelly and George Partrick handed the palm to Maxey.

It wasn't much of a fracas but at least it permanently settled the question as to who was really the light-heavyweight king.

Justo Suarez, lightweight champion of South America, celebrated his debut in this country in the semi-final to Al Singer and Sammy Mandell at the Polo Grounds on July 17. Pitted against Joe Glick, veteran New York lightweight, it was a tough assignment to begin his activities with but judging by his past record, Suarez has everything to recommend him. His knockouts over Babe Herman, Lew Paluso, Hilario Martinez, Fred Webster and victory over Luis Vicentini is mute evidence of his caliber. In appearance, poise and general deportment, Suarez presents the picture of confident determination and appears to be the type that possesses real class.

Little Gasps—Primo Carnera is causing a private feud among the New York newspapermen—Abe Yager is still waiting to get his teeth fixed—Waiting for Leo "One Punch" Williams and Tony Martello to get that long anticipated "break"—Eddie Walker is living in a world of his own at the Victoria Hotel—His ruminations have been interrupted lately by the presence of Charley Ernst and Henry Miellin—his two French gladiators—Al Weill is making the Queensboro Stadium a paying proposition in spite of the well wishes of George Smith and Eddie Walker—Lew Stillman, Doc Schiff and many other notable citizens of New York shudder at the approach of Henry Miellin—There's a good reason—Henry happens to look like Ben Turpin and those gents happen to be slightly superstitious—Did you know that there are three fellows that look like Jack Berg in New York City?—Frank Jacobs, one of his managers, Marty Berg of the Bronx Home News and yours truly.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE month of June was an unusual one in the field of fistiana, with two world's champions crowned within the space of a fortnight. Max Schmelling gained his right to the world's heavyweight championship by winning from Jack Sharkey on a foul in four rounds, and Maxey Rosenbloom captured the rights to the 175-pound bauble by whipping Jimmy Slattery in a fifteen-round contest. Several other important heavyweight fights were fought. Primo Carnera finally established himself as a contender by his victory over George Godfrey in the fifth round, through the foul route. Carnera looked really impressive. He is destined for great things if his handlers enter him with high class competition. Young Stribling -came through with a thud by his one-round kayo over Otto Von Porat and Ernie Schaaf defeated Tommy Loughran in the high spots of the month.

The balance of activity in the heavyweight class are as follows: Stribling, in addition to the Von Porat triumph, defeated Frankie Wine. Von Porat kayoed Jack Gagnon in six rounds. Wine was also beaten by John Schwake. Carnera flattened K. O. Christner in four rounds, besides the Godfrey victory. Johnny Risko must still be counted in the running through his clean-cut victory over Paulino Uzcudun.

Vittorio Campolo, giant Argentinian, flattened Salvatore Ruggirello in three rounds and Marty Gallagher also stopped Ruggy in eight sessions. Tuffy Griffiths kayoed Cowboy Billy Owens in five rounds. Harold Mays conquered Jimmy Braddock. Al Fay scored over George Hoffman.

Charley Retzlaff scored a one-round kayo over Tom Sayers. Frankie Campbell disposed of Tom Kirby in three heats. Tony Galento scored a one-round kayo over Wild Bill Matthews and a victory over Ted Sandwina. Babe Hunt outpointed Carl Carter. Frank Simms and Benny Touchstone fought a draw. Hein Muller stopped Armando De Carlos in eight rounds.

Ralph Ficucello stopped Jim Bennett in two rounds, Piet Brand in three rounds and was beaten by Bob Olin. Henry Lamar whipped Mateo Osa. Seal Harris won on a foul over Walter Cobb in the fifth round. Max Baer kayoed Buck Weaver in one session. Buddy Howard kayoed Vincent Babin in one round and George La Rocco in eight.

Maxey Rosenbloom gained the goal of his ambition by winning the light-heavyweight title from Jimmy Slattery. He also defeated George Hoffman. Slattery and Pet Latzo went seven rounds before their battle was declared "no contest" in Boston. Latzo was credited with winning on a foul over Larry Johnson in six rounds. Lew Scozza outpointed Chuck Burns and Tony Shucco. Burns whipped Al Gainor while Gainor scored knockouts over Murray Gitlitz in five rounds and Ralph Barbara in the first.

Billy Jones stopped Jack Silvers in four rounds in Philadelphia. Leo "One Punch" Williams defeated Izzy Grove. Leo Lomski and Fred Lenhart battled to a draw. Joe Banovic defeated Charley Belanger. Roy Wallace kayoed Johnny Mason in four rounds.

IN the middleweight class, Dave Shade turned in the best victory by trimming Ace Hudkins on the Pacific Coast. Harry Smith, New York colored boy, kayoed Billy Franklin in two rounds and defeated Yale Okun. Jack McVey is going great on the Pacific Coast. He whipped Joe Peregrina and kayoed Joe Bitto in nine rounds.

Joe Zelinsky asserted himself by registering knockouts over Vincent Forgione in three rounds, Izzy Grove in five and Joe Gainor in four. Gorilla Jones scored twice over Vincent Forgione and also over Henry Goldberg.

Young Ketchel whipped Pat Haley but was beaten by Vince Dundee. Johnny Oakey kayoed Doc Conrad in the tenth round. Vittorio Livan beat Haakon Hansen in Chicago. Bert Colima whipped Homer Sheridan. Henry Firpo outpointed Buster Mallini. Pal Silvers won on a foul from Leo Laribee in six rounds.

Young Jack Thompson is making things hum as the welterweight champion. During the month he turned in three knockout victories. He stopped Joe Cordoza in three rounds, Bermondsey Billy Wells in two and Jimmy Dolan in three. Jackie Brady whipped Al Wolgast but was beaten by Johnny Indrisano. Bucky Lawless whipped Harry Mason and Abe Lichtenstein. Mason was also beaten by Joe Dundee.

Tommy Freeman outpointed Billy Alger. Sam Bruce scored over K. O. Kelly. Billy Angelo turned in kayos over Nate Goldman in four rounds and Shuffle Callahan in two sessions. Farmer Joe Cooper trimmed Joe Trippe. Murray Elkins stopped Young Terry in seven rounds. Freddy Polo scored over Danny Cooney and Tommy Jones bested Johnny Rich. Tommy Rios outpointed Spike Webb.

ALTHOUGH Jack Kid Berg rules over the junior welterweight division, it is hardly fair to take away from him the position of ranking contender for the lightweight crown that he enjoys. Berg belongs next to Sammy Mandell and in order not to confuse his identity as a legitimate 135-pounder, we have placed him in both divisions—the first time I've ever listed a fellow in more than one class.

Berg during the month defeated Herman Perlick and kayoed Al Delmont in four rounds. King Tut won over My Sullivan. Manuel Quintero whipped Red Herring. Baby Joe Gans kayoed Paddy Creedon in the sixth round. Billy Townsend kayoed Jack Purvis in three rounds. Eddie Murdock whipped Emil Rossi. Rossi bested Frankie La Fay.

Stanislaus Loayza defeated Pinky Kaufman in Hartford. Joey Goodman scored over Harry Scott. Ralph Lenny turned in victories over Henry Perlick, Frankie Belanger and Al Gahn.

Tod Morgan and Santiago Zorilla fought a draw. Steve Smith kayoed Frankie Diaz in four rounds.

The ten best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Bud Walley, Singapore, S. S.
Bantamweight—Francisco Magnelli, Buenos Aires.
Featherweight—Danny Taub, Philadelphia, Pa.
Junior-Lightweight—Juan Cepeda, Chile.
Lightweight—Billy Lynch, Providence, R. I.
Junior-Welterweight—Eddie McKenna, New York City.
Welterweight—Red Affinito, New York City.
Middleweight—Solly Krieger, New York City.
Light-Heavyweight—Dan Gasparo, Chicago, Ill.
Heavyweight—Steve Hamas, Passaic, N. J.

BATTLING BATTALINO, featherweight titleholder, was beaten in an overweight match by Cecil Payne in Cincinnati. Fidel La Barba defeated Bushy Graham. Earl Mastro trounced Ward Sparks. Bud Taylor kayoed Jackie Johnston in two and Johnny Pee Wee Kaiser in three rounds. Kaiser kayoed Kid Adams in five rounds. Eddie Shea stopped Bobby Allen in two heats.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF JUNE

The following are my ratings for the month ending June 26:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights	Junior-Welterweights
World's Champion Max Schmeling	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	World's Champion Mickey Walker	World's Champion Young Jack Thompson	World's Champion Jack Kid Berg
1—Jack Sharkey	Jimmy Slattery	Dave Shade	Jimmy McLarnin	King Tut
2—Young Stribling	Larry Johnson	Rene De Vos	Jackie Fields	Manuel Quintero
3—Primo Carnera	Lew Scozza	Harry Smith	Young Corbett	Baby Joe Gans
4—Johnny Risko	Pete Latzo	Joe Zelinsky	Johnny Indrisano	Tommy Grogan
5—Victorio Campolo	Billy Jones	Jack McVey	Bucky Lawless	Joe Glick
6—George Godfrey	Joe Banovic	Roy Williams	Sammy Baker	Joe Medill
7—Ernie Schaaf	Leo Williams	Gorilla Jones	Paul Pirrone	Stanislaus Loayza
8—Tuffy Griffiths	George Courtney	Len Harvey	Tommy Freeman	Eddie Murdock
9—Paulino Uzcudun	Leo Lomski	Wesley Ketchell	Murray Elkins	Billy Townsend
10—Otto Von Porat	Fred Lenhart	Harry Ebbets	Morrie Sherman	Pinky Kaufman

Lightweights	Junior-Lightweights	Featherweights	Batamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Sammy Mandell	World's Champion Benny Bass	World's Champion Battling Battalino	Title Vacant	Title Vacant
1—Jack Kid Berg	Eddie Mack	Kid Chocolate	Al Brown	Midget Wolgast
2—Tony Canzoneri	Al Foreman	Earl Mastro	Kid Francis	Frankie Genaro
3—Al Singer	Pete Nebo	Fidel La Barba	Vidal Gregario	Willie Davies
4—Louis Kid Kaplan	Cecil Payne	Bud Taylor	Archie Bell	Black Bill
5—Tony Herrera	Johnny Farr	Eddie Shea	Joe Scalfaro	Phil Tobias
6—Billy Wallace	Sammy Fuller	Bushy Graham	Pete Sanstol	Frenchy Bellange
7—Andy Callahan	Roger Bernard	Lew Massey	Demencio Bernasconi	Art Giroux
8—Bruce Flowers	Maurice Holtzer	Freddy Miller	Dick Corbett	Speedy Dado
9—Ray Miller	Honeyboy Finnegan	Tommy Paul	Harry Fierro	Steve Rocco
10—Sammy Dorfman	Harry Blitman	Johnny Datto	Jimmy Harvey	Pablo Dano

Johnny Melton was beaten by Armando Aguilar and Charley Rosen. Rosen also defeated Harry Wallace. Aguilar was licked by Artie De Lucca. Harry Kid Brown scored over Jimmy Abbott. Jimmy Lundy whipped Benny Duke, Pee Wee Jarrell scored over Jimmy Goodrich. Hubert Gillis trimmed Mike Sarko but was beaten by Solly Ritz.

Sammy Mandell, the lightweight leader, turned in one knockout triumph during the month, stopping Izzy Cline in three rounds. Tony Canzoneri, performing with rare brilliance, scored victories over Joe Glick and Tommy Grogan. Tony Herrera stopped Augie Pisano in four rounds and engaged in a "no contest" affair with Eddie Elkins that lasted three rounds.

Louis Kid Kaplan, back in form again, defeated Joe Medill and Tommy Crowley. Andy Callahan scored over Sammy Fuller. Bruce Flowers stopped Harry Wallace in six rounds and defeated Herman Perlick. Ray Miller won over Sammy White. Sammy Dorfman outpointed Johnny Farr. Harry Carlton kayoed Tony Melore in nine rounds.

Benny Bass, reigning in the junior lightweight brigade, knocked out Eddie Anderson and whipped Joey Goodman. Anderson defeated Joey Rivers. Eddie Mack stopped Joey Abrams in the tenth round in Brooklyn. Pete Nebo scored over Sid Terris. Harry Blitman whipped Midget Fox.

Nel Tarleton, English feather, stopped Frankie Marchese in the seventh round. Andy Martin kayoed Benny Kid Carter in two rounds. Midget Mike O'Dowd bested Jimmy Reed. Sammy Hackett outscored Billy Shaw. Willie Feldman whipped Georgie Goldberg, Mickey Doyle and Arthur De Champlaine. De Champlaine won over Charley Von Deeden.

Al Brown, leader of the bantams, is setting a fast pace for others to follow. He kayoed Johnny McCoy in seven rounds, Benny Brostoff in two rounds, Milton Cohen in one and defeated Mickey Doyle, of Scranton. Pete Sanstol defeated Domencio Bernasconi and Bobby Cleary.

Peter Jackson kayoed Mike Rodriquez in two rounds and Mickey Durano and Young Kelly in one apiece. Ollie Bartlett scored over Happy Atherton. Johnny Pena stopped Eddie Reed in six rounds and whipped Frankie Minerva.

Harry Fierro drew with Jimmy Harvey.

Midget Wolgast, flyweight king, defeated Frankie Bauman. Frankie Genaro whipped Frenchy Bellanger and kayoed Little Jeff in two rounds. Willie Davies won from Black Bill and Rautier Parra. Phil Tobias and Frankie Kid Anslem went five rounds in a bout which was rendered "no contest." Bert Kirby kayoed George Aziz in twelve rounds in England. Marty Gold outpointed Quina Lee and Harry Goldstein kayoed Al De Cruz in seven rounds.

FROM THE NUTMEG STATE
By STEVE KELLY

PROMOTER Joe Chimbole, of the Stamford Sporting Club, is building a large open-air fight arena, right in the heart of Stamford. With the same class of action cards as he put on at Columbus Hall, Stamford fans will have real fights.

Rudy Marshall, Stamford middleweight, has changed managers. Willie Connors is the new pilot and Willie knows the game.

Eddie Moore, Bridgeport's sensational welterweight, is piling up victories. Eddie was the only welter in Connecticut to register a win over Lou Broulliard.

Steve Smith came back to the wars after a two months rest and registered a kayo over Cuban Frankie Diaz in four rounds. Georgie Paulin, state flyweight champ, is back on the active list again.

Mike Esposito, Stamford feather who has boxed some of the best in the game, is home again and after a brief rest, will resume activities, under a new manager.

Joe K. O. D'Andrea's two recent wins over Bill Dube and Tommy Brown, put him in the front ranks of the six-round boys.

Rudy Marshall was butted over the eye by Johnny Kerr of Bayonne, the cut forcing Rudy to give up.

Knockout Al Gainor, New Haven's colored lightheavy, has won nine out of ten professional fights via the knockout route. Gainor is easily one of the best prospects in the East and should go a long way if handled properly.

George Mulligan, Waterbury fight promoter, is running weekly pro and amateur shows and they are crammed full of action.

Charlie Brown, of New Haven has a stable of real fighters, including Romeo DuBois, 122 lbs., Tony Travers, welter, Alex Tourraine, lightweight, Joe Triano, flyweight, and Spike Marino.

Lou Bogash, one time middleweight contender, has a pocket edition of Primo Carnera, in a 17-year-old boy, just two months over from Italy. "Young" Primo Carnera, has won his first four fights and he weighs 175 lbs.

Fight promoters, throughout the state, report good attendance and a prosperous season for the outdoor shows.

"Chainstore" Dick Gray, New Haven's popular promoter, is running three shows a week, one at New Haven, one at Waterbury and another at Hartford.

Lon Anger and Al Caroly are running weekly shows at Walnut Beach Stadium, featuring the best talent in New England.

The Bridgeport Police Benefit Bouts at Newfield Park were well attended by a crowd of 7500 fans.

Jackie Harmon was rated among the best prospects in the flyweight ranks, but he will have to get by Georgie Paulin, state champ, who holds a decision over Jackie. Fans will also remember Joe K. O. D'Andrea registering two knockuts in ten days over Jackie Harmon, when Harmon was state champion.

Connecticut patrons of the sport can thank Commissioner Tom Donohue for providing the rule which has practically done away with foul blows ending fights in this state. If a fighter is fouled he is given time to rest and if unable to continue, then both fighters have to meet at a future date and fight over again before they are paid. Connecticut may not have the world's largest arenas, but they have one of the world's best boxing commissioners, in the person of Thomas E. Donahue.

Tony Sessa, Stamford welter, will start swinging leather upstate very shortly. Tony is a puncher and a crowd pleaser.

Frankie Curcio became careless in his bout with Steve Culver and Culver registered a kayo in the sixth. First time Curcio has been knocked out.

Kayo Morgan, Stamford's eccentric bantam, has returned from the Southland and may be seen in action against Jimmy Bones, Johnny Pena or some other good boy. Willie Lewis, won over Eddie Conley in eight rounds.

The writer has the only amateur boxing team in Stamford and is anxious to show them upstate.

Al Manley won over Swat Milligan in three rounds.

Young Corbett of Greenwich won the decision over Al Koda of Stamford.

Steve Smith and Jimmy Bones are to have it out at Walnut Beach. For five years promoters have failed to match this pair, and it remained for Lou Anger and Al Caroly to put it over.

Come on you managers and promoters in the northern part of the state, get busy and shoot in your news and views to the writer before the 15th of each month. Address me:—Steve Kelly, 21 Ludlow Place, Stamford, Conn.
I would like pictures of fighters for publication in THE RING, the world's foremost boxing magazine.

George T. N. T. Gibbons returned to Waterbury after five years at the Lakewood Arena and scored a sensational victory over Georgie Woods, of New Jersey. T. N. T. lived up to his name and showed that he still has the old wallop.

Steve Culver, Blond Tiger of Bridgeport. Weighs 145 pounds

Connie Mello, Waterbury lightweight, is returning to the ring after a four-month layoff. Connie has been on the shelf with a fractured rib but is training hard for a comeback.

CONNECTICUT NOTES
By WALTER RYAN

THE weather of the past month has put a crimp in outdoor boxing throughout the state. Rain has caused the postponements of several shows and the promoters are having a tough time making both ends meet. Ed Hurley had to cancel his opening show at the East Hartford Velodrome three times before he finally staged it, while Phil Coppeto's Lakewood Arena club suffered a like number of cancellations. Several other clubs in the state were forced to call off shows.

Despite the weather, the fans are still craving for bouts. In Waterbury alone there are two clubs, George Mulligan promoting at his arena and Phil Coppeto running the Lakewood Arena. Both clubs have been giving the fans first class attractions and if the weather man will only behave it looks like a banner year.

Lou Kid Kaplan took the nod over Joey Medill, of Chicago, in Ed Hurley's Club in East Hartford. Joe Smith defeated Battling Tracey, of New York, in the semi-final eight and Johnny Pena, New York bantam, stopped Eddie Reed, Hartford, in six, and Young Granado knocked out Nick Christy in four.

At Waterbury, Lakewood Arena, Jackie Pilkington defeated Pete Petrolle in eight, Eddie Lord beat Ruby Greenberg, Johnny Pena beat Young Minerva, and Pete DeGrasse won over Ralph Nischo.

Pal Silvers, New York, won on a foul from Leo Larrivee, Waterbury, in six rounds at Mulligan's Arena, Waterbury.

Buddy Howard, New Haven, stopped George Larocco, New York, in the eighth round at the opening show at White City, New Haven. Al Gainor stopped Ralph Barbara in one and Sammy Gelber beat Kymore Kimura in eight.

Leo Larrivee, Waterbury middleweight, who is showing improvement in every start, is about ready to face the topnotchers in his division. Although he lost on a foul to Pal Silvers he was giving a good account of himself until the unfortunate ending.

Eddie Lord, Waterbury lightweight, is going West to meet the best men in his class. His manager, Lou Brown, has signed him to fight Ray Miller in Flint, Mich., this month.

Johnny Pena, New York bantam, is one of the best cards around the state right now. Pena has yet to be defeated in the Nutmeg State and is showing vast improvement every time he answers the bell.

Jack Kelly defeated Bill Kohut at the Lakewood Arena in eight. Buddy Howard stopped Vincent Babin in one and George T. N. T. Gibbons knocked out George Woods in the eighth round.

Two thousand fans turned out to see Lou Kid Kaplan defeat Tommy Crowley at George Mulligan's Arena, Waterbury. Leo Larrivee scored a sensational win over Mickey Feador and Patsy McGrath, Waterbury, defeated Georgie Day, New York.

Pete DeGrasse, Indian featherweight, scored a hot win in Waterbury in the manner he beat Ralph Nischo. Pete swarmed all over Nisho, winning every round.

Ernie Sims, Naugatuck lightweight, has been going good in the professional ranks. He has won his two pro battles by knockouts. This kid looks like a comer.

SOUTH JERSEY NOTES
By ARCHIE PIROLLO

WITH the Northside A. C., in Atlantic City keeping their doors open all summer in addition to a few special open-air shows at the Bacharach Park, lovers of boxing vacationing there will see plenty of fistic action there this summer.

Midget Fox, suffered his first defeat in a long time in his encounter with Harry Blitman in Atlantic City by losing the referee's decision in a great bout. Blitman seems to be gaining his old form rapidly.

Jack Gross, Salem, N. J. heavyweight, has scored two consecutive knockouts since placing himself under the wing of the well-known Phil Glassman. Gross looks in better form right now than ever in his career.

Pete Pantaleo, Jr. lightweight, under the tutelage of the well-known Jimmy Costa, is becoming a star performer. His third-round knockout victory over Joe Powell in Millville was a surprise to the local fans.

Jimmy Coster, developer of stars is now training two champions, Benny Bass, Jr. lightweight champion and Midget Wolgast, flyweight champion. He is also training such boys as Billy Wallace, Emory Cabana, Jack Gross, The Hayes Brothers, Frankie and Johnny, and Matty White, bantam star.

Future stars who are bound to be heard of in this vicinity in the near future are, Nick Welsh, bantam, Lew Kaplan, welter, Solly Tripoli, welter, Jack Levinson, featherweight, Pete Pantaleo, featherweight, Danny Taub featherweight.

Jack Gross of Salem, resents the statement made that Max Hoff has given him the air. "We had a dispute and decided to split" says Gross, who is under the eye of Jimmy Coster.

Gossip from European Rings

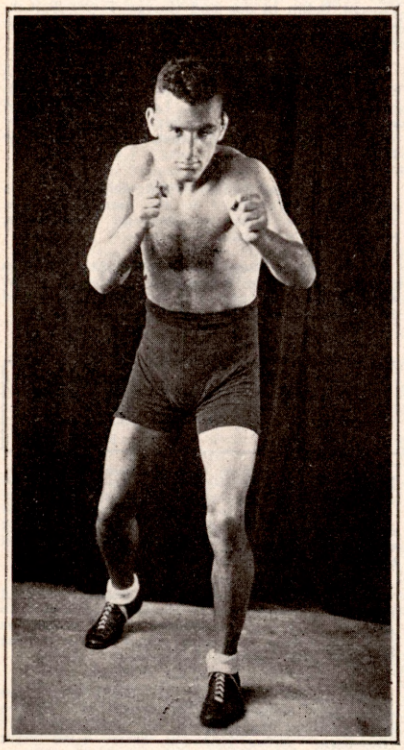
By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

THE latest sensation in French boxing circles is Henri Vuillamy, who has come forward in the last two months. Aime Raphael, who was the champion up to about two months ago, accepted a ten-round contest with him in the North of France, in which the title was at stake. Aime received a bad beating from Vuillamy who followed that with a knockout of the German champion, Jake Domoergen, in six sessions.

Promoter Jeff Dickson will conduct his Salle Wagram next fall and winter on Thursday nights instead of the usual Wednesday, as in the past six years. Jeff packs them in at every entertainment in the old historic boxing arena, on Avenue Wagram. The answer is—he gives his customers a run for their money every time.

Bobby Tassin, a hard-hitting French featherweight, suffered a setback in his drive for French and European titles when he was cleanly outpointed by Guy Bonaugure in a ten-round bout which was held under the auspices of Jeff Dickson, at the Salle Wagram arena of Paris.

Yvon Trevidic, who was so much in the limelight only a few months ago as a flyweight, is now fighting as a lightweight. He seems to be going out of the picture altogether, since his knock-out at the hands of Bobby Tassin.



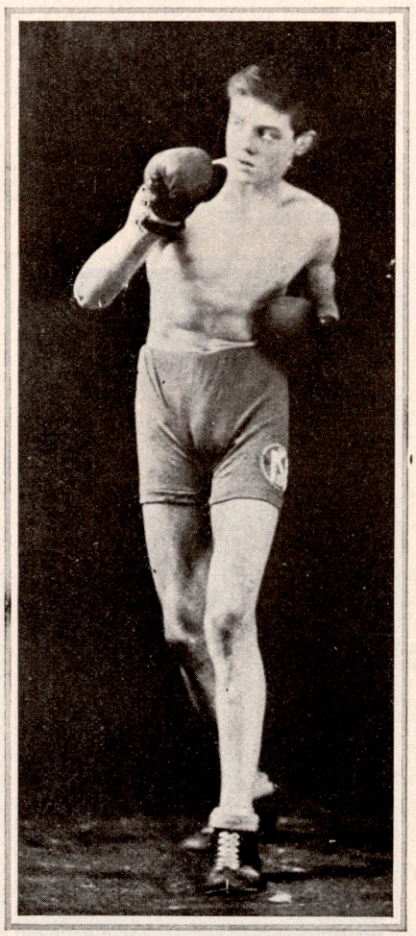
Guy Brennan, welterweight from Derry, Ireland, who is anxious to make an American invasion

There are several giants in Paris who are seeking fistic honors. One of the boys is bigger and heavier than Primo Carnera. Jeff Dickson has him under cover.

I understand that the French Boxing Federation is going to have two secret meetings to establish new rules for foul blows. We hope that they will bring out something very drastic for the opening of the indoor season in September. The quantity of foul blows last season in Paris outnumbers those of any two previous seasons.

Alf Mancini, of England, defeated the French boxer, Charlie Ollivan, in the fourth round of a scheduled fifteen-round bout.

Eugene Huat, the former flyweight, who is now boxing as a bantam, is under the management now of Bobby Diamond. The latter, who was a clever boxer a few years ago, is now a very experienced trainer of boxers, and in addition he is a very intelligent chap. The pair should make a good team.



Nipper Pat Daly, English lightweight who has met with reverses due to overwork

Louis Kessler, the welterweight champion of France, defeated Munoz in a ten-round bout at Alger. Kessler is one of the best welterweight boxers that France has developed in years.

Boxing has been run extremely clean throughout Europe during this season, there have been very few disqualifications for infractions of the rules. The International Boxing Federation keeps a firm grip on the boxers, managers and promoters, a fact which accounts for the clean running of the sport.

Pierre Gandon of France, is now looked upon as the coming middleweight champion of Europe. He recently defeated Marin, another French battler, in a bout held at the Salle Bullier club of Paris. Gandon will probably have a try at the European lightweight crown which is held by Marcell Thil of France, within a short time.

Hans Ziendors, the German lightweight champion met with disqualification in his bout with Dufore of France, for holding and hitting low.

Alf Howard, the Liverpool lightweight, who is billed in his home town as the European lightweight champion, which he is not, was knocked out in two rounds by the Belgian, Joe Bracke.

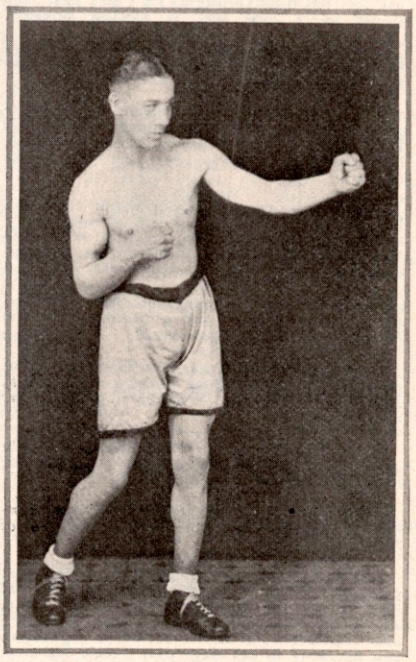
Wilbur Cohen, who is billed as the American-Jewish colored boxer, has been boxing very well at one of the local small clubs of Paris. His last match was against the French featherweight Poutrain. The bout which was at the distance of ten rounds was decided a draw. The majority of the audience were under the impression that Cohen should have been awarded the decision. Wilbur recently fought a draw with Andrie Regis, bantam champion of France.

George Aziz, the Egyptian flyweight champion, is making good in France and England.

Debeaumont, a lightweight, is a very clever young boxer who has graduated from the Paris nursery of boxing, the Central Sporting Club.

Jack Walker, the Italian-American, is fighting often and with success.

Lord Lonsdale, the Prince of British sportsmen, performed a magnanimous act by consenting to pay a three-days visit to Wales recently. In honor of his Lordship's visit, Welsh sportsmen of all classes arranged a three-days' sports carnival for the benefit of various charities. Donkey Derbies, Greyhound Racing and a Boxing tournament, for which valuable prizes were voluntarily given, were the chief attractions. They proved a sporting and financial success and several deserving institutions will benefit immensely. The Royal Infirmary of Cardiff, one of those to benefit, have decided to endow a bed in the name of boxing from the proceeds. The above institute already has a bed endowed to the memory of the late Jem Driscoll.



Jimmy Thornton, a two-fisted British scrapper

Ocky Davies, a Milford Haven Welsh milkman, has made remarkable progress in the roped square during the last few months. He has defeated some of the leading Welsh and English boxers. He obtained a draw with Gordon Cook, the lightweight champion of Wales, and another with Idris Jones (Ammanford) who is considered in running for the welterweight championship of Wales. Davies enhanced his ring record recently by defeating Leo Wax, the well-known Australian boxer.

The best boxing contest seen in Wales for some time was the bantamweight match that took place recently at Pontypridd between Terence Morgan (Newport) and Cuthbert Taylor (Merthyr). Both were out to establish their claim to be regarded as the rightful contender to the title held by Stan Jehu (Maesteg) with the result that a "needle" fight was witnessed. The referee failed to separate them at the finish but it was generally conceded that Morgan was the better man.

The fight between Scott and Stribling will draw a big gate in England.

Chatter from Great Britian

By TED BROADRIBB

EXCITEMENT is growing apace here over the Scott-Stribling "affair". Jeff Dickson has completed arrangements to stage the bout at The Wimbledon Dog Race Track and this is a happy choice, for this place is without doubt the finest outdoor stadium in England. Dickson has now got a following here and what is more, he has the confidence of the public.

Lionel Bettinson put over probably the best boxing show staged in England during the past 20 years, at the Olympia. The Dom Volante-Johnny Cuthbert scrap must take precedence although the whole program was of the very first order. Cuthbert's generalship just got him home by the narrowest of margins. Volante appeared to have the verdict in safe keeping up to the commencement of the final round. Then Johnny uncorked a smashing right to his opponent's chin, dazed Dom and lost him the round and fight.

Dick Corbett turned in a clever performance when he defeated Willie Smith in a clean scientific contest at the bantam limit. Baldock will be unable to side-step Bethnal Green's "Red-Head" now, as the B. B. B. C. have declared that Dick and Teddy must now meet.

Donald Shortland and Charlie Smith put up a slashing contest for 15 rounds, Smith pegging back the Sheffielder in the run-in and secured a popular and well deserved verdict.

Steve McColl, the young Scottish middleweight, proved that Len Harvey is no world-beater for he outboxed the champion in nearly every round, then he was caught by some hefty punches that were questionable and caused me to look up the rule which reads, a boxer can be disqualified for holding. Harvey is a great fighter and stacks a wicked punch, but his methods are not of the cleanest and one day some referee may tell him so.

The New "Ring" at Blackfrairs under the management of Victor Berliner, promises to revive the old glories of this famous "nursery." The "remedy" has been taken in time for the historic old building has been "sick" for some considerable time.

Johnny Peters is still, like "Johnny Walker", going strong. Shortly after his arrival in Australia and before he had shaken off the effects of the long sea voyage, he boxed a draw with Billy McAllister, the Australian bantam champion, and as the decision was not to the liking of the "Aussies", another meeting was arranged and this time Peters left no room for doubt for he K. O'ed the champion in the twelfth round. Now news is just at hand that a third meeting has taken place with the result that Johnny from Battersea has again K. O'ed McAllister, this time in round 14. These boys should know each other by now.

Len Johnson, the very able cruiserweight, finds great difficulty in obtaining opponents.

Followers of boxing here are greatly excited over the report just to hand that Jack (Kid) Berg and Kid Chocolate have been fixed up for a date in August at the Yankee Stadium, New York. Berg must weigh in at 134½ pounds.

The leading British boxing results for the past month follow:

At Premierland, in London—Jimmy Rowbotham K. O'ed Jim Ashley in the 12th round. Tosh Humphreys gained a clever points win over Jack Delaney. Selwyn Davies, the Welsh boy, gained a clear-cut victory over Kid Pattenden. Moe Moss outclassed Don Jeal over 10 rounds.

In what was announced as the first championship contest ever staged in the East-End of London, Al Foreman K. O'ed Fred Webster, the lightweight title holder in the first round of what was to have been a 15-round contest, so that Foreman is now the British champ of the light-brigade in addition to being the Canadian "guvnor". George Brown won a points decision over Alf Simmons.

Evan Lane of Wales is a very busy boy. He is making rapid strides. He cleverly outpointed Kid Farlo (another promising performer) in 15 very fast rounds. Harry Jennings stopped Jack Griffith in round 7. Charlie Webb registered a first-rate "come-back" when he stopped Sid Raiteri in 4 rounds.

At the Crystal Palace—Eddie Phillips outpointed Ted Giles in a dozen rounds, and Harry Connely stopped Freddie Green in the eighth round. In a minor featherweight competition confined to eight men, Bill Barnham came out the winner.

Wally Rice, after a terrific "mill", K. O'ed Jim Lawrence in the sixth round. Charlie Rowbotham was awarded the decision over Con Lewis. Lew Pinkus, who recently caused Teddy Baldock quite a lot of trouble, met more than his match when he was opposed to Evan Lane over 15 rounds. The latter was rightly acclaimed the winner. Jack Hyams, whose first fight it was since returning from America, had all his work cut out to get a points decision over George Brown. Harry Barber and Alf Patten boxed a clever 10-round draw.

At the Olympia, in London—A record night at this establishment when the National Sporting Club staged a program featuring Charlie Smith and Don Shortland. Smith won and is now qualified to oppose Scott for the British title. Len Harvey stopped Steve McCall in the ninth round and by doing so, made the Lonsdale middleweight belt his own.

Johnny Cuthbert also made the Lonsdale featherweight belt his own property when he gained a decision over Dom Volante in a thrilling bout. The last item, which was described as an Empire title bout, was between the two bantamweights, Dick Corbett and Willie Smith (South Africa). This contest was won by Corbett. Who is king of the bantams now? Young Dick, who has settled the aspirations of Pladner, Pattenden and Willie Smith in his last three engagements is surely entitled to a title bout with Baldock and public opinion will compel the once popular Teddy to either "come out" or "get out". Was ever such a program staged upon one and the same evening?

At the Ring—Billy Jones (Barnsley) outpointed Johnny Curley. Dave Danahar beat Jerry Sands. Billy Adair got a points decision over Glen Moody (Wales) and Jack Griffiths stopped Billy Green in round eight. Billy Bird beat Alec Thake. George Swinbourne stopped Billy Spiers in the third. Jim Hocking and Dick Jones (Wales) boxed a 15-round draw. Billy Boulger K. O'ed Sammy King in round six. Johnny Curley was rather unlucky to get only a draw decision in his bout with Sam Steward.

At Edmonton, in London—Charlie Mack won a great fight over Sam Walters in 15 rounds. Jack Boston beat George Greaves in another 15-round bout. Haydn Williams easily outpointed Donald Jones over 15 rounds. Curly Merritt stopped Dave Benjamin in round nine. Haydn Williams gained his second victory at this establishment within eight days when he outboxed Harry Jennings in a 15-round bout. Billy Mack speedily K. O'ed Bert Atkinson in round two.

At Kilburn—Jack Fifeford, one of the likely discoveries of the season, deservedly received a points decision over Les Burns in 12 rounds. Billy Housego boxed a 10-round draw with Spike Noble. Kid Farlo and Billy Reynolds drew in 12. Joey Socks and Ralph Rudd boxed an entertaining draw. Jack Fifeford beat Les Burns in a return 12-round bout. The winner is as yet only in his 17th year and is sure to make headway in the profession he has chosen.

At Clapham—Patsy Flynn surprisingly K. O'ed Bill Whiteley in the fifth. Ted Mottram outpointed Bert Stanley in 15 rounds.

The latest results from England follow:

At Catford—Billy Reynolds outpointed Johnny Gordon over 12 rounds, and Mick Harris was awarded the decision over Young Baker in a 12-round bout.

At Kilburn—Charlie Mack beat Don Jeal in the seventh. Wally Rice K. O'ed Jimmy Baker in round five.

At the Ring—John Sheehan and Dick Stubbings boxed a 15-round draw. Tom Daly outpointed Harry Lane and Harry Lem beat Bill Webster in a like manner. Both contests were over a distance of 15 rounds.

South Wales—At Ammanford—Ginger Jones, the Welsh featherweight champion, beat Selwyn Davies in 15 rounds. Evan Thomas easily defeated Billy Phillips.

At Ferndale—Billy Evans registered a victory over Eddie Davies and Billy Larney outpointed Joe Clarence.

At Llanelly—Jerry Daley K. O'ed Dai Beynon in the third round. Herbie Hill outpointed Ivor Drew.

At Quakers Yard—Johnny Edmunds cleverly beat Emlyn Jones in 10 rounds. Jack Thomas got a referee's decision over Cliff Llewellyn.

At Liverpool—Jim Crawford, who is rapidly coming to the front, and is a fellow townsman of "lovable" Johnny Basham, made a welcome reappearance here and delighted the locals by clearly outpointing Billy Farrell over 15 rounds. Alf Howard, the local "thunderbolt" knocked out Fred Webster in the third; Roy Beresford outpointed Paddy Jones over 12 rounds and Paddy McGrath stopped Taffy Jones in round seven.

At West Bromwich—Jacky Brown, the ex-flyweight champion, K. O'ed Percy Dexter in the seventh. Johnny King K. O'ed Boy Edge in round four. Johnny King stopped Young Siki in round 12. Packy McFarland stopped Billy Cain in the 11th round. The event of the month at this establishment was the meeting between Jack Hood and Jack Haynes. Haynes wisely retired at the conclusion of the ninth round.

At Leeds—Sandy McEwan defeated Spike Bradley on points over 15 rounds. Little Miner caused Ginger McLeod to retire in nine rounds. Ted Brooks and Billy Wells boxed a 12-round draw. Nipper Cooper beat Freddy Collins on points over a dozen rounds. Joe Lowther easily beat Roy Martin (Wales) on points over 15 rounds, and Eric Slater stopped Tom Goodall in four rounds.

At Leicester—Reggie Meen K. O'ed Jack Stanley in round one, Harry Lem K. Oed Wattie Wilde in round two.

At Newcastle-on-Tyne—At the opening of the new St. James' Hall Frank Markey, the rapidly rising Scotch boy drew with Benny Sharkey, the local "pet", Teddy Brown got a points decision over Joe Bull. Charlie Davison won over Fluty Green, and Billy Jones stopped Jim Maloney.

At Sunderland—Billy Smith easily outpointed Danny Veitch. At the winding-up promotion of the Stadium here, the building is to be demolished. Billy Smith beat Douglas Parker.

At Sheffield—Tommy Dexter and Albert Dando boxed a skillful 12-round draw. Joe Cadman beat George Lawson.

At West Hartlepool—Douglas Parker stopped Tommy Lye in nine rounds. Gunner Ainsley won over Joe Woodruffe. Jack Hayes stopped Bill Watson. Joe Mullings beat Charlie Chetwynd. Terence Morgan (Wales) beat Arthur Boddington.

At Plymouth—Harry Jinks won from Mike South in 15 rounds. Jack Sheppard narrowly outpointed George Peck. Tommy O'Neill defeated Andrew Beghin (Belgium).

At Preston—Jim Pearson lost to Joe Rostron. Billy Cain narrowly defeated Joe Greenwood.

At Norwich—Minty Rose (Ireland) won on a foul from George Aziz (Egypt). Bill Webster beat Jack Forster on points.

At Walsall—Tom Cartwright stopped Jim Clamp. Pat Daley outpointed Gordon Essex. Jack Lally won from Ralph Morris.

At Portsmouth—Seaman Watson beat Billy Streets, the local star.

At Bognor Regis—Minty Rose and George Aziz fought a return draw.

At Kettering—Reggie Meen K. O'ed Marine Trinder in the second. Arthur Boddington stopped Wally Robbins in round six.

Glasgow—The Whitevale Ring—Bobby Lees defeated Bob Nicol in the eighth round via the K. O. route.

Willie Hamilton K. O'ed Jim Hanna in the eighth round. Fred Hardy beat Willie Vint in 10 rounds.

S. Smirke narrowly outpointed J. Conwell over 10 rounds and Young McGoldrick beat J. McAdam on points over a like distance.

Gus Martel, famous lightweight boxer of forty years ago, was a visitor at Gus Wilson's camp at Orangeburg where Jack Sharkey was in training for his bout with Schmeling. Martel, who now sells one of the finest boxing courses on the market, showed a big gathering how much he still knows about boxing, by taking on King Solomon, one of Sharkey's training partners, and making him look like a novice. Martel's exhibition of boxing skill was revelation when one considers his age.

Well over sixty, he demonstrated conclusively why he is a success as a teacher of self-defense.

In and Near Chicago

By FRANK MASTRO

NATE LEWIS, the Chicago Stadium's clever matchmaker, showed keen judgment when he matched Earl Mastro, local featherweight speedster, and Fidel La Barba, California's ex-flyweight champ, who is now going great guns in the 126-pound division. Lewis looks for an indoor record attendance.

The Otto Von Porat-Young Stribling heavyweight mix-up at the Stadium set a new attendance record in boxing with a throng of 20,956. The Chicago Stadium also held the previous indoor attendance record, spectators numbering 20,600 witnessing the Sammy Mandell-Tony Canzoneri lightweight championship tilt here last August. Now Lewis has reason to believe the proposed Mastro-La Barba combat will set another attendance record for an indoor fight show.

Fans in this vicinity saw Mastro score a technical nine-round knockout over Bud Taylor. The same ringworms also witnessed La Barba's defeat of Taylor right after Bud floored and whipped Champion Bat Battalino in an overweight tussle at Detroit. La Barba looked every inch a titleholder against Bud and local fans immediately started talking about a Fidel-Mastro bout. Earl and La Barba have met twice before, both scraps being staged at Los Angeles, Fidel's home town. The ex-flyweight champ won the initial meeting, the fracas being Mastro's first trial along the ten-round trail.

Earl's sensational defeat of Kid Francis earned a second chance for the speedy, hard-punching Chicagoan against La Barba and he came through with a spectacular win.

Hein Mueller, German heavyweight youth, lost a chance at Tuffy Griffiths, for the time being, at least, when he won an unimpressive bout with Armando De Carlos, of Italy, in the semi-windup to the Von Porat-Stribling show. Mueller registered a kayo over the Italian in the eighth frame when Referee Dave Barry disallowed De Carlos' foul claim and counted him out. Hein, though a little flabby and off form because of idleness for some days before the De Carlos bout, handed the Italian an artistic lacing through the eight rounds.

Jimmy Corcoran in his *Chicago Evening American* column, "Cork Tips," says: "The Stadium card was not successful. There were no fouls."

Harry Weiss, who peddles jewelry when he isn't managing his ring proteges, Sammy Levine and Harry Schuman, announces the acquirement of managerial rights to Johnny Toto, Poland middleweight. Weiss was to have Toto make his initial start under his banner this month.

A new outdoor arena has been opened by Billy Cepak for the professional boxers, at 22nd and Kostner, Jones and Baumrucker Stadium. Cepak had Jock Malone and Benny "Kid" Stanley trade blows in his first windup. The veteran Malone and his colored foe went six rounds at 165 pounds. A six-round semi-windup and five four-round preliminaries completed the card. Willie Pellegrini, Jack Fitzgerald's west side bantamweight prospect, and Bobby Allen were the semi-finalists. The preliminaries brought together Al Rivers and Eddie Jacobs, Corbett Echols and Henry Sacks, Dick Sisk and Billy Bedard, Alvin Edwards and Johnny Lazar and Johnny Fay and Jack Denny.

Eddie Long, mentor of Taylor, comes forth with an announcement to the effect that he has bought a half interest in the Harvey Petitt stable of California. Three members of the stable were here. They are Goldie Hess, Sammy Jackson and Joe Alvarado. Among other things Hess held Taylor to a draw last year.

George Eagel, the fighting aviator, has fought champions of four nations. He battled Danny Morgan, of England; Syd Godfrey, of Australia; Elino Flores, of the Philippine Islands, and Clonie Tait, of Canada. Eagel is working out daily in a loop gym when he isn't flying.

Leo Fornaciari's Henry Lenard seems to have a new lease on life. After some days on the sidelines the veteran South Chicago junior lightweight made his return ring debut with a decision win over Prince Saunders on the west side. In one of his most recent starts Lenard chilled Tony Leone, of Cleveland, at Shrewbridge Stadium on the south side, in one inning.

Lou Sangor's 130-pound Milwaukee protege, Freddy Tompkins, made his local bow in the semi-windup on the card, decisioning Billy De Foe, of St. Paul. Tompkins subbed for Eddie Speaks at the last minute. Other results: Joey Freeman defeated Bobby Juhrend (4), featherweights; Dick Sisk defeated Jimmy Murphy (4), lightweights; Mickey Joy knocked out Adam Dugan (2) featherweights.

Bobby O'Hara, Georgia southpaw welterweight, here under the managerial wing of Ed Willard, made his first start in this vicinity in some days when he decisioned Frankie Burns, of Milwaukee, in one-half the double windup at the Congress Stadium on West Milwaukee Avenue. Jimmy Murphy defeated Eddie Ballatine in the other portion of the two features.

Promoter Frank Spengler will stage shows at the Congress Arena every Tuesday night throughout the summer months.

Cecil "Seal" Harris, Barney Abel's giant colored boy, boasts a big victory. He won on a foul from Walter Cobb, Milwaukee, who Eddie Borden lists tenth in his monthly ratings on the heavyweights, two RING issues ago. According to Abel, Harris licked Cobb until Cecil was handed the scrap on a foul.

Prominent Chicagoans who witness most every important championship fight these days are: Maj. Frederick McLaughlin, Sheldon Clark, P. H. Joyce, George F. Getz, James Getz, Michael Igoe, Anthony Cermak, Michael Gallagher, Col. Robert W. Stewart, Daniel H. Burnham, Fred Gardner, Edward J. Kelly, Vincent Bendix, Max Annenberg, Marshall Field, Fred A. Poor, Ed Fleming and A. Bennett.

Jack Barry, amateur lightweight boxer, who has won the majority of his contests, is now a cashier in Dave Barry's gymnasium on West Randolph Street. Jack is no relation to the famous referee and fisticuffing man. Besides fighting himself, Jack is managing a fight stable along with his cashier duties.

Willie Capitano, the redhead who holds the same position at Kid Howard's Arcade gym that Jack Barry holds at Barry's swat emporium, is a good featherweight prospect. Since the moving of the gym from 62 to 325 West Madison Street, Willie has his hands full but he intends to resume boxing activities the first chance he gets.

Aside from numerous other facilities, Howard's new gym makes it easy for the newspaper men. Of the six Chicago dailies, four are situated within a stone's throw from the new boxers' quarters. The *American, Herald* and *Examiner* are right across the street from Howard's place. The *Times* is just around the corner, Market Street., now Wacker Drive and Madison. The fourth newspaper with offices close by is the *Daily News*, which is situated just across the Madison Street bridge.

Tommy Kluth, north side welterweight, has a good record, according to Manager Art Mann. In twenty-five matches Kluth has lost only two, decisions. And Tommy has met such ringsters as Pep Justo, George Kerwin, Jimmie Murphy, Roger O'Brien and Augie Zabish.

Barney Ross, clever west side junior-lightweight, has joined the Sam Pian-Art Winch fight stable, which consists of such ringmen as Mastro, Danny Gasparo, Ernie Peters, Al Greenfield, Joey Medill, Solly Schuman and Pep Justo. Ross made his pro debut as a stablemate of Jackie Fields.

Jimmy Carres, South Chicago pilot, journeyed to Atlanta, Ga., where his Mexican welter, Tommy Rios, won a decision over Spike Webb, of Charlotte, N. C. He returned here in time to second his Ted Ross opposite Edgar Norman, Norwegian light heavyweight. The bout was called a draw. In a previous tilt Ross was awarded the verdict.

Cecil "Kid" Como, crack southern boxer, is the latest addition to Don Curley's string of pugilists. Curley claims Como has victories over Tony Herrera, Ray Kiser, Tony Leto, Harry Dublinsky and Johnny McCoy, among others. Other recent additions to Curley's stable are: Joe Lucas, Mickey Genaro and Bobby O'Donnell.

Ernie Bell, San Francisco 118-pounder, looks like he'll make a pretty good fighter if he is handled right. The Filipino is a likable chap who is willing to learn.

Paul Schiffers and Phil Ross will, most likely, get together again after their torrid draw fight. Ross has been going great in the 147-pound division and he figured to whip Schiffers.

Dave Forbes, St. Paul light-heavyweight, has been added to the Murray McLean-Mike Ferrozzo fight stable. Forbes has had thirty-five professional scraps, the majority ending in kayo's, says McLean. Forbes wants to get started in this locality and in his first go here would like a match with any of the following: Edgar Norman, Baxter Calmes, Andy Shanks, Nisse Ramm or Pete Wistort. He is not picking on any palookas, that's a cinch.

Bill Kenney, Maywood, Ill., 1930 Central A. A. U. lightweight titleholder, has placed himself under the management of Tom Ford. As a pro starter Kenney issues a challenge to Barney Ross. Others managed by Ford are: Walter Madey, Hershie Wilson, Neal "Red" Vickery, Mickey Patrick and Bud Hammer.

Buster Mallini, Chicago middleweight, is now being handled by "West Sid Jack" O'Keefe, Griffith's manager. Frank Dane formerly piloted Mallini.

Harry Fierro, local bantamweight contender, is now a married man. The 22-year-old boxer wedded Miss Irene Fosco at the Knights of Columbus clubhouse, on West Madison Street. Fierro is one of fourteen children born to his parents, most of whom are old enough to be married.

"Jack Dempsey, the Idol of Fistiana," is the title of an intimate narrative by Nat Fleischer, editor of THE RING, world's greatest boxing magazine. The bock is a regular Horatio Alger story in regard to Dempsey's rise from rags to riches. Every fan should have one.

Marvin McCarthy, late of Tampa, who is now sport editor, *Chicago Daily Times*, is probably the youngest sporting editor in this vicinity, aside from Kenneth Fry of the *Evening Post*. McCarthy replaced Joe Foley as sports head on the *Times*. The latter received a chance to syndicate his column, "This Sporting Life" when he was relieved of his duties as sports editor.

Paul Pantaleo, local heavyweight prospect, is rapidly forging to the front ranks of the contenders, despite Chicago's interest in the Von Porats, the Griffiths, and the Muellers. The hard-punching youngster, who is being managed by Paddy Kane of the stockyards, made 'em sit up and take notice when he held to a draw, Ernie Schaaf, of Boston.

Sammy Mandell, Rockford, Ill., lightweight champion, gave the railbirds the lowdown on his condition when Tommy Grogan held him to a draw at Omaha. The majority of the serious minded fans figured Singer would have a cakewalk when Sammy threw his title into the ring against the New Yorker.

Johnny De Marco, Philly lightweight, is in town and local fisticuffing men are saying he looks and talks like "Windy Joe" Sherman. De Marco claims meetings with Al Winkler, Emory Cabana and such. He can be reached through Stevens of *"Bang."*

Jack Kracken, Champaign, Ill., 190-pounder, has registered 22 K.O.'s in 26 combats, according to Manager Harold A. Sims. He is a Norwegian and is a six-footer.

Ed Stevensen, Von Porat's mentor, wants a rematch for Otto with Stribling, following the Georgian's sensational one-round knockout over the Norwegian puncher. Ed says it was a lucky punch that did the business.

Duke Barry, Davenport, Iowa, compiler of the "Blue Book of Boxing," has a large stable of ringmen. Pat Corbett, Roleaux Saguero, Genaro Pino and Harvey Carothers, as well as Bert Viscioni, Jacquette Elverrillo and Harold Ace Fanth are some of Barry's fighters.

Some of This and a Little of That.

Tuffy Griffiths' father, James A. Fred Griffiths, has been an Iowa peace officer for eighteen years. . . . A baseball player hit a St. Joseph sportswriter over the noggin with a bat. . . . Jim Mullen and Mique Malloy patiently waiting to get the right start at Mills Stadium. . . . King Levinsky's manager, Al Miller, has been elected to the senatorial committee of the 19th district. . . . Jack L. Elkhart, 27, ring name, Chief Elkhart, married Miss Kathryn Land, 26. . . . Don Curley's right name is Vaughn Paul Hopwood and he is a cousin of Avery Hopwood, famous playwright. . . . One of his plays is "Bedroom and Bath." . . . Fight broadcaster tells radio audience everybody is enjoying the fight. . . . Yes, everybody but the ringster doing the catching. . . . Mrs. John V. Clinnin, of Glencoe, wife of the Illinois Athletic Commission chairman, was towed into the Evanston police station for speeding, by officer Ed Cohen, a boxer. . . . It costs $1,851 a day to operate the Chicago Stadium, says Sid Strotz, president. . . . Billy Burke and Frank Lyons, Stadium ticket dispensers, do a great job in the boxoffice. . . . Many ringworms wonder why neither the Arcade or Barry gymnasiums sell the world's largest boxing magazine, THE RING. . . . Sammy Wolff will promote at the White Sox park if he can land a good match. . . . Harry Dublinsky and Tony Herrera received $2,000 each for being principals in the semi-windup to Mastro and Taylor at Detroit.

CLEVELAND CHATTER

By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

THAT rain jinx is certainly giving Eddie Mead a grand tossing around. Ever since Mead took over the Bowl he has been trying to get started on his first show and has been rained out three times. He has some good matches with Tommy Freeman-Sammy Baker, Jack Dorval-Frankie Simms and Gorilla Jones-Harry Ebbets, but just can't seem to get rid of the jinx that is pursuing him.

Mickey Cohen, Cleveland flyweight, is making his headquarters in New York and according to reports came through successfully in his first two starts. Mickey is a fine little youngster and should do very well there.

Mose Donnelly has Datto ready for a Bat Battalino fight, but Pete Reilly doesn't want it. Donnelly has gotten more work for Datto than his last three managers put together—Lupo, Dunn and Kilbane. Moe is also acting as road man for Eddie Meade and Johnny Cox.

Jack Steele has Mike Payan boxing around the sticks. He went over to Cincinnati last week and is back here again.

Joe Lewis is talking about going to the Coast with his fighter, Paul Pirrone. It looks like tough pickings around here for "punch 'em Paul" since Sammy Baker punched him around at the Public hall. Paul should go good on the Coast, providing he steers clear of Young Corbett the 3rd, and Jackie Fields. He ought to hold his own with the rest of them out there.

Ray Alvis, writing from the Coast, said he would take two or three shots over the weight for his champion, Jack Thompson, and then bring him here to Cleveland to fight it out with Tommy Freeman for a title shot.

Tommy McGinty has guaranteed Alvis fifty grand for that fight, but it will have to be at the weight.

Jimmy Dunn is running fights at Conneaut Lake and had Joey Goodman down there with some youngster last week.

Henry Firpo has left the Dunn stable and signed a six months' contract with Mike Christy. He won two fights this month at Chicago.

Jack Pallat scored another one-round knockout at the Taylor Bowl amateur show, promoted by Joe White and Walter Taylor. They had 10 bouts and had a nice crowd. They plan to run there every other week.

Charley Marotta is running wrestling shows at the Bowl every Friday night. Has Bool-Joe Komar there Friday night.

Billy Wallace and Jack Berg ought to be a good fight for the Bowl—for they still like Billy around here.

Charley O'Connell is keeping Simms busy—in the gymnasium—after his knockout over Ted Sandwina. Charley should have hopped a rattler and went right down to New York and taken Simms with him. It's the only way you can get quick action.

Eddie Mead, while having bad breaks at the Bowl, is keeping Johnny Farr going every week. He had him in Connecticut and New York this month and has several other shots lined up for him.

Johnny Cox has Farmer Joe Cooper boxing around Cincinnati and the South. All Johnny does is sign up, wire Joe, and Cooper gets in his Ford and never fails to put up a good fight. No bother about handling Cooper, said Johnny.

Clyde Hull is around Ohio and anxious to box Freeman, or any of the welters.

Tommy McGinty has at least a dozen offers for Tommy Freeman, but after one or two local fights will pass them up until the title fight with Thompson is over. He also has several offers for Phil Swick, but is anxious to get the fiery Dutchman in with Bud Taylor at Chicago, or Massey at Philadelphia, or Kid Chocolate at New York.

McGinty has signed Rosales to box Rowley at Huntington, West Va., and has Kearn's Okay for a Walker-Rosales match here at the Bowl. This one will be made soon.

Irish Kane called in saying Flynn closed his gym at Pittsburgh, and he was ready to move back to Cleveland.

Rush Heise, managed by Harry Slaughter, decided to bring his fighter to Cleveland to get him going. He is the youngster who fought and made good on the Sharkey-Scott fight at Miami, and received some praise from Jack Dempsey.

Suey Welch is going to take his Gorilla out to the Coast for three more fights, and is trying to get a shot with Mickey Walker.

Suey has been heartbroken since his star heavyweight, K. O. Christner, was socked on the chin by Carnera. He was knocked dead said Suey, but wasn't at his best as he was having some trouble with his eyes. He would like to get another chance with the big Italian.

Suey has another star battler in Smiling Riley, a colored kid from Memphis, who will be a bigger hit than Jones, Suey claims.

Mike Getz has Frank Florian busy since getting his heavyweight back from Jimmy Avon. He has been boxing every week.

Charley Wilson, of Rittman, who manages K. O. Kitts, has matched the Akron thunderbolt with Patsy Freeman at Ashtabula and with Gene Stanton at Rittman. He also has Al Reid, his other heavyweight star, boxing in both shows in the semi-final.

Colonel Perkins has matched Arvin Spence with Jack Barry at Lorain and trying to get Panka at Aliquippa some time later.

Perkins just got out of the hospital where he was operated on and one of his kidneys removed. He also has Jimmy White, featherweight.

Bob Holland, formerly with Jimmy Dunn, has gone back to his meat job, with Swift and Co. Said he is thru with the boxing game.

Larry Keough, another Dunn understudy, has left Jimmy for Joe Lewis, along with Eddie Conrad who has been appointed chief trainer for Paul Pirrone.

Eddie Davis tossed the crutches away and is barnstorming around the state with Scotty Raeburn, of Warren. They are looking the field over for a heavyweight and spots to promote and put their fighters in.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

IN the city of Cincinnati the only boxing show of the month was at the Parkway Club. Bat Battalino and Cecil Payne fighting a ten-round non-titular tilt at Redland Field.

Payne pulled a surprise by handing the champion one of the most artistic lacings seen around these parts. The Falls City junior lightweight completely outclassed the titleholder in nine of the ten rounds with Battalino holding him even in the second. A crowd of about 6000 turned out to witness the match. Lou Bauman was referee.

In the six-round semi-final, Ralph Lenny, of New York, easily defeated Al Gahn, lightweight sensation from Columbus. Lenny is one of the most promising boys to appear in these parts and is bound to climb the ladder to higher up-ratings. Joe Benziger, Queen City featherweigh, beat Billy Avera of Paul Beach. Paul Eviston knocked out Red Krause in one heat, while Johnny Naggy trimmed Morris Gruber in a four.

Information in these parts can be had by enclosing a two-cent return reply stamp to the scribe at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. All news, results, photos, etc., to be used in this column must be at the desk of the scribbler not later than the 15th of the month.

At Middletown, Ohio, the following report of a show staged at the K. of C. Clubhouse, under the supervision of the newly formed Keen A. C. In the feature Frankie Palmo, of Cincinnati, knocked out Billy Speaks, also of Cincinnati, in the fourth.

In the semi-windup George Liddy stopped Eddie Ammon, of Cincinnati, in three rounds. Frankie Miener and Pete Leno, both of the Queen City, drew in a four-rounder. Charlie Duncan K. O.ed La Fister from Chicago in the third heat, while in the opening number Chas. Richter knocked out Leo Wagner in three stanzas. Glen Whitesell, of Dayton, Ohio, was the third man in the ring.

Around the Queen City with the leather pushers and their pilots.—G. C. Williams retirement from the fight game while Jack Moran taking over his ace, Johnny McPherson . . . Moran has a good looking prospect also in Teddie Perez, Argentina middleweight . . . Willie Sullivan in a rush on East Sixth Street . . . Morris Gruber falling far below the ballyhoo his manager, Jack Davis, earned him . . . Davis wearing a bow tie and knickers in the corner . . . like they do back in Noo Yawk according to Jack . . . Harry Hartman spherical with his unceasing Sonado traversing over Garfield Place . . . We wonder where Harry could be going? . . . Irish O'Connor of the Times-Star was at the Schmeling-Sharkey "affair" in Gotham . . . Watch Johnny Quirk, that slugging lightweight from Springfield . . . The boy shows great promise . . . Less Huffman loud in his claim that his protege, Cowboy Martin, is the undisputed bantamweight champ in this section . . What has little Johnny McPherson to say to that? . . . Cole Parks finally had his heavyweight, Long Tom Hawkins, win in Philly against Jake Warren . . . The scribe's unceasing quest for a heavyweight . . . Jimmie Amann now is doing all of his biz via the solo . . . Mel Kaufman sounding a warning for all junior lightweights to steer clear of his sensational Southern champion, Milton Manguna . . . The local 147th Infantry Club back in the running . . . with Midge Guery and Billy Rose crossing gloves to settle the 140-pound crown of Greater Cincinnati . . . and last but far from least, Herman Katz claims that Primo Carnera is too far under-rated following his knockout over K. O. Christner in the Ford City.

Mickey Corcoran, veteran promoter from Chillicothe, will soon start construction work on his new outdoor arena which he plans to open sometime in July. Corcoran has a fine looking prospect in Chick George, colored welterweight.

AMONG THE QUEEN CITY GRAPPLERS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

FOUR outstanding matches in the wrestling game were staged in and around Cincinnati during the months of May and June. Cinci laid claim to three while Columbus held the lone straw.

Matchmaker Millard Rauh, of the Quality Club of Cincinnati, staged the Reynolds-Thom world's welterweight title bout, together with the John Pesek-Jim Browning and the Billy Thom-Bobby Roscoe elimination contest. Herman Hamer, of Columbus, supervised the heavyweight bout between John Pesek and Ad Santell.

The latter match was held at Hafts Acre before a crowd of about 7000. Pesek won the first and third falls with reverse body slams, the first in 23 minutes and 11 seconds and the third and final fall in 6 minutes and 45 seconds. Santell won the second fall with a combination leg scissors and key-lock in 5 minutes and 47 seconds. The bout proved to be a thriller from start to finish. Santell weighed 188 pounds and Pesek 192. Jack Tibbets, of Fort Thomas, Ky., was referee.

Jack Reynolds safely defended his welterweight laurels against Billy Thom, of Bloomington, Ind., at Redland Field in Cincinnati, before one of the largest crowds in Queen City wrestling history. After losing the initial fall to Thom, Reynolds came back to win the second and third falls.

Steve Savage, of Chicago, 215 lbs., and Tom Draak, of Holland, 220 lbs., wrestled to a wild draw in 30 minutes; Bobbie Roscoe won the 30-minute decision over Tetsure Higami at 150 pounds, and Pierre Ladjimi, France, 174 pounds, pinned Bobby Eaton, of Marion, Ohio, 173 lbs., in 4:50 with a lift and slam.

The preliminary results to the Pesek-Santell match in Columbus were: Hel Gerson, Columbus, 180 pounds, won a fall over Railroad Routt, of Indianapolis, in 12:21 with a body scissors and double arm bar; Alan Eustace, Kansas, 225 pounds, won in 30 minutes over Joe Komar, Cleveland 240-pounder, while in the semi-final Steve Savage, Chicago, threw Henry Cross, of Cleveland, in 14:8 with an airplane slam and cradle hold.

John Pesek won over Big Jim Browning, San Francisco, at Music Hall's final indoor show.

Joe Parelli and Charlie Grip were the hit of the evening, wrestling each other all over the stage, out of sight of the assembly, under the ropes and what not. The decision rendered was a draw although many thought Grip had won. Steve Savage pinned Cowboy Chick in 14 minutes with an airplane slam while Pierre Ladjimi threw Railroad Routt in 12 minutes.

Billy Thom cleared his way to a title match with Jack Reynolds by defeating Bobbie Roscoe, former champion, in straight falls. Jim Browning pinned George Hill in 23:15 with a body scissors; Joe Banaskie awarded George Balzer, of California, 15 pounds and pinned him with a flying wing lock and arm stretch; Pierre Ladjimi and Clete Kaufman, light heavyweights, wrestled and roughed it to a decided draw in 30 minutes.

Wrestling information is available by writing the scribbler at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati. For a quick or quicker than that reply, please enclose a two-cent stamp.

News and Gossip from Boston

By DOC ALMY

WHILE Schmeling and Sharkey were warming up over in New York State for their affair of June 12, there came to Boston Jimmy Slattery of Buffalo, New York Commish champion, and Pete Latzo, now of Atlantic City, but once of the Scranton mines, for a ten-round bout at the Boston Garden in connection with the annual charity show of the Crosscup-Pishon Post of the Legion—an event which in past years has been a huge success. But, such was not the case this year. The house was small—the advance sale poor, but as Messrs. Slattery and Latzo had an $11,000 guarantee between them, they went into the ring, all according to contract, Hoyle, etc. It wasn't a good match. The fans started to jeer at once and after seven stanzas, Johnny Brassil, the referee, left the ring and went to the announcer's "mike" and declared the bout "no contest." Also, he announced that the purse money was suspended.

Naturally, there was a howl from Messrs. Slattery and Latzo and their managers and seconds, all of which didn't do any good. They got their training expenses, also transportation, and that's all. Naturally, Boston continues in a "het up" state as pertains to the disqualification of Jack Sharkey in connection with the Schmeling affair on June 12, with the adherents of the "Squire of Chestnut Hill" as strong for him as ever. Anyone tired of life or the hot weather has merely to intimate that Sharkey blew up in the fourth after failing to stop the Teuton in the third. A cool spot in the morgue is assured. As for the "Squire" he is taking it calmly—has banked his money and is saying nothing. He has started work in one of the local gyms—evidently has a futurity in view.

Al Mello of Lowell, New England's welter and middle champion, though he has not been in a position to defend either title for some time, is back from the Mayo brothers clinic at Rochester, Minn., where he underwent an operation. Signs point that he will be able to return to the ring—his ambition. An injury to the shoulder, received in boyhood, the same aggravated by his fights with Gorilla Jones, was found by the medicos to be the base of Mello's physical difficulties.

Lou Scozza of Buffalo, N. Y., came through with a victory here over Tony Shucco, the North End Italian middleweight star, at the Mechanics Building in a show staged by Eddie Mack of the Argonne A. A. He had too much punch and experience for the Bostonian, but the fray went the full route of 10 rounds.

George Nichols of Buffalo stopped Jimmy Rogers of Cambridge, five rounds. A few weeks before Nichols did the same stunt and everyone thought it was a fluke. Now they think differently. Rogers had looked very good up to these two upsets.

Charley Kelley of Newton, Mass., former amateur National welter champion, has had good luck since turning "pro". In his last start, a muss with Joe Donnell of Roxbury, a good boy in the Dan Carroll stable, Kelley came through O. K., adding another victory to his growing list.

Ug Gibson of Medford, a former amateur heavyweight, now under the wing of Nate Seigel of Revere, Mass., onetime New England champion in the 145-pounds class, is sailing along in great shape. In a Boston ring, he encountered a rival sailor in Frank Sailor Flint of Al Delmont's stable and stopped him in the fourth, the award going to Gibson.

After listening to considerable poor advice—a way with boxers—George Ostrow, the Revere, Mass., flyweight, winner of the title in the last National amateurs, has signed up with Seigel and George Carter, the pair who had nursed him along for a couple of years. Under their management Ostrow has a good chance of "copping" the New England "pro" title in the division. He can make the weight and fight at it.

Vitorio Campolo, the big Italian boy from the Argentine, made his second ring appearance in Boston on the night of June 23, and, in a short, sharp fighting battle of three rounds, succeeded in stopping Salvatore Ruggirello of Tunis, North Africa, also an Italian. It marked the opening outdoor show for the season in Boston and was staged at the Braves Field under the auspices of the Boston Garden. Scarcely 5000 spectators were on hand.

Way back in May, 1925, Campolo, then a big amateur, came to Boston as a member of the Pan-American boxing team and competed in the Boston Arena against picked teams of Canadian and Boston amateurs in a big international tourney. He made a fine impression and battled his way through to the finals, losing in three rounds to one of the Canadians by a small margin.

King Levinsky, Ghetto light heavyweight champion of Chicago

We noted in Campolo's fight here the other night that while he is a bit open and can be speared with a straight left hand, he shapes up as a pretty good article as heavyweights go today. With improvement in defense and development of his left, he will make his impression in the big league game. He showed a short, snappy right hand punch which impressed us as a beaut. Weight, height, reach and a fighting heart all seem to be there.

It was a poor evening for the Woodman-Lawrence stable for, in addition to the defeat of Ruggirello, another of that outfit, Armand DeCarlos of Spain, lost to Carlo Oldani of Argentina in the eight rounds semi-final.

Speaking of Eddie Mack, who is very much of a live wire in this village, he will start his open-air season going September 2, at Fenway Park, the home of the Red Sox. He has secured the following dates at the park—Sept. 2, 9, 16, 23, 30 and Oct. 6, the latter being the week of the American Legion convention here.

Mack has practically signed up Jim Maloney and Ernie Schaaf for one of his futurities, also Young Jack Thompson, the welter champion, and Johnny Indrisano for another. Also he has Billy Stribling in line for a bout with the best available opponent.

A coming futurity here which looks good to the fans will bring together Jimmy Braddock, the Jerseyman, and Joe Monte of Brockton, a feature arranged by Bob McKirdy of the Arena A. C. It will be a return bout, the third between this pair.

Larry "Big Boy" Rawson of Dorchester, the husky who for a year and a half was knocking 'em all dead in from one to four rounds, only to finally go down himself in the short space of 55 seconds, following which he drifted to New York, is back in Boston. He has signed up with "Major" Billy Lynch, one of the wide-awakes of the town, who now is putting the big fellow through his paces.

A new hopeful light-heavyweight who will soon be seen in Boston rings, though as an amateur rather than a "pro", at least for the present, is Johnny Dixon, captain of the Boston College football team and an all-around athlete.

Sammy Fuller, a claimant of the New England lightweight title, who was going pretty good until he ran afoul of Andy Callahan, is back in the preparatory quarters. He is working out with Vic Livan at Phil Buccola's Sharon Gardens establishment.

Joe Zelinsky, formerly of Binghamton, N. Y., but a resident here for some time, who after a fine start slumped badly, seems to have hit his stride again and Billy Ames, his manager, figures that his man will keep on going. Early in the month Zeksy flattened Vincent Forgione and on the night of June 24, at Portland, Me., he settled Joe Gainor of Syracuse in four cantos.

Andy Martin, New England feather champion, who for months has vainly sought a titular bout with Bat Battalino of Hartford, along with Hy Diamond and Eddie Curley, has returned from the Mid-West and Pacific Coast. The boys, accompanied by Jim Maloney, Dick Finnegan and Tom Kirby, had a six weeks' fighting tour under the general direction of Dan Carroll of Boston. The same was very successful and the boys are back in good trim and well satisfied.

Maloney was the first back home, following a defeat by Armand Emanuel.

Rumors continue that Johnny Buckley, manager of Jack Sharkey, will take over the matchmaking reins at the Boston Garden, displacing Alex MacLean. That such a change will be made is very unlikely. While New York officials of the Garden like the idea, it failed to make a hit with those here in Boston. The rumors, however, disturbed MacLean to the extent that he handed in his resignation. It was not accepted.

Word having been received from Jack Kearns that he would like to show Mickey Walker in Boston, there is a slight chance that we may see the champion in action before the snow flies.

To be or not to be as concerns the rubber mouthpiece and its continued use in Bay State rings is under discussion. It is being contended by the opponents that the guard is a handicap, particularly if poorly fitting—that it takes a ringster's mind off his boxing and opponent. It also is argued that its use is illegal.

We believe that the illegal part of it is correct, and, if its use is protested, it can be ordered removed by the referee. Years ago when Jack Britton and Ted Kid Lewis, then at their tops, met in a Hub ring—the greatest welter fight seen here in many years—Lewis refused to go on until Britton had removed the guard from his mouth. The Englishman was sustained by the referee.

Marty Gallagher, the former Washington, D. C., heavy, now is a member of the Dan Carroll troup of mit-slingers, and is hanging his hat in Roxbury, one of the Boston suburbs. An agitation is on for him to meet Campolo in a local ring.

Jack Gagnon, Phil Buccola's heavy, is laid up for repairs with an injured eye, the same occurring in connection with his bout a while back with Von Porat.

The New England "pro" championship series, with diamond belts to go to the ultimate victors, being staged here by the Boston Garden, is far from a dead issue. The tourney is going forward to a finish if it takes a couple of years. A week ago the heavies had a session, ten of them competing in six-round bouts. The Garden has about 20 more of the big fellows who have yet to show, to say nothing of the horde of ringsters in all the other classes.

Ernie Schaaf, the ex-sailor boy heavy of this city, is being mentioned as the next Bostonian likely to be out in front in the event that Sharkey and Maloney retire from the limelight within the year.

CENTRAL AND WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS
By FREDERICK R. GLASSMAN

WESTERN Massachusetts dominated the fistic limelight during the past month with North Adams, Holyoke and Springfield sharing the honors.

Al Brown disposed of Johnny McCoy in the fourth round at Springfield. McCoy, thoroughly game, was no match for the elongated bantam champ.

In the semi-final, Earl Duquette of Pittsfield, lost to Lew Farber of New York in a return eight-rounder. In the meeting Duquette managed to eke out the decision.

The best fight of the night found Art Chapdelaine, of Springfield, gaining an eight-round victory over Charles Von Reeden of New York. Leo Gauthier of Ludlow put the kibosh on a fellow townsman, Tony Murphy by name, in the third canto, and Rene Peloquin, hard hitting Danielson featherweight, stopped Paul Stefanick of Holyoke in the fourth.

At Holyoke, Bucky Lawless of Syracuse won a ten-round decision over Gorilla Jones of Akron.

In the semi-final Freddy O'Connor of Boston defeated Frankie Graham, brother of Bushy Graham, in eight rounds.

At North Adams, Emil Rossi of New York won a ten-round verdict from Frankie LaFave of Troy. In the eight-round semi-final Olaf Herst kayoed Billy Bruinsma of Worcester in five cantos. Billy Champany beat Leo Ledoux of Worcester in eight rounds. Tony Catalano of Providence topped Young Barde of Adams in six stanzas and Mickey Lagess won from Young Banes of Adams.

In the second show at North Adams, Johnny Villa of Worcester battered his way to a four-round kayo victory over Billy Herman of Springfield.

Leo Ledoux of Worcester scored a six-round win over Arthur Cutting of Syracuse.

"Dynamite" Lou Brouillard, sensational welter, salted away Joe Emmons of Hartford in four innings at Taftville.

Ero Peterson, promising Worcester lightweight, scored a close eight-round decision over Joe Barre at Westerly. Others of Worcester on the card were George Brusso, who was defeated by Joe Russo and Jimmy Dixon who sustained a fractured jaw by a terrific wallop propelled by Earl Lavigne of New London.

Jack Dudley, Worcester's roly poly heavyweight, tackled his first opponent of note in Con O'Kelley of Ireland in a twin six at Portland, Maine, and was laid low in the seventh canto.

Darcy White, New Bedford's sensational dusky lightweight who is undefeated, continued on the high road at the expense of Harry Devine, New England's outstanding lightweight challenger. White won on a foul in the fifth.
Devine is the first Worcester boxer to be affected by the Boxing Commission's "Baumes Law". Losing on a foul brings about an automatic 90 day suspension in Massachusetts.

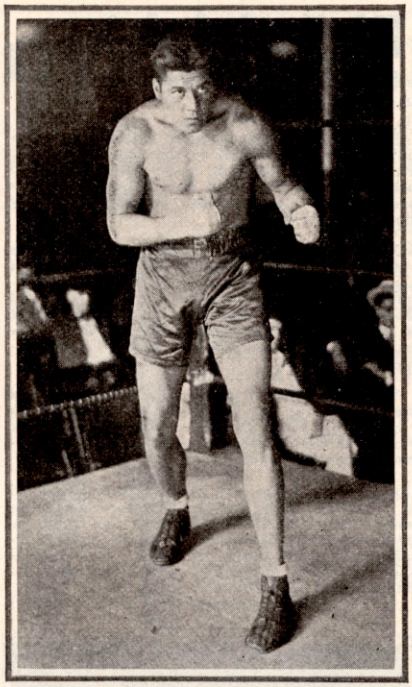
Pete Lucci has proven himself as a leading contender for featherweight honors in New England when he travelled to Canada and held Young Lebrun of Sherbrooke to a ten-round draw. This was Lucci's second victory over Lebrun.

The Worcester Sporting Club, "New England's Outstanding Training Quarters", now boasts of a membership totaling 167.

Two lightweights of great prominence in the amateur's are planning to forsake the simon pure ranks for money honors. They are Harry Alexanian of Worcester and Vic Lotti of Marlboro. Lotti is a protege of Johnny Vacca and Alexanian is a pupil of Eddie Shapiro. Alexanian as an amateur won 22 out of 24 tournaments.

Tony Mandell, local firecracker, is in training at the Worcester Sporting Club. A match between Lucci and Mandell should draw a packed house. Both are known as rapid-fire leather slingers who ask and give no quarter.

Any boxer desiring to become affiliated with the Worcester Sporting stable may get the necessary information by addressing the writer. Also anyone desiring information regarding affairs in New England may receive a reply by enclosing a stamped self addressed envelope. Address all communications to the writer to 57 Arlington Street, Worcester, Massachusetts.



Joe Vincha, a Lithunian heavyweight managed by Johnny Buckley and Jack Sharkey

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP
By WILLIAM PIKOR

WILLIE DAVIS re-established himself as the ranking flyweight contender for Midget Wolgast's crown when he disposed of Black Bill, sensational Cuban, in a convincing manner at the Meyers Bowl recently. The Cuban captured the first three rounds but from there on Davies buckled down to business to cop the next seven. This was their fifth meeting.

With this victory under his belt Davies is now in a position to meet Midget Wolgast or Frankie Genaro. The bout, if arranged, would prove a great attraction here in the Meyers Bowl where the local lad does his best work. Of the present crop of flyweights Davies has beaten Frankie Genaro, Izzy Swartz, Gene Huat, Black Bill among other leaders.

Gorilla Jones, Negro welterweight contender, journeyed to the Meyers Bowl where he eked out a ten-round victory over Vincent Forgione, of Philadelphia.

Patsy Pirrone gained revenge over Harry Williams, local colored heavyweight, for a former defeat by giving him a terrific lacing in the eight-round semi-final to the Willie Davies-Black Bill setto.

Indian Tiger West, middleweight, was set down definitely by the state boxing commission.

Jackie Rodgers, Pittsburgh Negro featherweight, entered the ring as the underdog in his bout with Jimmy Dale of Indianapolis, but emerged a victor by a knockout in two rounds.

Battling Gizzy, Donora lightweight, added much prestige to his fighting wares when he conquered Babe Ruth, Louisville, Ky., lightweight.

The Rodgers-Dale go was the second fistic offering staged by the New Hickey Park arena at Millvale since its inaugural show with George Panka and Knute Hansen.

Buck McTiernan, popular Pittsburgh middleweight, after getting off to a bad start in his go with Irish Tommy Jordan in the Millvale arena, came back strong to win the decision.

In the semi-windup, Peaches Gallagher, McTiernan's stablemate, beat Al Ferone in eight.

Harry Kid Brown, veteran Philadelphia lightweight, came through with a knockout over Sammy Harris, Akron Negro, at Washington, Pa.

Willie Davies of Charleroi, Pa., knocked out Jackie Coogan in three rounds at East Liverpool, Ohio.

Farmer Joe Cooper, Terre Haute, Ind., welterweight, found Joe Trippe an easy opponent in a ten-round bout at the Meyers Bowl.

In the semi-final ten, Harry Kid Brown was a victim of a fraud decision in his tilt with Johnny (Young) Smackey.

On the same card Eddie Brannon, Pittsburgh Negro lightweight, stopped the tough Bobby Young of Duquesne in eight rounds.

Andy Andrucci, Pittsburgh lightweight, went up to New Castle and returned with a ten-round victory over Phil Goldstein.

Battling Gizzy won a ten-round decision bout over Steve O'Malley of Ohio, in what was termed a poor bout, in the Millvale arena.

In the hectic semi-windup, Jackie Wilson of Pittsburgh, and Mickey Solomen battled to a spectacular eight-round draw.

Hundreds of Pittsburghers, including the Mayor, witnessed the Sharkey-Schmeling affair at New York. Mayor Charles Kline sat in the second row.

In the semi-final to the Sharkey-Schmeling fuss, Al Fay, of Charleroi, gained the verdict over George Hoffman of New York.

For the first time since he plastered Knute Hansen, George Panka, Homestead heavyweight, returned to the ring. His opponent was Tiny Groves, of Detroit. Panka won by a technical knockout in the third round.

The much delayed bout between Tony Herrara, of Chicago, and Eddie Elkins, of New York, in the Meyers Bowl, ended in a near-riot when the one-sided affair was halted in the third round by the boxing commission. Elkins entered the ring with a boil concealed with a bandage. The bandage fell off after his arm had swollen. Herrara was winning all the way.

In a great battle at the Meyers Bowl, Benny Bass, Junior lightweight champion, won a fast ten-round decision over Joey Goodman of Cleveland.

FALL RIVER, MASS., RUMBLINGS
By A. M. BRINDLEY

THE indoor season wound up at the Fall River Casino early in June when Harry Devine, Worcester southpaw, decisively outpointed Sonny Suggs, of Newport, a brother of the well-know Chick, over the eight-round route.

Chick Suggs, incidentally, is plodding along Comeback Trail. After quitting the ring in 1929 when Sammy Fuller flattened him at Mark's Stadium, just over the Rhode Island state line from Fall River, he ventured back in mid-winter against Eddie Shea out in Chicago. A one-round kayo kept him idle until this past month, when he whipped Billy Brown in New Bedford. Brown, a New Bedford boy, is clamoring for a return bout while Suggs, battle scarred and hardly able to see an opponent at a distance, is trying to battle his way to the New England featherweight title in the tournament being sponsored by the Boston Garden.

The sensation of the indoor season here was Billy Lynch, lightweight champion of Rhode Island. He won bouts from Young Lefty, Baby Jack Renault, Frankie Hennessey, Pancho Villa, Hy Diamond, Eddie Lord and Johnny Cooper.
Lynch started the outdoor season at Mark's Stadium, in Tiverton, by knocking out Sonny Suggs of Newport in three heats.

Sam Price, popular Boston matchmaker, and Sam Mark, noted for his work in baseball and soccer fields, are running the Stadium club and plan a season of 10 weeks. The fights are held each Monday night.

Last year, they ran 13 shows without a postponement. The 14th had to be put over a night because of rain.

The Rhode Island Boxing Commission controls the Stadium, which is located less than 100 yards across the Rhode Island-Massachusetts state line, in Tiverton, just south of Fall River. It introduced a novelty by opening the season with no judges at the fights. Tim Ferricks, veteran Rhode Island referee, called the decisions.

Joe Accetta, who recently copped a win over Jake Zeramby of Lynn, is after a match with Billy Lynch. He has been signed to fight Pancho Villa at Tiverton.

The Ring in Philadelphia

By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

TOMMY LOUGHRAN'S "rubber" fight with Ernie Schaaf of Boston at the Sesqui Stadium on June 11, turned out to be a real setback for the former light heavyweight champion. It was their third meeting, each having gained a ten-round decision in previous clashes.

After two rain postponements, the two collided in the Sesqui ring before a crowd of 12,247 who paid $35,154 to see Tommy leave the ring with his face a mass of cuts and bruises. Loughran appeared to cut much easier than usual.

Schaaf, who is only twenty-one years old, came out of it with a "mouse" under his right eye and a discolored nose. Loughran landed any number of his famous left jabs but they did not carry much steam. Loughran tired in the closing rounds. He was not able to get up on his toes as in bygone days. Even in defeat his admirers gave him a great hand.

When asked if he was through after the fight Loughran merely replied "it was only an off night. I will be in there again, winning my share of bouts."

Loughran has been fighting eleven years and has saved most of his ring earnings. He is in a better position to sit back and look at the parade go by than many of the others whom he met in his long and illustrious career.

Billy Jones, hard hitting South Philadelphia light heavyweight, is due to break into Buffalo competition this summer. Jones looked good when he worked out with Tommy Loughran as the latter prepared for his second meeting with Ernie Schaaf.

After losing a decision to Gorilla Jones in Braddock, Pa., Vincent Forgione, Philadelphia middleweight, was stopped by Joe Zelinsky, of Boston, in the third round at Portland, Me., recently.

Philadelphia boxing fans mourned the sudden death of Joe Christiano who dropped dead from a heart attack in Chattanooga, Tenn., where he was to handle his fighter, Tony Tedesco, in a bout. Christiano was trainer for Pete Herman, Johnny Dundee, Jack Russo, and George Godfrey.

Ray Mitchell has been grooming Eddie Kane in Wildwood, N. J., for several lightweight bouts in the open air here.

Making his second appearance under the management of Phil Glassman, Jack Gross, Salem, N. J., heavyweight boxer, knocked out Italian Jack Herman of New York in the second round at the Broadway A. C.

Young Ketchell of Chester gained an unpopular referee's decision over Pat Haley of Kensington in the ten round windup at the Leiperville open-air arena.

Spike Kenney was too young and rugged for Georgie Amblard and, to save the latter, Referee Joe Griffo stopped hostilities at the end of the second round.

Al Tendler, promising featherweight, met with a mishap in his bout with Billy Pernell, Chester Negro, when his head collided with that of his opponent in the opening round and Dr. Abe Baron, commission physician, refused to let him continue.

Al Trainor, welterweight slugger, turned in a victory over Gene Buffalo, colored boxer, at the Broadway A. C.

Ritchie Martell of South Phildelphia, handed Earl Dunlap of Philly, a beating in eight rounds at the Broadway. In the other eight-rounder Tony Tedesco, Chattanooga middleweight, scored a technical knockout in the sixth round when "Wild Bill" Kent injured his hand and could not continue.

Sam Fusci looked impressive in winning his round bout over Harry (Kid) Murphy at the Broadway club.

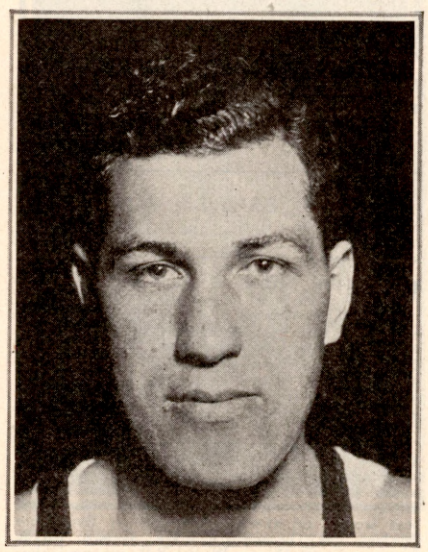
Joey Williams, former Philadelphia colored lightweight, now residing in Atlantic City, fought a sensational eight-round draw with Young Firpo, the Pensgrove mauler. Walter St. Clair, Philly 154 pounder, was stopped by Al Walters of Atlantic City, in the fifth round. The Philadelphia winners on the same bill included Guido DeAngelo, Frankie Till and Clyde Van Lew.

Johnny Jadick, Kensington lightweight, after quite a layoff, returned to the ring by handing Pat Igo of Shenandoah, a scientific ten-round beating at the Allentown Fair Grounds. Efforts are being made to bring Jadick and Benny Bass together.

No sooner had promoters Taylor and Gunnis run off their big Carnera-Godfrey heavyweight show at the Philly Ball Park, than they announced a windup between Benny Bass and Tony Canzoneri at the same field on the night of July 14. At the same ball park Tony took quite a licking from Harry Blitman two summers ago.

Young Ketchell of Chester, was beaten in a ten-round bout at Leiperville open air arena recently by Vince Dundee of Baltimore. Spike Kenny of Clifton Heights, won a six-round decision over Jim Tantaros of Essington.

When Primo Carnera, the big Italian trained at 69th St. open air stadium for his battle with George Godfrey, he drew as many as 2000 spectators an afternoon and the cash register rang up 50 cents per head. He's a real show wherever he goes. Godfrey did his conditioning at Leiperville.



Allie Wolff, former Penn State athlete, who is making progress in New York rings

Babe Hunt, of Oklahoma, the willowy heavyweight, who has been making his headquarters in Philly, pounded out a ten-round victory over Carl Carter, of New York, at the Sesqui Stadium. Carter substituted for Leo Mitchell of Wilkes Barre.

Long Tom Hawkins, colored heavyweight from California, made his Philadelphia debut by beating Jake Warren, Boston heavy in ten rounds at the Sesqui ring.

Frankie Cawley of Pittston, Pa., stablemate of Tommy Loughran, had better luck than the latter when he mingled with Phil Mercurio of Paterson, N. J., and gained the ten-round verdict. Mercurio is a sparring partner of Ernie Schaaf.

Tiger Thomas, hard hitting welterweight, handed El Kadir of Washington, a trouncing over the ten-round distance at the Leiperville open-air arena.

Grankie Grusby, a newcomer, from California, handed a setback to Tommy Gleason, rugged West Philadelphia middleweight, in the eight-round semi-windup at Leiperville.

Harry Blitman, former Philadelphia featherweight star, started his comeback campaign by pounding out a ten-round decision over Sammy Novia at Atlantic City. Joey Williams of Philadelphia and Young Harry Wills of Baltimore, fought to a draw in eight rounds.

Guido Angelo, Philadelphia scrapper, journeyed to Atlantic City recently to land a knockout victory over Dotey Stewart of the shore. Angelo is a welterweight.

EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA

By TED GRESS

ART FEESER, Lebanon's brilliant lightweight, continued his sensational battling by knocking out Georgie Amblard, of France, in three rounds. He then boxed a draw with Gene Baldoni, of Wilkes-Barre.

Johnny Jadick, Philadelphia, decisively defeated Pat Igo, of Shenandoah, in ten at Allentown.

Igo, a week previous, had revenged an earlier defeat at the hands of Al. Bryant, by whipping the Newark lightweight at Lakewood.

Wally Sears, the Minersville middleweight, kayoed Al. Swilp, of Tamaqua, in one round. This Sears is positively one of the hardest punchers in the coal regions. He bears watching.

Matt Rice, Gillberton socker's latest victim, was Battling Willard. Rice stopped Willard in two rounds.

Johnny Zawackie, Paterson, N. J., shaded Danny Devlin, Allentown, in eight at Allentown.

Rosey Stoy, Lancaster, outpointed Steve Smith, in ten at Lancaster. Stoy is making a successful comeback. Inside of nine weeks, he licked Johnny Sheppard, knocked out Augie Pisano, and beat Smith—a fine performance.

Joe Kuhns, Reading, was knocked out by Johnny Peppe, Philadelphia, in three at Kutztown.

Lebanon has one of the finest outdoor arenas in these parts.

Ike McFowler, western Pennsylvania heavyweight sensation, will be seen here soon. McFowler is not only a good boxer but a terrific hitter.

Dick Rudegeair, Lebanon welterweight, is back in training.

Fat Shirey, Pottstown flyweight, looked very good in stopping Chubby Rudy, Harrisburg, in one round.

Tiger Thomas, Williamsport, was unable to fathom Georgie Nichols' southpaw stance and the Buffalo boxer won the decision at Williamsport.

Carl Young, Lebanon middleweight, scored a technical knockout over Carl Winters, on the same card. Young is making a successful comeback after three years of inactivity.

Joe Wenke is planning a big show for Harrisburg late in August when the American Legion convention will be held.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES

By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

TRENTON boxers must look to out of town clubs for work as the Arena here has closed down for the summer. Terry, Reno and Cooney are getting enough work but Murphy and Walker have been laying idle.

Young Terry and Joe Reno, two Trenton boys, came together at Newark. Terry won the decision in ten rounds.

Pete Suskey of Scranton beat two Trenton boxers in the past month, first it was Danny Cooney and then his stable mate Joe Reno. Both of these bouts were of ten rounds.

Ralph Fulton of Trenton lost an eight round decision to Bobby Jones of Morristown at Elizabeth, N. J. This was Fulton's first defeat in ten starts.

The Doc Conrad-Johnny Oakey bout has been posponed twice because of bad weather. Oakey is anxious to get Conrad in the ring. They meet the 23rd of June, weather permitting.

Herman Lavinson, who attends all the important bouts and usually comes out ahead when betting, went hook, line and sinker on the Terry-Elkins bout.

Danny Cooney of Trenton lost a ten round decision to Freddie Polo of Newark at the Laurel Gardens. This bout was a bruising affair. Polo suffered a split lip and a cut under the left eye.

Young Terry suffered a technical knockout in the eighth round in his bout with Murray Elkins. The referee stopped the bout because Terry's eyes were both closed. This bout was held at the Laurel Garden in Newark.

FLORIDA WEST COAST
By "TINY" JOHN GASTOFF, JR.

NEWS is rather scarce as the summer slump is on and most of the clubs are only putting on occasional shows. The Cuban Club is the only arena that continues to put on shows regularly. Nixon Jones, the busiest matchmaker in the state, keeps the arenas at Lakeland and Orlando going each week.

At Benjamin Field—In the greatest battle seen here in months, Vincent Hambright, the Filipino welter from Cincinnati, smashed Louis Gonzalez, Tampa's veteran trial-horse, to the canvas no less than nine times in the course of the ten-round bout. Gonzalez, known for his great fighting heart, put up the gamest battle of his career.

Richard Hernandez, Tampa bantam, established himself as the outstanding challenger for the City Bantam title by winning a six-round decision over Thomas Barredo of Tampa.

Albert Leon, well-known Tampa feather, returned home after an absence of two months in which he conducted a fairly successful campaign in Cuba.

At Cass and Central Arena (Tampa)—Before a slim crowd, Armando Vidal, Cuban feather, pushed over Ed Griffin in two rounds.

Baby Joe Buzman, Tampa's best bantam, gave Battling Tito, Tampa, a neat boxing lesson.

Eddie Fitzmaster, Polish welter, who made a lot of friends when he lost to Antonio Dominguez, has left for Havana with his manager.

Tony Cancela, Tampa light-heavy, tucked another scalp under his belt when he knocked out Al Cohen, Minneapolis, in the sixth round at Detroit.

Mike Firpo, Tampa heavy, dropped a newspaper decision to Jack Tunney, Birmingham, in a ten-round bout at Birmingham.

At Cuban Club—Antonio Mata, Spanish heavy, flattened Big Joe Earl, Lakeland, in the first heat. Ed Flynn, former welter amateur champ of the state, who showed the fans the prettiest left hand seen in these parts in an age, left-jabbed Jerry Perdoma, Tampa, all over the ring, then dropped him for the count in less than two minutes of the first round. Flynn stacks up as the best prospect in the State.

Luis Kid Aguiar, Havana feather, arrived in Tampa looking for bouts. He has an excellent record and should make good.

Baby Miller, Tampa feather, beat Harry Allen, Jacksonville veteran.

Manuel Quintero made a big hit with the Little Rock fans by winning a clean-cut decision over the veteran Jimmy "Red" Herring of Utica, N. Y.

At Cuban Club—Tony Dominguez, heavy punching Cuban middleweight, knocked out Click Connors, Miami, in the third round. Ed Flynn, Tampa welter, a big drawing card, battered Joe Rodriguez, Tampa, from pillar to post.

In a wild battle, Trenton Vaughn, Tampa feather, climbed to his feet after a nine count knock down and socked Young Diamond, Tampa, through the ropes and out cold in the second round.

At Cuban Club—Cracker Jack Webb, Lakeland heavy, won an easy ten-round decision over the ancient Texas Ranger, Miami. Trenton Vaughn, Tampa feather, won a close decision over Young Diamond, Tampa.

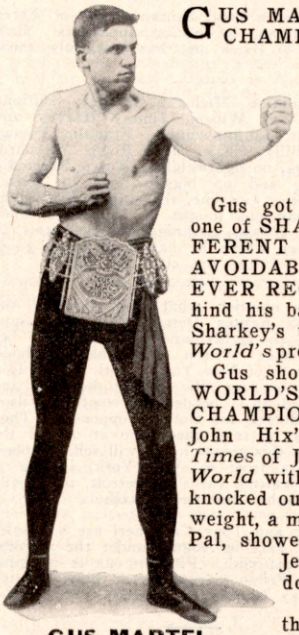
Cracker Jack Webb and his manager, Dr. Morris Lewey, left for New York City where he is scheduled to fight soon.

At Jacksonville—Dick Gore, Jacksonville veteran welter, won a ten-round decision over Blondy Parker, Savannah, in the main go. Mutt Griffin, Macon, Ga., stopped the rise of Tony Monin, Tampa feather, by knocking him out with a right to the body.

Louis Gonzalez and his manager Joe Leto are in Cuba. . . . Tony Leto, Florida's crack feather, is on his way north to renew his assault on the featherweight crown. . . . Attendance is picking up at the Cuban Club. . . . Haven't had a real thrill since the night Pietro Corri floored W. L. "Young" Stribling at the Benjamin Field Arena. . . . The fans are still raving about the heavy-punching Vincent Hambright.

Promoters, matchmakers, and managers—send in your fight dope by the 15th of the month so that it may be prepared for publication. Address the writer, "Tiny" John Gasthoff, P. O. Box 3104, Tampa, Florida.

OVER 500 KNOCKOUTS



GUS MARTEL
Amateur Lightweight Champion of the World

GUS MARTEL held the AMATEUR LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD FOR FIFTEEN YEARS AND RETIRED UNDEFEATED. He fought amateurs and professionals from lightweights to heavies, and knocked them all out within three rounds. JACK DEMPSEY, THE NONPAREIL, lasted 13 rounds against BOB FITZSIMMONS. GUS STOPPED DEMPSEY IN 2½ ROUNDS.

Gus got his SECRET PUNCH on KING SOLOMON, one of SHARKEY'S TRAINERS, at Sharkey's camp 5 DIFFERENT TIMES and HE ADMITTED IT TO BE UNAVOIDABLE and THE MOST DAMAGING BLOWS HE EVER RECEIVED. Gus went 3 rounds with his hands behind his back and WAS NOT HIT ONCE by another of Sharkey's trainers and was carried out of the ring by the *World*'s press reporters.

Gus showed GRIFFO this trick and MADE HIM A WORLD'S CHAMPION. He also MADE A WORLD'S CHAMPION of BATTLING NELSON in 10 minutes' talk. John Hix's "Strange As It Seems" in the Brooklyn *Times* of June 9th issue, has Gus among the wonders of the *World* with 500 knockouts; and in Chicago, 1905, as having knocked out four men in one night—a lightweight, a welterweight, a middleweight, and a light-heavy. John L., Gus's old Pal, showed Gus how to fight. Bob Fitz, Peter Jackson, Jeffries and the other old timers never fouled. "They don't know how to hit today," says Gus.

There was not one straight damaging blow during the entire fight, nothing but short arm jabs and hooks. Gus says he proposes to train Sharkey at his next fight and keep him World's Champion for years to come. Gus is 60 years of age and admitted the WORLD'S WONDER OF THE FIGHTING GAME. His simple way of training and living, that preserves youth of 30 at 60, would take a John Hix or Ripley to make you believe it.

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From Detroit and Vicinity

By RAY BOUSLOG, Sports Editor, Detroit *Daily Illustrated*

AFTER experiencing the worst winter boxing has ever had in Detroit and the state of Michigan, it begins to appear that the summer season will make amends to promoters, boxers and fans. Already four big bouts have been successfully staged and more are in the offing.

The highlight of the season so far was the appearance here of Primo Carnera. The "Man Mountain" took Detroit by storm when he knocked out Kayo Christner in the fourth round at Floyd Fitzsimmons' state Fair Grounds arena. Christner charged after the bout that Primo had blinded him as early as the second round by using his thumbs for other things than punching.

More than 15,000 fans paid $40,0000 to watch the battle.

In the semi-final, Kayo Clemmons, nee Frankie Simms, fought a slow draw with Benny Touchstone. The highlight of the evening was the quick knockout of our old friend, Tom Sayers. He went out in the first round, or rather, quit after several trips to the floor, as the result of sledge hammer rights.

Mickey Walker came back to Detroit and erased another obstacle in his fight to gain the light heavyweight throne. Charlie Belanger was his victim this time and Mickey took nine rounds to turn the trick. Belanger was unable to stop Mickey although he did floor him just after the bell rang for the second frame. It was a costly knockdown as Mickey showed him no mercy from that point on. Walker cut Belanger to ribbons and won in a walk. Dick Dunn's Olympia promoted the bout and the attendance was slim in comparison to the first time Walker appeared here against Leo Lomski. They sold the house out that night.

Johnny Risko served notice on the heavyweights that he was back in the swim when he outboxed and outfought Paolino Uzcudun in Olympia's first outdoor show at Navin Field, the home of the Tigers. Risko, fat and flabby, seven pounds overweight, and apparently as careless as ever in his training routine, astounded everyone by his strength in the closing rounds. He won eight rounds to two for the Basque. Paulino charged Risko with sticking his thumbs in his eyes.

Immediately after Risko's victory, Dick Dunn, general manager of the Olympia, wired Joe Jacobs $200,000 for the services of Max Schmeling against Risko here in August or September. It was good publicity for the Olympia. Jack Sharkey has also been offered $50,000 to meet Risko here for the same club.

Bud Taylor and Maestro met in the second Fitzsimmons show. The bout was originally scheduled for June 26 but Taylor injured an ankle while training and was forced to postpone until July 1.

The Olympia Sporting Club of Detroit has taken over the boxing privileges of the Industrial Mutual Association of Flint. They will stage four open-air shows and semi-monthly bills during the winter. "Scotty" Montieth, the Olympia matchmaker, will act in a similar capacity for the Flint building.

Attendance at the state shows is increasing. Mt. Clemens, having shifted from the inside to outdoors, is reporting near sell-outs every Tuesday night. In bouts there during the past months, results have been as follows: Jackie Jantz defeated Eddie Ruckman, eight rounds; Johnny Clancy, Detroit won from Tony Ross, Pittsburgh, six; Roy Boydell, Texas, lost to Mike Verhaege, Detroit, on a knockout, two rounds; Bob Albrecht, Mt. Clemens, decisioned Joe Kelly, Detroit.

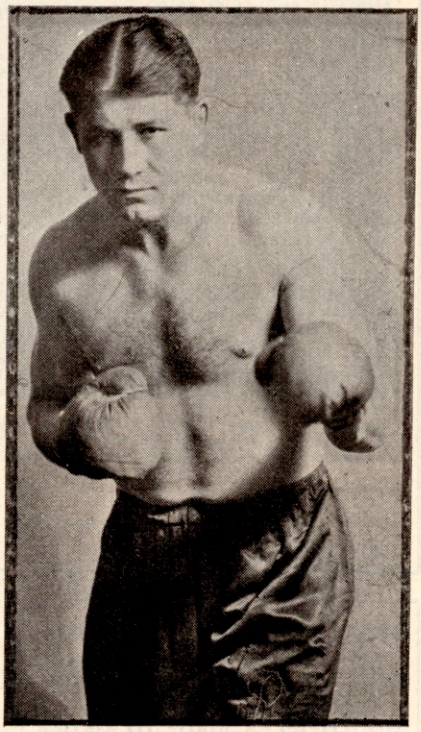
The Dearborn A. C., one of the small clubs operating during the winter, has suspended its cards for the summer. In their final bouts, Kid Williams, Florida heavyweight, lost to Detroit Jack O'Dowd on a knockout in the first round. Referee Bob Sage stopped another main event for the same club when neither Otis Johnson of Detroit or Young Jackson of Nashville appeared to care whether or not they fought.

Johnny Gale, a good bantamweight of Three Rivers, Michigan, is seeking opponents. Gale has started 40 times and has lost only three bouts.

The outstanding Michigan fighters continue to be Pee Wee Wilson, Jimmy Harvey and Ollie Bartlett, bantamweights, Franklin Young, flyweight, Billy Shaw and Roger Bernard, featherweights, no lightweights, Morrie Sherman, welterweight, and no bigger boys of consequence. Whitey Gorsline, the state heavyweight champion, has not fought in the state since winning his crown, confining his activities to southern rings where he has been going good. He will hit for the big city this fall.

I want to mention what was probably the greatest club fighter Detroit fans ever saw. It came in an eight-rounder at Olympia between Pee Wee Wilson, state bantam boss, and Terry Roth of New York. Roth and Wilson stood toe-to-toe for the whole distance and neither backed up. The decision went to Wilson because he floored his Gotham opponent. They will probably be rematched here at one of the smaller clubs this summer and will sell the place out. Roth, a frost in New York, is one of the biggest drawing cards in Detroit, principally because he fights and never stalls.

Ray Miller and Tony Canzoneri are scheduled to go to bat here in August under the auspices of the Olympia club. Fitzsimmons is planning on bringing Primo Carnera back here. Young Stribling may be his opponent.



Johnnie Risko

The Michigan state boxing commission is on the muscle. To end endless arguments over referees, they have taken the privilege of having the third man away from the clubs. Now the board picks them and there is no appeal. The nominations are announced either at ringside or the day before. The commission also went on record as favoring the lifting of Carnera's National Boxing Association suspension. They figured that Primo showed himself a pretty good fighter by knocking out Kayo Christner.

Dick Dunn, general manager of the Olympia, has a new solution to the foul problem. If Dick has his way he will incorporate a clause in the contracts of his feature fighters whereby they agree to fight over again if the bout ends in a foul. Dunn's plan is to stage the bout as an added attraction to his next regular show following the foul bout.

MAINE BOXING AND WRESTLING GOSSIP

By FRANKIE BREARD

ART GIROUX, Maine's flyweight king, is fast gaining recognition as one of the best in the world. His recent kayo over Nick Florentino, of New Haven, Conn., and Boy Walley, of Singapore, boosted his stock.

Dan Derling, Maine's big time promoter, is planning another big show for Bar Harbor.

The best prospects among state boys today are as follows:
Heavyweight, Johnny Bouchard; Light heavyweight, Johnny Carlton; Middleweight, Jerry Dupree; Welterweight, Bobby Jones; Junior Welter, Cyclone Violette; Lightweight, Roney Cont; Featherweight, Flash Dutil; Flyweight, Art Giroux.

Sailor Dow, Stonington 135-pounder, is making a name for himself in Panama where he has registered 15 straight kayos.

In the opening of a new club at Bucksport, Kid Yuck, Bangor, and Kayo Stevens, Dexter, went to a draw; Peanut Dubey, Old Town, put Giant Keasley, Bangor, out in 3; Kayo Dennis, Waterville, sank Seattle Kid Richards, Dexter, in 2, and Kid Lund, Cucksport, kayoed Young Lessard, Waterville, in 4.

Tex Austin, of New York, is in Maine looking for heavyweight material which he intends to present the big city fans with next winter. Any Maine giants that are interested write Tex Austin, care of Charlie Miller's Health Farm, Moosehead Lake, Maine.

Bobby Jones, Portland, kayoed Herbie Beck, fellow townsman, in their battle for state welterweight honors at Portland. Louie Nemis, Halifax, Canada, kayoed Ace Domingo, of Boston, in the first round. Johnny Naples, Portland, won over Pecker Martin, Bidderford, and Mike Troy, Portland, outclassed Al Bedad, Lewiston.

The following cities and towns are now running weekly shows: Portland, Bar Horbor, Waterville, Bangor, Westbrook, Bucksport, Naples, Caribou, Greenville, Lewiston, Augusta, Moscow and Machias.

Johnny Carlton, Wiscasset lawyer-pugilist, kayoed Farmer Elvin, ex-175 pound champion of the state. Carlton is now under the management of "Chick" Hayes, of Hayes and Kelly Gym, of Boston.

Laddie Lee, Maine's middleweight king, lost to Young Callahan, of Nashua, N. H., by a foul in the 10th round at Portland. Jack Thompson, Boston, put Jimmy Kid Sullivan, Portland, to sleep in the 3rd; Red Grange, Portland, went to a draw with Kayo Heggy, Boston; Tony Cavalero, Portland, kayoed Paul Lagasse, of Lowell, Mass., in four, and Billy Murphy, Bilderford, checked Kid Spear, of Long Island, in one.

The long-awaited Johnny Bouchard-Sailor Utah battle took place at Old Town, with the former winning by a knockout in the fifth. Cyclone Violette, Old Town, sank Al Bedard, Lewiston, 4; Pat Corner, Old Town, lost to Flash Dutil, Lewiston; Grant Keasley, Bangor, and Peanut Dubey, Old Town, drew, and Bud Haskell, Old Town, beat Young Sockalixi, the Indian champ.

Joe Emmons, Houlton welter, lost to Eddie Moore in a sensational bout at Bridgeport, Conn.

Fortunat Villacci, of Portland, has a comer in Johnny Naples, former state amateur champion. Others in his stable are Irving Dixon, Jimmy Bagley and Mike Perry.

Louie Nemis, welterweight champion of the Maritime Provinces, scored a five-round knockout over Frank Balandi, of Fall River, Mass., in the first main bout of the season at Bar Harbor. Red Grange, Portland, nipped the decision over Jerry Dupree, Bangor; Phil Filinger, Erie, Pa., won over Jimmy Wood, of Seal Harbor, and Grant Keasley, Bangor, went to a draw with Jim Cummings, Portland.

Joe Zelinsky, of Binghamton, N. Y., knocked out Vincent Forgione, of Philadelphia, Pa., in the third chapter of their go at Portland. In the semi-final Al Rackow, of Buffalo, N. Y., lost to Pete Herman, of Boston.

Mike Mariner, of Westbrook, is probably the only fight promoter in the East who can sign himself up for a bout at his own club and go through with it.

Eddie Polo, former state flyweight boss, making another comeback, was outclassed by Flash Dutel at Waterville.

Bill Barry has been appointed matchmaker for the newly constructed Bar Harbor Stadium, Maine's large temple of sock.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

HAVANA fight fans witnessed some good bouts last month.

Luis Parga, premier matchmaker for the Compania Cubana de Espectaculos, never fails to give the fans attractive cards.

Martin Perez, local pride, beat Ricardo Alis, middleweight champion of Spain, in a furious ten-round bout.

Conrado Conde is Cuba's latest sensation. This little flyweight who hails from Camaguey, Cuba, is speedy of foot and uses both mitts like a champion. Conde's last victory was a K.O. over Cuban Benny Leonard. Keep your eyes on Conde.

Young Souval, southpaw feather from Camaguey, managed by Willy Del Pino, scored a one-round knockout over Jimmy Flynn. Souval has yet to lose a fight.

Lucio Morejon, colorful colored middleweight, easily beat Bill Scott in eight heats. Morejon is a mighty good showman.

Aramis Del Pino improves right along with his weekly semi-professional shows. Luis Bardales beat Kid Sagua; Frank Ortiz defeated Santiago Marimon; Battling Nelson lost to Gilberto Brinas; Enrique Irizar outpunched Federico Peon, and Jimmy Penalver won over Vicente Leon in the main go.

Avelino Herrera knocked out Jose Suarez in two; Jesus Calderin and O. Menendez drew in four; Felix Martinez defeated Baby Jardines; Rodgelio Valdes and R. Heranandez also drew in a four, while Magdaleno Vidal the "Cuban Carnera" scored a two round knockout over Oscar Rojas of the army.

Jose Fernandez displayed ability by his knockout victory over Young Uzcudun in one round.

Silvio Guerra, colored lightweight, was too clever for Adelberto Delgado, and the bout terminated with a K.O. victory for Guerra in the first.

Amador Urquia continues with his good semi-professional bouts at Miramar Garden with the following results: El Polaco defeated El Turquito; Guillermo Alvarez kayoed Angel Maclas in four; El Panadero outclassed Felix Sanchez; Cuban Harry Kabakoff knocked out Kid Jabon-cillo in three, and Manuel Obeso stunned the fans by scoring a one-round knockout over Gregorio Rufino.

Mario Cotilla, Cuban veteran manager, is planning a trip to Buenos Aires, and expects to take with him Bill Scott, Relampago Saguero, Alciby Ortega, Goyito Rico, and Johnny Cruz. A good selection of boxers, and with Cotilla's keen business tactics the trip should prove a successful one. Good Luck Mario.

Kid Chocolate's admirers are anxiously awaiting the outcome of his coming bout with Jack Berg. This fight is the talk of the town.

Fernando Equilor, the Keed's secretary arrived in town with Antonio Santana, new addition to Pincho Gutierrez's stable. Santana who is known as "Uzcudun II" is a promising ringster, and should be well up the ladder ere long.

Joe Massaguer, Cuba's great sports writer, went to New York to report on the Sharkey-Schmeling bout. Massaguer cabled the results in an impressive way.

Luis Gonzalez, the lumberjack from Florida, emerged victor over Martin Oroz in a hectic ten-round bout.

Goyito Rico, by virtue of a two-round kayo over Fred Malibran, is the new heavyweight champion of Cuba.

In the preliminaries; Serafin Centeno scored a kayo in the initial round over Kid Lombardo; Silvio Guerra outgamed and outpunched Eladio Travieso.

Luis Parga was honored by fans, boxers and managers, when a de luxe dinner was given in his honor at "Cafe del Pueblo". What a popular caballero is Luis.

Since the inauguration of "Arena Polar", a few months ago, the gate receipts are registered as $100 000.00, and Mr. Parga has imported such popular boxers as Al Brown, Kid Chocolate, Pinkey Silverburg, Mike McTigue, Tommy White, Dominick Petrone, Hilario Martinez, Ignacio Ara, Raul Bianchi, Mateo la Osa.

AUSTRALIA BOXING NOTES
By SAM HART

IN the best fight of the month in Australia, Jack Haines, middleweight champion, beat Tommy Cribb, challenger, in 15 rounds. Cribb is a good, tough, game fighter whose style would take well in America. Haines is improving in every bout, and against Cribb he boxed like a world's champion.

Billy McAllister, bantam champion, outpointed young Gildo of the Philippines, in another good card here, and Tommy Crowell, featherweight champion, knocked out Al Cunan of the Philippines in 12 rounds.

Billy McAllister again outpointed Young Gildo in 15 rounds.

Norman Johnson outpointed Tiger Anderson of America in 15 rounds.

Johnny Peters, English bantam, outpointed Bill Lyson in 15 rounds. Peters is a sweet little fighter.

Tommy Janhall, welter champion, outpointed Norm Gillespie, lightweight champion, in 15 rounds.

Tommy Janhall, welter champion, outpointed Lois Vanclard, of France, in 15 rounds.

Larry Brignolia, Billy Hindly and Benny Golden have arrived here from America.

Charley Cobb and Raymon Montoya are coming to Australia under contract to Leichardt Stadium. Both of these boys are from California and they should do good here.

Dealer Wells, welterweight, K. O'd Sid Samson in three rounds. Wells has won his last six starts.

A fine prospect of a heavyweight here is Reg Stale. He is fast, game and tough.

Reg will be the heavyweight champion of Australia in another six months. I am handling him and would like to take him and Tommy Cribb to America.

Jack Haines has certainly brought the game back here. More than 10,000 persons saw him defeat Vanclard, of France, at the Stadium.

Les. Waters, Australia wonder boy, a bantam, is making a comeback after a couple of years out of the game. He is being handled by Jack Dunleavy, pilot of Jack Haines.

Frank Van, Tommy Cribb, Jimmy Pearce, Johnny Shields, Norm Johnson, Ambrose Palmer and Billy Edwards are fine middleweight prospects here.

Jack Haines stopped Leopardi, of Italy, in the tenth round. Haines outclassed the Italian.

Billy McAllister, bantam champion of Australia, and Johnny Peters of England, boxed a 15-round draw.

BOXING IN PORTO RICO
By ROSSY-OLLER

ATILIO SABATINO, welter champion, defeated Siso Lizardi, of Caguas, in a titular bout at the Victory Garden. Eight thousand fans were present.

Jose E. Angulo, the Carolina welter, stopped Manuel Mas in six stanzas. Angulo sent Mas to the canvas twice during the fight.

Ramon Bordelies, San Lorenzo hefty junior lightweight, scored a K. O. in one round over Emilio Morris, Jr.

Pete Martin, the San Juan welter idol, won on a K. O. over Ruben Brooks, English colored welterweight, in the eighth, at the San Juan Coliseum.

Essau Stephens, the man-killer of St. Thomas, finished Alex Kid Gibbons, middleweight of Virgin Islands, in 2:44 seconds of the seventh round at the Victory Garden Stadium.

Ruben Brooks, welter, won his first bout here by outpointing Eddie Carn, of Aquadilla, in eight rounds.

Nick Claudio, of Caguas, middleweight, outpointed Luis Angel Torres, of Manati, in ten rounds at the Victory Garden.

Victor (Toyo) Garcia won from Bertico Herrera, a good welter from the Domonican Republic, in eight rounds.

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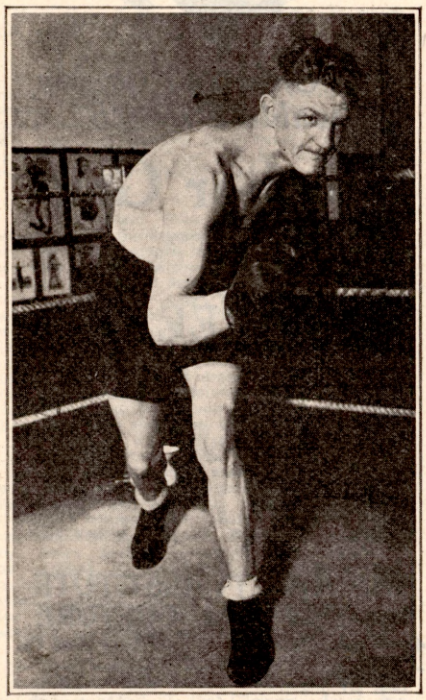
IN CALIFORNIA
By THERON FISK

A NEW boxing and sports arena, that will dwarf the Olympic, is to be erected in Los Angeles. Plans are still in the conversational stage, however, with Bill Duffy, Jack Kearns and Jim Coffroth as the chief conversationalists.

It is also reported that Duffy has purchased a beautiful home in Beverly Hills and that Mrs. Duffy and the kiddies will move in before school opens this Fall.

The Hollywood American Legion Post No. 43, the richest in the world, all due to their modest little boxing club which grosses $7,200 and is filled to capacity nearly every week, seems now to be infested with germs of ambition.



Pete Meyers, Pacific Coast middleweight, who divides his time between the Middle West and the Coast

Johnny Lamar retained his Hollywood Legion belt emblematic of the Coast lightweight championship by winning over Teddy Palacio in a fast bout at the Legion stadium. Palacio was a popular loser.

Jack Dempsey, the ever popular ex-champ of champs, is resting at his Los Felix boulevard home in Los Angeles as a result of a "minor" operation which he underwent recently at the Mayo brothers clinic at Rochester, Minnesota. Well here is the way the old warrior who just celebrated his 35th birthday is resting. One day finds him at the Hollywood Athletic Club working out. Another finds him at Agua Caliente. Another at the Olympic fights. Then we find him at Fresno, again at San Francisco refereeing a fight. Another week-end at Ensenada and so on and so forth. Some rest!

As a general thing Los Angeles' fistic bookings are superior to San Francisco's. But now San Francisco seems to have the edge and will hold it unless Los Angeles matchmakers get new faces and closer matches. Los Angeles fights of late have been in the eyes of the gamboleers 3 to 1 and even 10 to 1 betting propositions and they haven't been wrong either.

Our welterweight champions like San Francisco where Young Corbett takes 'em on non-title. San Farncisco paid Jackie Fields when he was champion $26,000 for his overweight fight with Young Corbett III. Now comes Young Jack Thompson the champion getting $20,000 from the same source for fighting Corbett in an overweight thing.

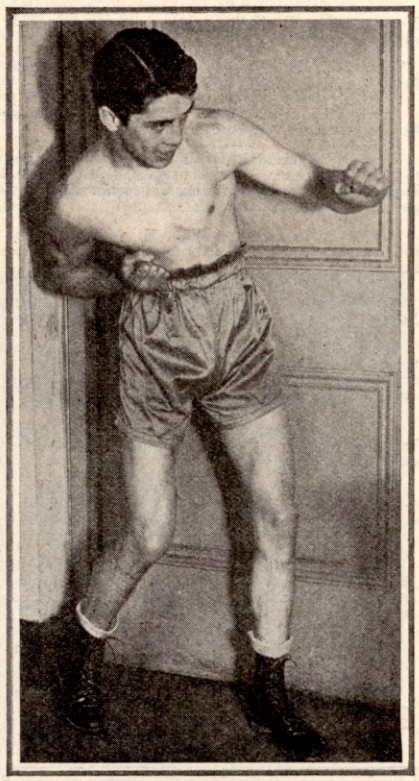
Corbett is champion of the world to San Francisco but gets little more than just glory for enacting his role.

Ace Hudkins and Tom Kennedy have split. Likewise the youthful Hymie Miller and Al Lang have come to the parting of the road. All gave their best at all times and have parted with the best of personal feelings. Hymie has great promise but little patience. His ambition may ruin his career.

The Wildcat is back with his brothers, Clyde and Art, who brought back Kennedy's $40,000 contract.

The Hudkins brothers are also operating a riding academy on Ventura boulevard, Los Angeles. They have about 50 wonderful horses, miles of private bridal paths and a beautiful clubhouse.

Lieutenant Jack Kennedy, of your Uncle Sam's Navy, has never in some 20 years of refereeing on sea and shore awarded a decision on a foul. That seems rather strange in these ribald days of fouls, yet we in California who know his method so well, believe it to be the truth and nothing but the truth. We also are of the belief that Kennedy would never have awarded Schmeling such a beclouded victory as he won in New York.



Joe Conde, handled by Moose Taussig, has won his last 24 starts on the Pacific Coast

A recent fight at San Diego tells better than anything else the Lieutenant's way. Charley Feraci and Young Harry Wills, the latter, notorious in California rings as a puncher to foul territory, were fighting. Wills swung a punch and Feraci went down claiming the customary foul. Kennedy stopped the fight, led Feraci to his corner and growled, "can you take a deep breath?" Feraci pretty nearly sucked in all the ozone in the arena. "Now raise your arms above your head," commanded Kennedy. Feraci almost touched the ceiling. "Come on now and fight," admonished the naval officer, "you are not hurt and you have had a rest." Feraci came out fighting like a tiger.

Now don't get the idea that Lieutenant Kennedy is a heartless and blood-thirsty old sea dog. Quite the contrary. In another fight between Dick Ramies and Charley Cobb in which Kennedy was the referee, Ramies lashed out with a punch that laid Cobb's eye wide open. Kennedy stopped the fight, spoke to Cobb and awarded the decision to Ramies on a technical knockout. The crowd razzed him to the full capacity of their lungs. Did Kennedy take a duck? No! He stepped to the center of the ring, raised his hand for silence and announced. "Now gentlemen, if you want to see a man's eye put out for $3 and this boy blinded for life, you won't see it while I'm working in the ring." The extent of Cobb's injury was brought home to the crowd and the jolly tar was cheered to the echo.

Los Angeles colored boxing fans had a big inning as they watched Young Jack Thompson, the new welterweight champion, flatten Joe Cardoza in round three in an overweight thing at the Olympic.

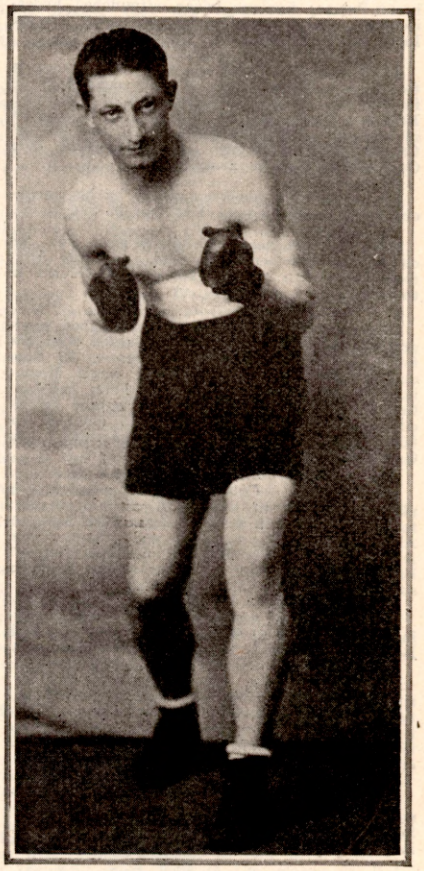
It was Thompson's first appearance in California since he dethroned Jackie Fields in Detroit and his first bout at home (Los Angeles) in several years.

Like his predecessor, Jackie Fields, Black Jack has always been a poor card in his home town. The lean Negro is, however, changed from the youngster who started here years ago. The years of experience and title have given him the confidence and assurance of a first class ringman.

Mack House, heavyweight, achieved a goal which he tried three times to reach by knocking out Neil Clisby in round three at Pasadena. Clisby stopped House in their first three meetings. Both fighters are Negroes.

At the Olympic, Los Angeles, another old veteran came through. Bert Colima, the daddy of local fighters, stopped Homer Sheridan in three heats.

Dave Shade, another veteran of the ring, bobbed and cuffed his younger opponent, Ace Hudkins around for ten rounds to win the duke. Hudkins and Shade put 27 grand into the Olympic coffers. The best house in many months.



Jackie Swift, Vancouver welterweight, who is coming along at a fast clip

The Olympic management played up Shade's win over Hudkins by offering Jack Kearns 65 per cent of the gate for a title bout between Walker and Shade. Kearns rejected the most generous offer by demanding a straight guarantee. Doyle would have made it an outdoor show at advanced prices.

The Olympic's next move was to match Colima and Hudkins. This also failed to materialize when Hudkins found himself in a jam with his Uncle Sam over his income reports.

Frankie Campbell won another fight by a knockout, at the Olympic, running his string of k.o's up to fourteen, but not without damage to himself and his fistic reputation. The victim was Tom Kirby, who all but slaughtered Frankie up to the knockout.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

AS I stated in this column last month, boxing in Sioux City, and nearby towns, continues to grow better and better. Three clubs are running here now, and drawing good crowds with each show, which will lead one to believe that promoters here are putting on what the people like.

Sammy Sacco, hard punching local featherweight, threatens to jump into the limelight. Sacco had four bouts booked for last month and was only able to do his stuff in one, owing to the fact promoters were unable to sign the so-called good ones, when they found out who they were going to mix with. That's how good Sacco is.

Joe Kelly, popular Riverview Park matchmaker, had a very good month. Kelly runs a big boxing show every Monday night and has been signing plenty of good local talent. 2,000 fans were on hand for Kelly's first show in the new arena which featured Sammy Martin, local colored lad, and Billy Love (colored) Omaha lightweight, in a sizzling six-rounder. Martin had Love on the floor three times in the first two rounds, but was unable to keep the tough Omaha lad down. Martin won by a shade. In the other bouts, Eddie Sebron, Omaha middleweight, defeated Joe Johnston of Sioux Falls, and Kid Rippato, clever local lightweight, punched a four-round victory over Sammy Mazzaro of Omaha in sixes, and in two three-rounders, Kid Ferguson, Sioux City lightweight, won over Sailor Burke, of Sargeant Bluffs, and Baby Sacco beat Young Jimmy Ray at 114 lbs.

One of the most sensational bouts witnessed here during the month was that between Tuffy Griffiths and Cowboy Bill Owens in which Griffiths stopped his man in the fifth at Tom Brislane's show at the Auditorium. In another bout Mike Mondell of St. Paul won on a foul from Bud Doran of Chicago in the fifth round. Dave Forbes, the new heavyweight Murray McLean of St. Paul signed up, turned out to be everything Murray said about him. Forbes came down from St. Paul and stopped Charles Rubel of Spencer, Iowa, in the fourth. His seconds threw up the sponge. Jimmy Johnson, local lightweight, knocked out Harold Berg, in the fourth.

Ray Mann, Sioux City's star welterweight, took the count at the hands of Dan Cupid, but came right back with a K.O. victory over Milt Erwin of Council Bluffs, in the third round at Shenandoah, Iowa.

Readers! Keep your eyes peeled on Sammy Martin, local colored lightweight. He is coming along like a streak. Before the year is out, it is safe to predict, he will make some of the topnotchers hustle. This lad is destined to take a punch at bigger game.

Walt Pritchard, the good-natured south-side promoter, stands right up in the front lines giving the fans some very good shows. Walt holds his shows every Friday night at the Stock Yards Ball park, and is also giving the local boys a chance to show what they can do. On his initial card of the season, Sammy Sacco showed the fans why the boys stay out of his way, when he gave Clif Waterman, Omaha featherweight, a bad beating. Sacco had Waterman on the floor close to ten times. In the semi-final, Ray Mann and Johnny Lambert, both of Sioux City, fought a draw. Indian Ray and Wildcat Smith boxed four rounds to a draw, Spec Welch beat Johnnie Lindsay. Fred Williams and Baby Sacco drew in another four-rounder, and Young Ray put Young Lambert to sleep in the second round.

Johnny Burds, local featherweight, and Carl Wells, of Omaha, put on a fast six-rounder at the Stock Yards park with Wells winning by a shade. The results of the other bouts were as follows. Johnny Lambert beat Archie Jackson; The "Iowa Bulldog" beat Wildcat Smith; Carl Hugo defeated Jimmie Ray; Kid Ferguson and George Ray fought a four-round draw and Kid Miller and Young Tuffy Griffiths drew in four-rounds. Tuffy Griffiths refereed the main event.

Sammy Martin, added another one to his list when he took Joe Smogye of Omaha into camp in their six-rounder at Riverview park. In a return bout, Babe Barnes and Kid Swezey, fought another thrilling six-round draw. The "Iowa Bull Dog" put down another victim, when he put Spec Welch local lad away in the second round. K.O. Chester Smith, a good looking lightweight from Billings, Mont., lost his first go here with Kid Ferguson, local lad. Johnny Williams unintentionally fouled Young Ray in their four-round opener.

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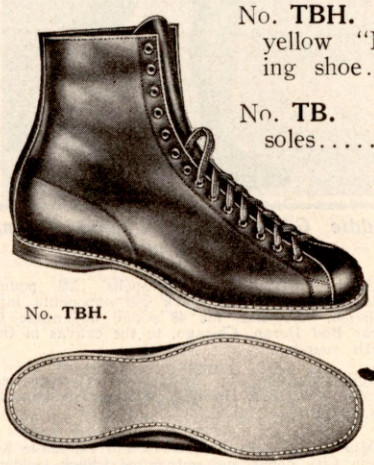

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Andy Dans, local fistic manager, and well known about the middle-west, has a fine stable of prospects. Babe Barnes, hard punching bantamweight, tops his list. Barnes is a sweet puncher, and makes it tough for any boy he is matched with.

Sammy Martin moved up into the Junior welterweight class for a one-night stand at Riverview park, and the Negro lightweight stopped Paul Anthony, also of Sioux City, in the fourth round. Babe Barnes, and "Kid" Swezey, of Spencer, Ia., fought to a draw. In the other bouts, the "Iowa Bulldog" of Sheldon, Ia., put the K.O. on Eddie Grim, Negro middleweight from Minneapolis. Kid Miller, Sioux City bantamweight, had a shade over Young Tuffy Griffiths of Kingsley, Ia., and Kid Ferguson and Bat Slater, both local lightweights, went four rounds to a draw.

Many of the eastern fistic managers have an idea that we have a gold mine out here, judging from the guarantees they ask for their battlers. In proportion to the houses drawn in this region, to those in the east, local promoters are forced to "dig deep" before they can bring in eastern talent. Good boys will have no trouble getting bouts here, but be sure you are "good", and unknowns trying to pass off as main eventers will get nowhere.

Last minute sparks . . . Mr. George Lielie, popular Shenandoah, Iowa boxing promoter, is building up the game in the little seed house city . . . Homer Sheridan, local middleweight, fought Bert Colima ten rounds to a draw on the west coast. In a return bout, Sheridan was put to rest in three rounds . . . Bobby Paul can be reached at the Ritz Hotel, Sioux City, Iowa. This for youngsters wanting to get started . . . Jack McCann former sparring partner of Jack Dempsey, will make Sioux City his headquarters . . . Blacky Schatz is our popular announcer and the fans don't want any one else . . . Eugene Sickler, a 160-pounder, looks like a good prospect. . . . One of the ablest arbiters in the game here, is Johnny Casey of Omaha. He will do his stuff in Sioux City soon . . . The game needs more like Casey . . . The best prospect for the month is Sammy Martin, colored lightweight . . . Sioux City is going to be the best fight center west of Chicago before fall . . . Here is a fact—the writer had nine phone calls in one day asking when THE RING would be on the news stands. . . .

MIDWEST NEWS
By PINKEY GEORGE

DES MOINES is likely to see a light heavyweight natural soon if George Bourland and Kenneth Hunt are paired up.

The Des Moines boxing club featured Eddie Anderson with Joey Rivers of Kansas City. Anderson won. Hymie Wiseman beat Everett McLean in another ten.

Northern Iowa has quite a card in Joe Goeders, who has been packing them in at Spencer and Mason City.

Kenneth Hunt beat Cowboy Bill Kuncher at Mason City in ten, while Johnny O'Hara beat Teddy McCoy.

A much needed gymnasium was opened by the writer in Des Moines recently. With boxing drawing from five to ten grand, it is a cinch the sport will be legalized here. The State wants some of that money.

Joe Kelly, former Des Moines promoter, is now having tremendous success at Sioux City at the Riverview Arena.

Des Moines has a great flyweight prospect in Alex Stagg but his ability is wasted, as the little Jewish mauler doesn't like to train.

Joe Glaser, Chicago manager, has been having success with his fighters in Des Moines. Both Eddie Shea and Eddie Anderson are great cards there.

Believe it or not—Vale Falegano, Filipino flyweight, and Wyman Swezey boxed the sixth straight draw in six consecutive weeks—and in different clubs.

Mason City has a comer in Don Hampton, lightweight, who recently moved there from Michigan.

Harold Plude, one of the best junior lightweights ever to come out of Des Moines, made a comeback recently and showed great form in winning from Ernie North.

THE RING magazine clicks with Mid-West fans. "Bigger and Better With Every Issue."

OREGON FLASHES
By GORDON M. CONNELLY

IN the fight card, sponsored by Promoter Hansen, Leo Lomski of Aberdeen and Fred Lenhart of Spokane fought a fast 10-round draw. While the decision was popular with the fans, many ringsiders and newspaper writers thought Lomski won by a shade. On the same card, Frisco McGale, Seattle, drew with Jack Kentworth in six rounds.

With George Moore sponsoring the show, Joe Marcus, Portland lightweight beat Paddy Walthier, San Francisco, in ten rounds.

Mickey Dolan, aggressive lightweight, won a hard fought battle over Al Gotthardt, German champion.

Ray McQuillan, colored Denver welterweight, won over Jimmy Dolan, Los Angeles Mexican, and Abie Israel beat Bernie Millater.

Harry Osborne, Portland trainer, has opened a fine gym, called the Osborne's Athletic Club. This is his fourth gym in Portland.

Fred "Windy" Windsor was in Portland recently with his promising welterweight, Joe Cordoza.

Portland fans were grieved to hear of the death of Leo P. Flynn, noted sportsman who was well liked here.

Senator "Wild Bill" Lyons, was in Portland to tell us that Al Singer would whip Sammy Mandell in their coming bout.

In a non-titular bout, Jack Thompson, newly crowned colored welterweight champion, kayoed Jimmy Dolan, Los Angeles, in the third, after being bounced off the ropes, in the first. The champion showed his class.

Roy "Swede" Nelson drew with Jack Kentworth, welterweights.

At the ringside were Mysterious Billy Smith, Tom Tracy, Tommy Riley and Charley Jost, former great welterweights.

A few great matches are in prospect for this summer. Young Firpo wishes to meet Leo Lomski and Fred Lenhart. Georgie Dixon, local colored middleweight, is also trying to get a match with these boys. Promoters Hansen, Gruman, and Moore are putting on great cards and are deserving of more patronage than they are getting.

At Pendleton, Joe Coffman, 138, Buffalo, N. Y., kayoed Ray Morris, Seattle, in three.

At Klamath Falls, Ray McQuillan, colored Denver welterweight, kayoed Steamboat Jackson, Klamath Falls, in five.

Brownie Buskirk, Pendleton welterweight, won on a foul at Baker from Johnny Carlson, Portland, being hit when on his knees.

At Klamath Falls, Georgie Dixon, Portland Negro, kayoed Willie Feldman, New York middleweight, in the seventh round of a great fight.

At Wauna, in a card of many four and six rounders, Adam Kell decisioned Art Haulman, 128. Cliff Hottinger, Astoria, decisioned Bobby Dugger, Portland, 145, in six.

The writer has received a large number of letters since the last issue of THE RING concerning the fight game in Oregon which will be answered in the near future.

MINNESOTA NEWS
By BOB BURRILL

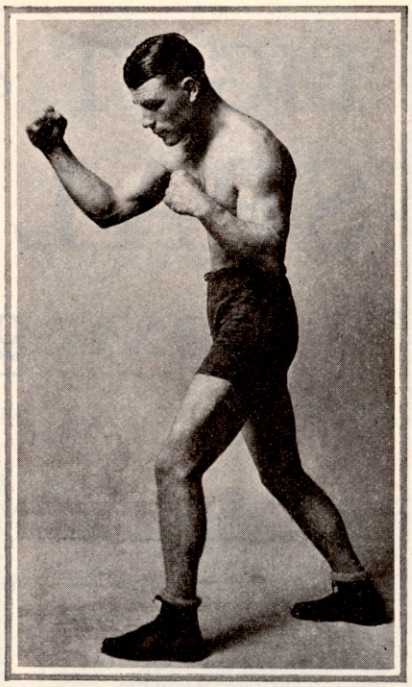
MINNESOTA'S "Battle of the Century" was thrown for a loss when rain forced a two day postponement. When finally staged, a 13,000 dollar crowd turned out.

King Tut, Minn's. great lightweight, pounded out a ten round victory over My Sullivan, St. Paul's two-fisted Irish welter. The decision was close, and the opinion was divided on the outcome. The gate was $13,000 even after two postponements due to rain.

The old phantom, Mike Gibbons, handled Sullivan admirably.

Mike's heavy, Jimmie Gibbons, stopped Geneo Peru, Chile, in one round.

Wayne Short, St. Paul feather, scored a technical knockout over Max Garcia, of Iowa, in one round.



Eddie Gross, Seattle's hard hitting heavyweight prospect

Angus McDonald, Minneapolis' 228 pound heavy, continues to knock his opponents into oblivion. He used his 48 pound advantage to wear Bud Doran, Chicago, to the canvas in the sixth round.

Billy McCabe, St. Paul, won a surprising verdict over Babe Herman, Moorhead feather, in six rounds.

Murry McLean's boy, Dave Forbes, made his Twin City debut and outpointed Chuck Golden.

King Tut's co-manager, Ernie Fliegal, used to throw leather with the best of the featherweights until eye trouble forced him to hang up the gloves. Fliegal is a capable manager and has done a lot to put the King on his present roost.

The local papers were well represented at the Sharkey-Schmeling fray in New York. George Barton covered the bout for the *Tribune* and Dick Cullum for the *Journal*. Both scribes picked Sharkey to win.

At Flint, Mich., Ollie Bartlett, Minneapolis, won a ten round verdict over Happy Atherton, Indianapolis. Richie Mack, Minneapolis, lost to Nick Ellenwood in ten rounds.

At Sioux City, Mike Mandell, St. Paul, won on a foul from Bud Doran, Chicago, in five rounds and Dave Forbes scored a technical knockout in the fourth round over Charles Rubel, Spencer.

At LaCrosse, Red Frye was stopped by Billy Petrolle in the first. Billy McCabe, St. Paul, knocked out Babe Welsh in the first. Mel Coleman, Duluth, and Johnnie O'Hara, St. Paul, drew, in six rounds.

At Indianapolis, Eddie Shea knocked out Billy DeFoe, St. Paul, in the second round.

At Sioux Falls, Tom Pruitt defeated Honeyboy Conroy, St. Paul Negro, in eight rounds. Marry Muller, Minneapolis middleweight, lost to Johnny Martin in eight rounds.

The writer wishes to thank the numerous fans for their fine support of this column and for their interesting letters. I assure you that your efforts are deeply appreciated and your reports will be used when space permits.

SHORT SOCKS:—Mike Gibbons is running for sheriff . . . Wrestling is at a standstill around here . . . Sullivan wants a return shot at Tut . . . Tut plays diamond ball . . . Sullivan plays golf . . . Tut's real name is Henry Tuttle . . . He isn't Egyptian, he's German . . . Dave Forbes looks good . . . Billy DeFoe is still throwing the leather . . . Jerk Doran has his eye on another Tut-Sullivan bout . . . Red Frye forgot to duck again . . . Angus McDonald hails from Canada . . . He stands six feet six inches . . . He claims to have floored seven men in a Canadian gambling den brawl for a friend, says Angus . . . Billy McCabe is the prospect of the month.

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WILKES-BARRE NOTES
By HUGH A. CARR

FOR the first time in many years, the Armory A. C. failed to stage a show during the past month. The fact that there was no show held was no fault of Matchmaker Bird, who was unable to put over the matches best suited for the local fans.

Bird is trying to bring together Frankie Cawley, Pittston lightheavy, now under the same management as Tommy Loughran, former lightheavyweight champ and Pete Latzo, former welterweight king.

Al Jackson Dunmore kept up his winning streak by pounding out a clean cut decision over Jimmy Batchelor, Newark lightweight, before a capacity crowd at the Scranton Armory. Billy Kelly, Scranton featherweight, outpointed Pinkey Silverberg, New York, in ten heats.

In the preliminaries Joe Dunmore, welterweight, won over Babe Marshall, Newark, 6 rounds. Jimmy Hermann, Hazelton, light-heavy, kayoed Gus Gardener, Plains, in 2 rounds. Jack Reilly, Nanticoke heavy, kayoed Caveman Stevens in one round and Frankie McHugh, Scranton, won over Tommy Jersey, Olyphant, 4 rounds.

Joe Coolbaugh, Duryea welterweight, fought a great ten-round draw wth "Whitey" Laubach at Williamsport.

Mickey Doyle, Pittston's hard socking southpaw, lost a fast ten-round wind-up to Panama Al Brown, at the Scranton armory.

Pete Suskey pulled a big surprise when he kayoed Joe Moresco, Newark welter, in the ninth round at the same show.

Billy Kelley, Scranton, won his second bout within a month when he trounced Danny Dempsey, his arch rival for featherweight honors in Lackawanna county.

Jackie Britton, Pringle featherweight, who has been on the sidelines since the death of his father, will resume training soon.

Johnny Kelly, Wilkes-Barre's leading welter, won additional ring fame during the past month by a victory over Tony Rock at Carbondale, and Mike Gibbons, New Jersey, at Shenandoah.

IN TENNESSEE
By AL HAYES

THE Memphis Stadium Corp., of which Coyle Shea is the matchmaker, is doing a lot to bring Memphis back into the limelight as a boxing center. Mr. Shea is to be complimented on his last card. Heading the card was Eddie Shea and Bobby Allen. Shea stopped Allen in the fourth round with a body attack, a left hook and a short right on the button.

Dick Clarke won as he pleased from the veteran, Tommy Fowlks, in 8 rounds. Pat Elmore got the nod over Pal Foley. Paul Sharp of Hattiesberg stopped Howard Laberia in the fifth.

Such shows as these will put Memphis on the map again. Shea is trying to get Mickey Walker here with some good opponent.

Jackson, Tenn., is putting on regular weekly shows. B. C. Miller known as Willie Managum in the fight games is matchmaker and doing a good job of it. Such boys as Eddie Kid Wolf, Tarzen Legett, Eddie Goldberg, head the shows.

A good boy in the making around Jackson is Kid Covington, who has a string of knockouts to his credit.

Brownsville is going over good with Gimmy Griffen as matchmaker and Carl Cannon as referee.

The best boys in this neck of the woods are Eddie Kid Wolf, Dick Clarke, Luther Orr, Tarzen Legett and Billy Brown.

The Southern Athletic Club, of which Billy Hack, Jr., is matchmaker, is putting on regular weekly shows with fair success. Rebel Red Herring, Luther Orr, Joe Kid Peck, Eddie Kid Wolf, Dick Clarke are headliners, and Billy Hack, Sr., is the referee.

Green Wood, Miss., is meeting with fair success with Bill Hack, Sr., acting as referee and matchmaker.

Oxford, Miss., has unearthed a heavyweight who in the writer's estimation will go far in the boxing game. Applewhite, 186 pound student who has stopped four opponents in as many rounds, is the boy referred to.

Eastern Canada and Montreal Topics
By LAWSON BAMPTON

THE Canadian Hockey Club, sole promoters of boxing events in Montreal, staged the initial show of the open air ring season at the Baseball Stadium on a holiday evening, St. Jean Baptiste Day. Matchmaker Alec Moore managed to present this program after no less than six postponements due to various reasons, a record in that respect. However, well over 5,000 enthusiasts were there for the doings and trekked homeward highly satisfied with the show. In the feature bouts, Pete Sanstol, the great little Norwegian bantam, and Luigi Quadrini, the French featherweight were the winners in interesting ten-rounders. Sanstol encountered his persistent challenger from Italy, Dom Bernasconi, while blond Petey dazzled Bernie and the fans with his blazing speed and clever head slipping.

Quadrini made an impressive showing in trouncing the tough little Brooklyn featherweight, Joe Marciente, in the ten-round semi-final. Quadrini, cool as ice, parried Joe's leads with skillful effectiveness and tore away at the body with both hands. He'll make a good card here and may soon be seen as an opponent to Al Foreman, the knockout punching British Empire Lightweight Champion.

Barney O'Connell, tricky and rugged little Verdun feather, won a la Max Schmeling from his heavy slugging rival, Art Roger, in the fifth round.

Tony Dillulo, clever local Italian featherweight, lost out to Ossie Bodkin, formerly of Toronto but now of Montreal, in their six-round prelim. Tony made the mistake of staying on the defensive too much. Tony is under the management of the Racicot-Beaudriault combine who have one of the largest stables in Canada and keep their boys busy in several different parts of the Dominion.

Johnny Nemis, the Maritime welter star, is going well and would make a good attraction here with the sharpshooting Joe Brown. Nemis defended his Maritime middleweight title against the rugged Joe Hartnett at St. Johns, N. B., on June 23rd. Johnny was far too classy and beat his challenger in handy style.

Johnny Gooderich, a pretty smart little flyweight from Toledo, Ohio, punched holes in Harry Hill, local Englishman, in the eight-round top prelim.

Al Foreman, Imperial lightweight champ and terror of the topnotchers, has at last been assured that he will fight before leaving Canada. The heavy hitting knockout king displayed his punch and skill before Toronto fans against Sam Hackett, the clever Queen City boxer.

Foreman signed up with the Canadian Hockey Club to meet any one of eight topnotchers in Montreal but Matchmaker Alec Moore was powerless to persuade any of them to listen to him in regard to facing a Foreman fistic storm. Al is figuring on opposing Jack Kid Berg at Wembley Stadium in London late this summer under the reins of Jeff Dickson.

Alec Moore is having trouble to get really high class headliners for the open air shots.

Amateur boxing circles are turning out great prospects and some of these lads are apparently in for big time ring careers among the pros. Al Foreman has been finding some of the simon pure lightweights of vast help for sparring purposes and some of the lads are improving with every clash while working out with the Imperial lightweight king. Harold Stewart, Jimmy Thompson, L. Nickolo, and a smart middleweight amateur, Carl Neilsen, are the best of the classy amateur stars training with Foreman.

Bobby Leitham's fiery speed and flashy boxing also fits in well with Foreman's workouts. Foreman will sail for England in another few weeks to engage in several important bouts, including one for the Lonsdale belt.

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CANADIAN BOXING GOSSIP
By JACK JARVIS

PLAYFAIR BROWN, of the Shamrock Club, Toronto, again staged a "Field Day" for the fight fans, when he featured "Frenchy" Bellanger, of Toronto, Canadian flyweight champion, and Frankie Genaro, the N. B. A. crown bearer of the "Tom Thumb" class at the Coliseum. Bellanger proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that he is again the most dangerous contender in the flyweight class as his bulldog aggressiveness and relentless body punching had him in front at the half way mark, and it was only the superb ring generalship of canny Frankie in the final five, that won him a mighty close decision.

Sammy Hackett, the uncrowned Canadian featherweight champion, proved his superiority over Billy Shaw, of Detroit, in the semi-final by outboxing the Detroiter and winning handily. Shaw, a popular boy around Toronto, would make a hit with the less clever boys. It is possible that he will be seen in action again at an early date against a rugged and hard battling campaigner.

Vince Glionna, Toronto featherweight, drew down the award over Alex Madrian, of Detroit, a promising two-handed hitter, who will be heard from. Pete Sanstol, the Norwegian speed demon, showed plenty of class when he gave a one-sided licking to game Bobby Clary, of Buffalo.

The Capital City Boxing Club, at Ottawa, Ontario, put on the first pro show for months, and "topped" their own good local boy, Ronnie Headley, a sterling welterweight prospect. Headley gained a fairly easy verdict over Harry Smith, of Montreal.

Larry Gains, the Canadian heavyweight champion who has been in Europe boxing successfully for the past ten months, scored another victory at Florence, in Italy, when he popped over Epifanio Isles, a South American Negro, in a one-sided seven-round bout. Gains also scored victories over Robert Roberti on two other occasions.

Larry Gains is the clever Canadian who disposed of the present heavyweight world's champion so summarily in 1925. Gains holds the distinction of stopping Herr Maxie Schmeling in two rounds.

Playfair Brown, of Toronto, is going to give Sammy Hackett a chance to get into smart company. Tod Morgan will be his opponent at a show in Toronto during the latter part of July. This Hackett boy is a very fine prospect, very clever, a good puncher, and a fine ring general. He needs a little schooling in aggressiveness and when this is accomplished, look out for Mr. Sammy Hackett.

Fight followers are beginning to turn their optics on another great prospect, a western Canada product, in Frankie Battaglia. Frank took the good Laurie Peppin into camp at a recent show in Winnipeg, and then turned the "high explosives" on Patsy Pollock, of Chicago. Frank again ran true to form with Pollock finishing on the canvas after a blustery five-round punchfest.

Jack Allen, clean-cut and smart Vancouver promoter and manager, came east with Billy Townsend, the Canadian lightweight champion, who threw "resin dust" in Al Foreman's eyes in their battle for the Canadian title last year. Townsend boxes Jack Purvis, rugged Indianapolis welterweight, and if he wins he will challenge Jackie Phillips for the right to sit on the welterweight throne.

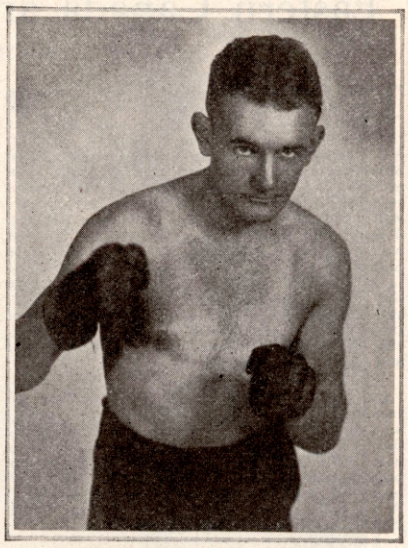
It is the intention of the Shamrock Athletic Club, of Toronto, to match Billy Townsend, the latest western invader, against the battlin' Britisher, Jack Kid Berg, in the event Billy is successful against Jackie Phillips.

Several big outdoor promotions are promised by Brown for the summer. I have just been informed that Jackie Fields may also be seen here against strong opposition. Brown is burning up a lot of midnight oil getting together some high class attractions and he deserves a lot of credit for his work.

Though there is a slump in boxing attendance throughout the continent, Toronto averages $6000 houses at the Arena and the Coliseum.

Belleville, Ontario, intends to swing back again into the pro game, pro tem, at least. Belleville sportsmen were in conference at Toronto recently with a view of featuring some high-class attractions during their August celebration.

Jackie Johnstone, former Canadian featherweight champion, headlined a popular priced show at the Arena Gardens, Toronto. He scored brilliantly over dusky Jack Willis, of Philadelphia. Johnstone was dropped for short count in the first few seconds, but came back manfully to outscore the elusive colored boy.



Bobby Leitham, holds the bantam title of Canada, and a pleasing boy to watch

The entertainment showed a smart set of "all sixes", and the "hoi-polloi" of the "plunging Peters" received several nasty jolts in the pocketbooks. First came Cliff Graham, a 7 to 2 shot, popping down in front of "Chuck" Feldman in six; Doug Lewis, at one to five, dragged down the verdict from Johnny Pisa, of Erie, Pa., and the upset of the evening was completed when Billy McVeigh, of Vancouver, reeled past the winning post a winner over Malcolm Mathison.

IN EASTERN CANADA
By LAWSON BAMPTON

BOBBY LEITHAM, the classiest bantam Canada ever boasted, featured the initial show of the season at Quebec City when he met Joe Villeneuve, Canadian champ, in a ten-round title batle. The bout ended in a draw although many thought Joe had a decided edge.

Two weeks later another program was staged in Quebec with Ralph McNaughton, local featherweight favorite, stopping Eddie Morgan in seven heats, while Levy Duquette walloped Benn Palmer in three. Timmy Butts, a Montreal flyweight who is beginning to show promise, smacked Billy Green, clever local boy, to the canvas three times before the bout was awarded to Timmy by a T.K.O. in the sixth.

Johnny Nemis, Maritime welter and middleweight titleholder who is generally acclaimed as the Champion of Eastern Canada, is burning things up. The New Waterford idol is the biggest attraction in the Maritime Provinces and his consistent winning streaks stamp him as a reliable performer. His specialty of late sems to be opposing New England battlers as evidenced in his last trio of bouts. Nemis kayoed Jimmy "Kid" Sullivan of Portland in the fifth at St. John, N. B., and then fought to a ten-round draw with the rugged Kid Drew, also of Portland, at the border town, St. Stephens. On June 15th, Johnny stopped Red Grange, Maine welter, in the eighth at Port Elgin. Among Johnny's victims are Jack McKenna, Joe Irvine, Joe Hartnett, Jimmy Fruzetti, and Tony Julian. Nemis will bear plenty of watching.

Sherbrooke fight fans were treated to one of the best "thrillers" ever seen in Eastern Townships rings when their crack featherweight, Young Lebrun, fought through ten rounds of cyclonic action to a draw with his rival from Worcester, Mass.

The Armory was packed and the fine card on display justified the enthusiastic attendance. Two local lightweights, Freddie Appleton and Jack Robidas, staged a savage battle in their semi-final draw with Appleton scoring the most knockdowns, which should have given him the edge. Billy James smacked Leo Belanger for a two-round K.O. He looks like a real comer in the flyweight brigade. Kid Perusse, Sherbrooke, won on a foul over Rene Leclerc, Drummondville, in the third stanza, while K. O. Ledoux blasted Joe Divito in the third heat.

Coaticook, Que., had their first show of the season early in June and it went over with plenty to spare, both in finance and entertainment values. In the ten round main event scheduled between Gaston Menard, local welter, and Leo Salvas, of Berlin, N. H., Salvas connected with a terrific right in the third and Menard hit the canvas for the evening, amid general consternation. It was the first home town defeat ever suffered by the victim.

The semi-final "eight" terminated in the seventh stanza when Rene Taillefer, Montreal youth, dropped the sleep sock on the inviting chin of one Joe Vinot, maritime lightie. Billy James, Sherbrooke flyweight star, scored a sensational two-round K.O. over his home town rival, Art Haggy, while Young Al Brown added a six-round win over Kid Leonard to his list.

Young Al Brown's future ring career seems doomed as he suffered a fractured jaw when he caught a straight right from Leonard in the first round. Not knowing the extent of the injury, though suffering extreme pain, Brown kept outboxing his rival to take a handy decision though being floored several times. Brown was a real prospect.

HUDSON COUNTY, N. J., AND VICINITY
By EDWARD ZANFRINI

SEVERAL high-class fights took place in and near Hudson County, Jersey City, last month, the feature of which found Jack Kid Berg, world's junior welterweight champion, as the headliner at Dreamland Park, Newark. Jackie gave the fans one of the greatest exhibitions of fighting ability they had ever seen when he kayoed Al Delmont in that mill in four rounds.

Berg was given wonderful publicity notices prior to the bout but no one ever expected to see the hurricane that Berg showed himself to be. Throwing punches at a mile a minute speed he was all over Delmont and floored him several times before the towel was tossed into the ring.

Harry Carlton showed flashes of improvement when he knocked out Tony Melore in the ninth round of their bout at Oakland A. A. Harry is a good fighter when in proper condition and the Melore victory should instil some confidence into him. Carlton is matched with Harry Blitman, Philadelphia southpaw, who knocked out Irish Bobby Brady, and that match will draw the biggest crowd that Jersey has drawn in years.

Ralph Lenny keeps improving with each victory. His latest victim was Henry Perlick, one of the Perlick Twins, at Ebbets Field. Lenny is bound to get there. He has speed, boxing ability and punches fairly hard. That combination is hard to beat.

Max Waxman, promoter at Dreamland Park, expects to have Lew Raymond assist him in the future with the matchmaking duties. Raymond is one of the outstanding matchmakers in the country and should help the club to a great extent.

Young Zazzerino scored two knockouts during the month. He kayoed Al Rube Goldberg in eight rounds and Benny Brostoff in five. Zazzy is still good enough to whip the second raters.

Midget Wolgast gave a dazzling exhibition of speed and science when he trounced Frankie Bauman at the Oakland A. A. in ten speedy rounds of fighting. Wolgast is a real champion. In the eight-round semi-final Mickey Cohen of Cleveland trounced Eddie Keneally.

One of the real naturals that John Jennings expects to get for the summer season is Harry Carlton and Sammy Dorfman. Dorfman whipped Carlton in Madison Square Garden and Harry has been anxious to get even.

Lew Diamond is making matches in Scranton and his brothers are handling the concessions at the Oakland and are also managing Young Pancho. Nothing like family training to develop fight managers.

The Dreamland Park promoters are angling for the appearance of Jack Kid Berg again for the near future. It is a certainty that the Park will be filled to capacity when the Englishman shows there again—and it doesn't matter who his opponent will be.

Harold Mays whipped Jimmy Braddock at West New York but it looks like Braddock got all the money. No money in the house but Braddock was guaranteed a hugh sum for his services.

OKLAHOMA BOXING NOTES

By L. H. TITTLE

JACK DILLON came back to K.O. Red Fitzsimmons of Wichita at Oklahoma City in the sixth. This victory evened the score as Red handed Jack a sizeable dose of the same medicine in their previous engagement at Tulsa.

Chief Wow Wow, substituting for Pat Corbett on Dave Ellison's card at Merrie Garden, Oklahoma City, went seven rounds with Dickie Dillman who had to retire on account of hand injury. Burl Busby took three knockdowns and then beat Ab Young to the nod. Lester Francis kayoed Kid Yale of Shawnee in the 2nd. Basil Chastain and Kenneth Sexton drew in the sixth.

Tulsa fans were treated to raw meat when Kid Kober of Dallas and Mickey O'Neil of Milwaukee fought a slashing, bruising, ten-round draw. Johnny Nichols beat Bobby Calmes in 10 and Curtis Brown defeated Brownie Thurman in 8.

Red Fitzsimmons kayoed Billy Britton in the first round at Tulsa. Battling Bozo of Birmingham was awarded a ten-round decision over George Trenkel.

Nate Jackson staged a stellar attraction when he matched Baxter Calmes and Jeff Carroll, the Biloxi Bruiser. These heavies meant business but Baxter proved the better workman. Jeff was on the floor five times in the sixth, before being awarded the K.O. Bobby Calmes won the decision over Kid Pancho in 10. Sargis Prevost beat Johnny Simpson in 10.

Joe Rich beat Alvin Pace to the nod in 10 at Seminole. Gyp Zarro former featherweight champ of Oklahoma won a hairline decision from Brady Findley. Wildcat Lacey kayoed Frankie Holman in the 3rd. Kid Brewer won over Willie Owster in 8.

Pat Corbett fought Pug Humphries off his feet in ten rounds at the Seminole Arena. Johnny Wallace Kayoed Cowboy Padgett. Tuffy Barnett outpointed Earl Hatfield and Young Lacey beat Herb Neyman.

The writer is now located in Las Vegas, Nevada, and would be glad to hear from boxers wanting work in the West. Fights are being staged regularly in Las Vegas, Reno and other state towns.

KANSAS NOTES

By L. R. FORD

PITTSBURGH, KANS.—Some excellent and exciting fights were staged in the Middlewest A. A. U. Boxing Tournament in the Shrine Temple. Championship winners in the various weight divisions follow:

Casey Bauman won from Ken Schaeffer four rounds; Rollin Schildknecht K.O'ed Hamilton Harris third round; Lefty Schaeffer won from Louis Hauser three rounds; Floyd Newberry won by default; Paul Pechin won by default; Earl Chancey won from Gene McGraw, three rounds; Earl Bartholomew won from Wayne Campbell, three rounds, but five minutes after the boys left the ring referee George Cox reversed the decision in favor of Campbell; Benny Pierce won from Bruce Thomas in three; Pete Miller K.O'ed Everett Ogle, first round; Pat Weddle won from Carl Nelson in three and Olin Bryan won from Rex Rogers in three.

Okla. City, Okla.—Babe Hunt defeated Jeff Carroll in 10 rounds. Sargas Prevost defeated Norman Brown in 8 rounds.

Tulsa, Okla.—Louie Avery and Speck Friend fought ten fast rounds to a draw. Kid Kober knocked out Jack Daugherty in 3 rounds, George Trenkel and Bob Hamilton drew in 8. Stub Blackman knocked out Soldier Williams in 2. Brownie Thurman beat Speedy Snow in 4 rounds.

Wichita, Kans.—Baxter Calmes defeated Tony Fuente in 10 sizzling rounds. Kansas (Kid) Easter was shaded by Milt Schooley in 6. Fred Ott defeated Sammy Ward in 6. Kenny Hill lost on a foul in the sixth round to Spike Cowan. Bud McCrea and LeRoy Gibson fought a 4 round draw. Harry Hutt refereed all bouts.

West Tulsa, Okla.—Red Fitzsimmons knocked out Billy Britton in the first round. Battling Bozo defeated George Trenkel in 10. Chick Rains beat Billy Atkinson. Hotshot Hismith beat Sailor Joe Kirk in 6 rounds.

St. Joseph, Mo.—Joe Trabon beat Harry Memmesing in 10 hard-fought rounds.

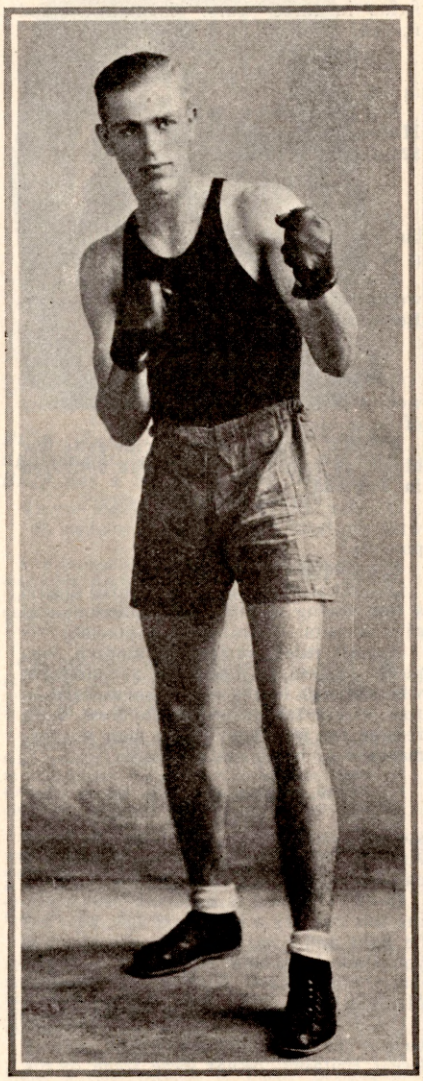
Oklahoma City, Okla.—Baxter Calmes awarded the decision in the sixth round over Jeff Carroll. Sargeant Prevost won from Johnny Simpson in 10. Bobby Calmes defeated Kid Pancho in 10 rounds.

Seminole, Okla.—Chief Wow Wow beat Pug Humphries in 10 rounds. Johnny Wallace knocked out Tuffy Barnett in 5 rounds.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Johnny Simpson knocked out Barney Allen in the second.

Springfield, Mo.—Johnny Wagner knocked out Harold Murphy in 3 rounds. Frankie Smirl won from Lloyd Martin in 6. Windy Windham knocked out Dee Layton in 4. Bull Martin knocked out Young Martin in 5 rounds.

Tulsa, Okla.—Mickey O'Neill and Kid Kober boxed 10 rounds to a draw. Johnny Nichols beat Bobby Calmes in 10. Curtis Brown beat Brownie Thurman in 8. Flor Navarro and Tommy Midgad drew in 6. Chief Harjo beat Nepper (Kid) Mack in 4. Jack Stewart won from Buddy Martin in 4 rounds.



Harvey Carothers, rugged, hard hitting welterweight from Moline, Ill.

Ft. Scott, Kans.—Walter Dunham, who has been stepping at a fast pace, met a slight setback when he was shaded in 10 hard-fought rounds by Haakon Hansen at Davenport, Iowa.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Oklahoma Young Jack Dillon knocked out Red Fitzsimmons in 4 rounds. In their first meeting, Fitzsimmons won in 2 rounds. Wilson Dunn won on a foul in 3 rounds from Norman Brown.

Tulsa, Okla.—Curtis Brown won from Kid Kober in 10 fast rounds. Johnny Nichols shaded Bobby Carter in 10 rounds. Red Foster won from Johnny Estes in 6. Madero Villareal won from Frenchie Lefevre in 6. Chick Piatt and Jimmy Hyde fought a 4 round draw.

Kansas City, Mo.—Roy Jack knocked out Jesse Baugh in the first round. Harold Sines beat Everett McClean in 10. Joe Trabon knocked out Walter (Kid) Williams in 7. George Price beat Carl Lawton in 6 rounds.

Cushing, Okla.—Dude McCook and Steve Salina fought ten fast, hard rounds to a popular draw decision.

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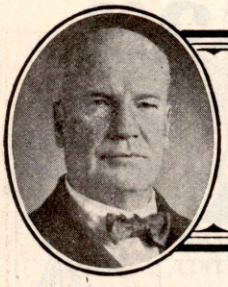

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

M. G. P., Indianapolis.

Q.—Where can I get the ring records of Bearcat Wright, Neil Clisby, Leon Chevalier, Long Tom Hawkins, Larry Gaines and Babe Hunt?

A.—Apparently none of those named has done enough in the ring to warrant putting his name in any ring records.

George Sicola, San Juan, P. R.

Q.—I am 20 years of age, 5 ft. 5 in. tall, and weigh 129 pounds. Should I reduce to 126 or go into the 135-pound class?

A.—Lightweight most desirable class from all points of view.

Bruce Wilferth, Rochester, N. Y.

Q.—Name all the mddleweight champions of the world from Ketchel to Walker?

A.—Stanley Ketchel, Frank Klaus, George Chip, Al McCoy, Mike O'Dowd, Johnny Wilson, Harry Greb, Tiger Flowers, Mickey Walker.

Q.—Did Jimmy Walsh hold the world's bantam title?

A.—Yes. After the retirement of Frankie Neil as American bantam champion, Jimmy Walsh claimed the American title. Walsh then in 1904 went to England and twice fought Digger Stanley, the British title holder. The first bout resulted in a draw at the end of 15 rounds and Stanley won the second bout in 15 rounds. Walsh tried again in 1905, and outpointed Stanley in 15 rounds. They met again in 1909 and the result was a draw. Walsh was stopped by Abe Attell but the latter was a featherweight. Walsh became too heavy for bantam class, and Coulon laid claim to American title.

Q.—Was Jimmy Clabby middle or welter champion of the world?

A.—Clabby met Dixie Kid, who had beaten Joe Walcott for the welter title, but in a decisionless bout that went the limit. That is the extent of his welter standing. Clabby never defeated any middleweight of class, Klaus gaining the title by beating nearly all contenders, including Carpentier and Papke.

Ralph Brown, Van Buren, Ark.

Q.—Do any important boxers of the present use heavy weights in training?

A.—No.

Q.—Do heavy weights slow boxers?

A.—Yes. Sure to curtail speed. Boxers do not use them.

George Smith, Mound City, Ill.

Q.—Give me the address of a good manager in St. Louis?

A.—Bob Riley, 5168 Vernon Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

N. A., Far Rockaway.

Q.—I would like to get the address of Sailor Petroskey.

A.—Although he was born in Pittsburgh, he has been on the West Coast for years, chiefly in San Francisco.

A. Sanders, Fairfield, Ala.

Q.—I am 20 years of age, weigh 146 pounds, and am 5 ft. 5 in. tall. What class am I in?

A.—Welter.

Q.—I have not lost a decision in 63 fights in three years. Is that a good record?

A.—Excellent.

Q.—I would like to get a good manager in Illinois.

A.—Try Frankie Mastro, care of Jim Mullen, 524 Burnham Building, Room 522, Chicago, Illinois.

RING Reader.

Q.—I do not see well in the daytime, but vision seems cleared at night. Would it be advisable for me to box?

A.—If your eyesight is defective it would be very unwise to do much boxing. Better consult an eye specialist.

A. Caristall, Reader.

Q.—How many bouts has Phil Scott won through foul blows? How many of these blows were actually low?

A.—Six. Impossible to decide as to low blows, as four out of six were delivered in England.

Q.—Are not many low blows struck with the hope that they will weaken opponents?

A.—Unquestionably.

Q.—What rule requires a referee to stop a bout owing to injury to contestant and give decision to uninjured opponent?

A.—All rules, ancient or modern, empower referee to disqualify a contestant who, through injury or weakness, fails to rise within ten seconds. In New York referee can stop bout if one man is overmatched or badly cut or beaten.

W. Thomas, Albany, N. Y.

Q.—1: Why was young Jack Thompson allowed to fight Fields for the title? After he had just lost to McLarnin and earlier to Bucky Lawless.

Q.—2: When Frank Moody was visiting this country a few years ago, who did he fight and what were the results. Do you thnk he would have been a better match for Mickey Walker than Tommy Milligan?

Q.—3: Was Jem Driscoll featherweight champion of the world or only of Great Britain? What were some of his best fights?

Q.—4: Also Freddy Welsh and Jimmy Wilde.

A.—1: Unless the Boxng Commission regarded the match as a one-sided one, Thompson's defeats would not have counted against him. As a matter of fact, McLarnin won from Thompson by a very narrow margin. Also, Thompson lost 10-round decisions to Fields in 1928 and 1929. Thompson's victory over Fields would seem to indicate that the Negro had improved more than Fields thought likely. It may be that Thompson's managers have fears as to the outcome of a Thompson-McLarnin match, as they have thrown up the sponge before signing for a match in New York City this summer.

A.—2: Moody lost to Rene De Vos, Lou Bogash, Harry Greb, Maxie Rosenbloom, Tiger Flowers, Dave Shade and George Courtney. Moody was knocked out by Jack Delaney and George Courtney. Moody won from Pal Reed, Jock Malone, Larry Estridge, Lew Chester, Lou Scozza, and Ted Moore. Although Moody was a light heavyweight and held the English title in that class, while Walker has never sought to go above the middleweght division, it is altogether likely the American middleweight title holder would have triumphed in a bout with the British 175-pounder. As Moody stopped Milligan in one round it is possible he would have done better against Walker than Milligan, who was stopped by Walker in 10 rounds.

A.—3 Although Jem Drscoll gave ocular proof that he was the best featherweight in the world, he never gained a referee's decison in his favor. Driscoll was the featherweight champion of England and Europe, and all he had to do in order to make himself world's champion, was to beat Abe Attell, the American titleholder. Attell was not the champion of the world, only that of America, and as Johnny Kilbane's sole title victory was that over Attell, Kilbane was merely champion of America.

However, it was generally conceded that the winner of the Attell-Driscoll bout would be in a position to call himself champion of the world. The British champion was in favor of having the bout staged in New Orleans, where a decision by a referee would have settled all doubts, but Attell and his advisers were opposed to it. Therefore the bout was staged in what was the Pioneer Sporting Club on 24th Street. This was the horse market. The contest took place on February 19, 1909, at which time the Frawley law, which prohibited decisions by referees, was in force. The bout was a superb exhibition of boxing science by both men, but Driscoll was the master throughout.

Of 24 sports writers at the ringside, 23 declared Driscoll the winner, and one picked Attell. Driscoll's best performances in the United States, were a 12-round decision over Matty Baldwin in Boston, and winner in decisionless bouts with Johnny Marto, Leach Cross and Abe Attell. In England, Driscoll stopped Joe Bowker (who was sidestepped by Attell) in 17 rounds, knocked out Spike Robson in one round, and drew with Owen Moran in 20 rounds.

A.—4: Welsh's best performances: 25-round draw with Packey McFarland, 15-round win over Attell, K. O. of Ray Bronson in 13, won from Johnny Dundee in 10, won from Leach Cross in 20, won from Joe Mandot and Willie Ritchie in 20 each. Wilde's best fights, won from Joe Lynch and Pal Moore, 15 and 20, Jack Sharkey 10, Frankie Mason 12, Zulu Kid,10.

Charles Foldvey, New York.

Q.—How long has Jack Thompson boxed professionally?

A.—Although he is 26 years of age he did not begin as a professional until 1926. Recapitulation of his fights since 1926 show that he has had 40 bouts, won by K. O. in 22, won 9 decisions, drew 3, and lost 5 by decision.

BIG SHOTS FROM LITTLE RHODE ISLAND

By ANTHONY PETRONELLA

WHILE the boxing game is enjoying a short siesta in Providence, the smaller clubs, staging outdoor fistic attractions, are doing very well in this section.

Woonsocket, Tiverton, and Westerley are the "spots" holding the shows in these parts. Jim Kiely, Sam Price, and Al Gillis are the respective matchmakers.

Harry Foley, Boston southpaw lightweight, kayoed Wally Theroux of New Hampshire in the third round at Woonsocket. Ad Kid Roberts of Milford stopped Billy Riely, Pawtucket, in the third session.

The prelims saw Tony Spenser, Esmond, win on a foul over Johnny Murphy, Providence. Manuel Burgess, East Providence, kayoed Jimmy Metcalf, Pawtucket, in two heats, and Bud Dempsey, Manville, flattened Joey Vincent, Providence, in one session.

Billy Lynch of Providence journeyed to Tiverton and stopped Sonny Suggs, Newport, in three rounds. Lynch is a promising lightweight.

Joe Accetta, Providence 135-pounder, showed little of his former self when he went down to defeat at the hands of Pancho Villa, New Bedford, in the feature ten-rounder at Tiverton. Joe was way off color.

Owen Redwing, billed as a real Indian from Oklahoma, is going great guns in Tiverton. Redwing, a featherweight, is bowling 'em over as fast as Matchmaker Price can send them against him. In his last start he kayoed Benny Vogel in one round.

At Woonsocket, Baby Jack Renault, Cambridge 138-pounder, easily took Harry Foley, Boston, over the hurdles in a main eight-rounder. Renault is a favorite hereabouts.

Manuel Burgess, East Providence, stopped Tony Spencer, Esmond, in the fifth. Young Doherty, Bristol, kayoed Billy Perry, Franklin, in the second, and Bud Dempsey stopped Young Remmillard in the third.

Bennie Ritchie, Providence manager and developer of young fistic hopes, has received an offer to direct the affairs of Al Robinson, Coast flyweight sensation, while he campaigns in New England.

Paris Apice, former amateur phenom from Providence, is plugging along the fistic highway in a slow but sure manner. Paris had two bouts last month, winning one and losing the other.

In his first time out he gave Willie O'Connell of New York a six-round boxing lesson at Dexter Park, Brooklyn. The following night he lost to Tony Gioa of New York at the Queensbury Stadium, at Long Island, N. Y.

M. Almeida of Providence is managing a promising stable of fighting fighters. Johnny Murphy, Young Doherty, Young Roberts, Manuel Burgess, Manuel Rezendes and Al Porter complete his coterie of battlers. All but Porter, a welter, are 135-pounders. Almeida may be reached at 464 Wickenden Street, Providence, R. I.

This writer is in favor of a National Boxing Commission to gain control of the sport. A plan for organizing a national board is being drawn up by this writer, and any boxing writer can obtain same by sending letter to Anthony Petronella, 29 Africa St., Providence, R. I.

BOXING IN MILWAUKEE AND VICINITY

By LARRY LICHTIG

BENNY BASS, world's junior lightweight champion, proved to Eddie Anderson, the Wyoming Cowboy, that a previous draw decision awarded by Milwaukee judges was all wet, when he slipped the Cowboy a knockout here recently.

Despite the one-sided affair the large crowd which paid $10,000 to see the evening's program, gave Anderson a big hand as he left the ring. It was the first time Anderson had been knocked out in approximately 256 bouts.

The semi-windup affair between Tate Littman, Richie Mitchell's promising middleweight, and Chief Elkhart, Chicago's hard hitting Indian, terminated in the second round in Littman's favor. Three times the Indian was floored.

Billy Petrolle, the Fargo-Chicago lightweight who is on the warpath. Billy has a big following because he gives plenty of action

A Frenchman by the name of Edward Ran made his American debut against Joe Bubiak, the pride of the South Side, and the Frenchman was knocked out. Ran is a good boy. Watch him.

Gus DeSalvo, who is destined to work himself into the hearts of Milwaukee boxing enthusiasts, met defeat for the first time in nine bouts at the hands of Frankie Hughes.

Johnny Lombardo, Sal Serio's hard socking featherweight, came back after a long layoff to administer defeat to Charles Sernionera of Chicago in four heats. Lombardo floored his opponent in the first round for a nine count.

Pinkie Mitchell, former world's junior welterweight champion, has turned promoter. He is matchmaker of the Bluemound Athletic Club and is promising Milwaukee fans some of the greatest cards they have seen in some time. Good luck to you, Pinkie.

Paul Pantaleo and King Levinsky, both from Chicago, met in a bout in Milwaukee which was reputed to be a "natural". The bout proved to be one of those so-called brawls which make a spectator fall asleep. Levinsky was declared the loser.

George Balduc made his Milwaukee debut by losing a close decision to Danny Delmont of Chicago in ten rounds. This Balduc fighter can fight.

Mitz Minikel came back to the wars by knocking out Johnny Koran in the first round with a left to the stomach and a right to the jaw.

Red Bergner made his pro bow by putting the skids under Johnny Saunders in four rounds. The bout was replete with action throughout.

Curtis Brown, fighting his seventh professional out, defeated Kid Kober, who heretofore bad scored four knockouts, in ten rounds at Tulsa, Oklahoma, recently. Brown gave Kober a terrific lacing.

I hear that—Johnny Dettlaff is turning pro—Tom McAneny, Ace club trainer, is recuperating from an automobile accident—Billy Mitchill is going to build a bowl to hold boxing shows—Frankie Burns is matched to fight King Tut at Madison—Charles Metrie's camp at Okauchee is a knockout—out of town fighters are invited to train there—Eddie Metrie claims largest stable of fighters in Milwaukee, 25 in number—Dave Maier is ready to box again—Jimmy Evans is back in town—Matt Cianciolo, who has fought some of the best in the middlewest, is training for a comeback.

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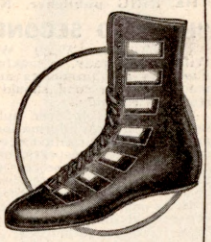

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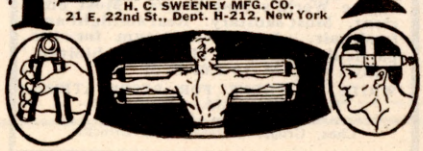

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IN FAR EAST TENNESSEE

By JOHN DONNELLY

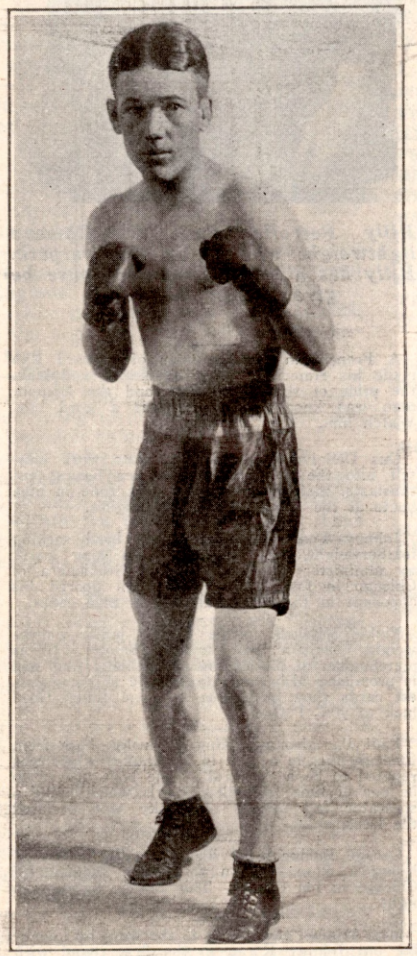
INTEREST in Boxing in Johnson City and Elizabethton, Tennessee, is increasing. The American Bemberg and Glanstoff companies have placed their stamp of approval on the leather pushing trade, and inter-plant matches are being held monthly.

In Johnson City, the V.F.W. Dixie Post No. 64, sponsors matches every three weeks. Last month Ollie Joyner of Bradenton, Florida, beat Ad Berry of Drexel, N. C., and Trooper Clayton, Ashvelle's fighting Speed Cop, won by a knock-out over Joe Burns of Bemberg.

Johnson City's next Boxing Match will bring together Trooper Clayton and Babe Glover, Knoxville's fighting welterweight.

The V.F.W. hopes to bring Dempsey here soon as a referee and also expects Young Stribling the Georgia Flash to show here. Strib appeared here five times for the Soldiers last year. He has many friends here in Johnson City and the Soldiers' Home.

All the matches are being promoted by John H. Donnelly, who represents the V.F.W.



Johnny Edwards, crackerjack flyweight, is being guided by Harry Sully of Columbus, Ohio

ALABAMA NOTES

By SAM CARPRI

IN the July issue of THE RING; the writer made an error. He stated that Bogie Saab, formerly of Birmingham, now fighting out of Miami, kayoed one Spike Webb. The fighter Bogie stopped was Spike Kelly, from some part of Florida. Kelly hails from Lakeland, according to dope. Spike Webb, an old timer in the ring, is fighting in Birmingham and vicinity. Webb is going like a house on fire at this writing in this vicinity. Spike in Birmingham, has beaten two really good boys in Luther Orr, of Memphis, and Sailor Blalack, of Mobile.

The American Legion Post No. 1, is putting on fine shows every week.

Young Stribling, the Macon Flash, looked just as good as ever in beating Frankie Wine, of Butte, Mont., at the Fair Park Arena. Although Strib failed to stop Wine, as most fans in this part expected, he made a great fight just the same.

Claude Wilson, the Pratt City Demon, had to fight every second of a ten-round feature bout to win a close decision over Ray Newton of Pittsburgh. This bout was put on by the Gorgas Post No. 115.

Tarrant City put on two good cards. In one, Johnny Blalack kayoed Young Jack Delaney of Pensacola in the second. And Dick Clarke, of Memphis, always a winner in Birmingham, beat Gene Tillmann, a coming youngster of Birmingham, in another.

Jack Tunney, a coming young Birmingham light heavyweight, is winning with regularity. He won over Tommy Davenport in Greenwood, Miss., beat Mike Firpo, of Florida, in Birmingham and kayoed Corn Griffin, in Columbus. Ga.

Haleyville, Ala.—Tom Tingle won by the T.K.O. route in the seventh round with Ralph Dillard. Both are local boys. In the semi-final bout, Whitey Sparks trounced Jack Bull.

The Birmingham Post No. 1 of the American Legion put on a card last month, consisting of nine short bouts. Earl Weaver, a black boy, opened the show by lambasting his rival, Kid Terro, in the first four-rounder. Bucky Carr kayoed Buster Jones before he got warmed up. Whitey Saylors stopped Clyde Milton in the third round. Porky Saab beat Harold Driver in a hot slugging match. Doc Rickles and Bill Pierson mauled each other for a close finish. Kid Rollo and Young Dempsey has met so often that their bout looked tame. Sam Lavoy and Jimmy Musso fought a thrilling four-rounder and Lucas and Horace Hooper, put on a rousing finish to a good card.

Tony Leto, crack Tampa featherweight, whipped Babe Ruth, a good Louisville scrapper, at Post No. 1 show at the Auditorium.

After winning several fights in Birmingham, Tony Leto dropped a close one to Chico Cisneros of Mexico. And this last win over Ruth put Leto back in the running for the Southern championship and the Andy Jaffe Post No. 1 diamond-studded belt, to be given to the best 130 pounder in a series of bouts promoted by the Post No. 1.

Birmingham has a good heavyweight in Battling Bozo. An elongated fighter who slaps cuff and clowns in his fights. But he fights clean as his opponent you can bet on that. Bozo makes most good fighters look foolish and bad.

Bozo kayoed Jack Elkhart in nine rounds in Birmingham, and then journeyed to Tulsa, Okla., where he proceeded to trounce one George Trenkel, Oklahoma heavyweight.

The promoters are promising Bozo a match with Young Stribling if he beats Jimmy Mahoney and Yale Okum. Why don't they give him Jimmy Slattery or Max Rosenbloom? Your writer's humble opinion is that Bozo will outpoint Slatt and get a draw with Rosenbloom.

The writer wants to apologize for not answering some of the letters he receives daily. They are coming in too fast. In addition, my spare time goes to teaching my oldest daughter, 7 years of age, to box.

The writer has a letter from Mike Luizza a New Orleans youngster, who has been fighting in California for the past year. He has made a good record for himself. He drew with Quina Lee, of Mobile, in his first start over the ten-round route. He is a bantam and wants to show in Birmingham. He is managed by Jack Russo, New Orleans.

ARKANSAS ANGLES

Burette "Buddy" Baker is about the busiest boy in this section of the country. During the month he fought a draw with Paul Stedman and defeated LeRoy Dougan and Kid Adams. Baker has thirty-five knockouts to his credit in forty-three contests.

Buddy McDonald was disqualified for fouling in his bout with Virgil Kindig. McDonald was suspended for thirty days by the Commission for his illegal tactics.

Miss Mildred Robinson, occupant of the apartment directly below the room where Cooley was attacked, and an important witness in the case.

Who Killed "Vic" Cooley?

The Inside Story of Pasadena's Notorious Love-Murder

A California Newspaper Man Reveals the Entire Truth

Mrs. Pearl Cooley, the victim's estranged wife, who watched at his bedside for four days and then gave the police an important bit of information.

TWO women—beautiful, charming women—watched anxiously near the hospital bedside of "Vic" Cooley in Pasadena, California, during his four day losing battle with death following the visit of a midnight assassin to the bachelor apartment which he shared with John Lee Howard, his business partner.

In the hospital, close by the man whose personal fortune she had helped to build before they became estranged, Cooley's vivacious and talented young wife watched with anguished eyes as the doctors and nurses ministered to the wounded man. In a costly apartment adjacent to the institution, the "other woman," Mrs. Everett Merritt Hanan, divorcee and daughter of one of the West's outstanding mining men, received frequent bulletins from the bedside via Cooley's nineteen year old son, Clyde.

While the police sought vainly for a tangible clue the victim's partner waited attendance on Mrs. Cooley.

He had discovered the attack when he reached the apartment at midnight. He found Cooley, he said, slumped on the bed with his head badly battered. Blood flecked the walls and ceiling and lay in pools on the floor. His wallet—which at dinner time had contained $1,800 in cash and a certified check—lay open and empty on the bed. And that was the scene as the police found it when they entered the case. All Pasadena awaited the outcome, eager for each detail for the Cooleys were prominent and well liked.

Yet when the break in this tangled case did come, when the police announced that they had the confession of the wielder of the fatal hammer the public was aghast for they learned—but let Jack Carberry of the Los Angeles *Evening Express* tell you the story just as it happened. His complete, inside account of the police work involved appears in THE MASTER DETECTIVE for August.

In The August Issue, Read

BLUNDERS THAT HAVE SOLVED NOTORIOUS CRIMES —THE STRANGE DEATH OF JAKE HAMON, OKLAHOMA'S POLITICAL CZAR—WISCONSIN'S STRANGEST CRIME—PASADENA'S LOVE MURDER—THE PHANTOM AND THE HORROR MASK—THE RED CLAY RIDDLE—SMASHING THE PLOT TO KILL MARSHALL FOCH—THE CLUE OF THE BURIED BULLET—CLEVELAND'S CRIMSON MYSTERY—MY CAREER AS A GIRL SPY IN THE GREAT WAR—VICTIMS OF KILLERS —THE ASTONISHING FATE OF MRS. MOWRY.

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